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JANE RUSSELL'S TEEN-AGE ESCAPADES

MARILYN MONROE'S MARVELOUS ROMANCE

by louella parsons

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Natalie Wood's real gone dates



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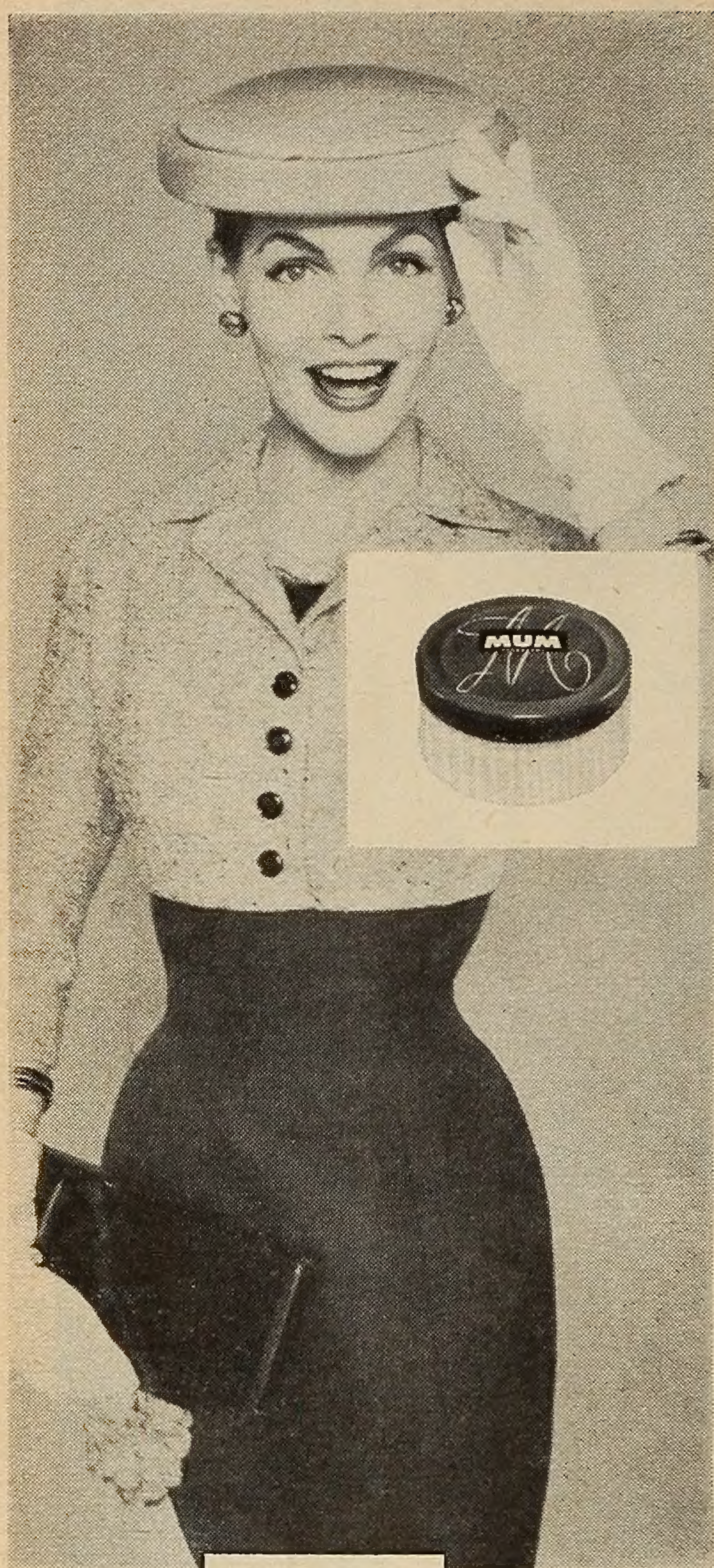
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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Once and for all, how many times has Artie Shaw been married, and where is he now?
—J.T., N.Y.C.

A. Shaw has been married seven times, is currently in Spain building a house.

Q. Is it true that Prince Rainier stands to earn a million bucks from picture sales of the Kelly-Rainier wedding?
—F.Y., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Yes, but Rainier plans to give the money to local Monaco charities and the Red Cross.

Q. Hasn't Anna Kashfi, the Indian beauty, been seeing an awful lot of Spencer Tracy?
—C.Y., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

A. Kashfi hasn't seen Tracy since they finished *The Mountain* six months ago. Mostly she has been seeing Marlon Brando.

Q. The love affair between Joan Collins and Arthur Loew, Jr.: Is it serious?
—H.D., MIAMI, FLA.

A. Yes.

Q. Can you tell me how long actress Cleo Moore was married to Huey Long's son?
—V.L., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

A. Six weeks.

Q. Is it true that Dorothy Mature, former wife of Victor Mature, saw a lot of Frank Sinatra in Spain?
—E.E., N.Y.C.

A. They both stayed at the Castellana-Hilton, ran into each other occasionally.

Q. Is the Italian Count Mario Bandini, seriously courting Kim Novak? Isn't he the same Bandini who gave Anita Ekberg a whirl in Rome?
—L.V., PITTSBURGH, PA.

A. Bandini, former Ekberg admirer, has turned his attention to Novak.

Q. Is Marlon Brando still engaged to Josanne Mariani?
—H.F., BOSTON, MASS.

A. There has been no announcement to the contrary.

Q. Why is it that Spanish newspapermen hate Ava Gardner so violently?
—F.D., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. She refuses to be interviewed or pose for photos at her home outside Madrid.

Q. Is it true that Jeff Chandler's scar over his left eye was given him by a girl?
—C.Y., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A. No, it's the result of an automobile accident.

Q. In *Trapeze* wasn't trick photography used to make Gina Lollobrigida look taller than she really is?
—A.A., DOVER, N.H.

A. Lollobrigida was photographed so that her legs, which are too small for her body, appeared longer than they really are.

Q. Is it on the level that Rock Hudson has been fighting with his studio?
—I.D., DENVER, COL.

A. Like all actors, Hudson wants better stories.

Q. I've been told that Jimmy Dean never got along with his father. Why was that?
—V.L., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

A. Dean got along very well with his father; lived with him in Santa Monica.

Q. In *High Society* doesn't Bing Crosby wear high heels?
—N.L., SPOKANE, WASH.

A. In all his pictures Crosby wears lifts in his shoes.

Q. Every time I see Debra Paget in a movie she has different colored eyes. How come?
—G.K., SAN DIEGO, CAL.

A. For various roles she has been given various colored contact lenses to wear.

Q. Does Sal Mineo really work as an embalmer in a mortuary?
—S.B., N.Y.C.

A. No, but Sal's father is a casket manufacturer.

Q. Is there any chance that Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman will reconcile?
—W.G., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. Not now.

Q. Does Rossano Brazzi's wife really weigh 300 pounds? Has Mario Lanza's voice deteriorated completely?
—B.C., WHEELING, W. VA.

A. Lydia Brazzi weighs between 150 and 200 lbs. Music authorities say Lanza is not in good voice.

The 'Burning' Question:

WHO IS TODAY'S HOTTEST TEEN-AGE STAR-TEAM?

Answer:

The Audience Award-winning Guy from "Battle Cry"!

The sensational girl of "Rebel Without a Cause"!

TAB HUNTER • NATALIE WOOD

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anything
can
happen
to you
at the
pasadena
playhouse



by KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ Not so long ago a handsome athlete named Andy Carey strolled across the Spanish patio of an impressive building in Pasadena, California, labelled, "Community Playhouse." He had nothing much on his mind except taking a casual gander at the favorite hometown haunt of his pal, Victor Jory. Andy, as you know, is the star third baseman for the New York Yankees.

Inside, he just missed being skewered by an enthusiastic squad of fencers, then dodged his way through chattering youngsters toggled out in everything from jewelled Cleopatra bras and Roman togas to skimpy leotards. Eventually Vic Jory steered him to a buzzing rehearsal stage on the fifth floor. There Andy braced himself as if Ted Williams had crossed up the Yankees by slamming one to the hot corner.

A perky, round faced doll with starry eyes was charging the academic atmosphere about her with emotion. At the first break he moved in, asked Lucy Marlow for a date and, since she happened to be a baseball fan, got it. By now he has her on a contract for life—as Mrs. Andrew Carey.

But as swiftly as this hustling ballplayer operated, someone else beat him to the dotted line. Before Andy barely got acquainted, Lucy had two other contracts—in Hollywood, for *A Star Is Born* and then *My Sister Eileen*. Today, Lucy Marlow not only has her man but a movie career as well. And she can thank the fabulous Pasadena Community Playhouse for both.

Romance has never exactly withered on the vines around the Playhouse patio. Dana Andrews met a tall blonde named Mary Todd at the Playhouse and married her. They're still married—and happy. Bob Preston found Cathy Feltus, the right girl, there too. Joan Taylor and Leonard Freeman, now a writer, made it a team in Pasadena. Vic Mature tumbled for his first wife, Fran Evans, there and Gig Young discovered Sheilah Stapler. Georgia Ellis, of the Hopalongs, took the name of Anthony Ellis, now a CBS writer-director, because they found time to hold hands between classes. Bill Leslie of *The Long Gray Line* met his bride, Marj Wilson, on El Molino Street.

All this, and the chance to learn acting and become a Hollywood star, can happen to you at the Pasadena Playhouse.

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Tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD

by Bill Campbell's mother

Many times I've thought of disposing of an old-world globe I keep in the bedroom. But I chuckle every time I look at it, because it reminds me of one of my favorite stories concerning both my sons. Bob (who is writing movies now) was the studious one. His greatest pleasure was to stay home and read—or paint or write short stories. Although he received a regular allowance, he didn't spend very much of it. Bill, on the other hand, was wild about dancing. Let him hear of a dance going on within a twenty mile radius and he *had* to go. If he ran out of money, he'd know just the right thing to say to get an extra dollar out of his mother. I'd give him the money with the admonition, "But don't tell Dad." A couple of days later there would be another dance and he'd butter up his father, who in turn would say, "All right, I'll scrape the bottom of the barrel . . . but don't tell your mother." After exhausting the resources of *both* parents, Bill would go to work on his brother. Bob tried to be a little tougher. "I haven't the dough to lend you," he'd say—hoping that would be the end of that. It never was. The trouble was, Bill had a pretty good idea where Bob kept his cash, and would usually find it and reproach his kid brother with, "What do you mean, you haven't got it?" Bob would always relent and lend Bill the money. So Bob finally figured he'd have to resort to drastic measures if he was ever going to accumulate enough money for a set of oils he wanted. For weeks he racked his brain for a suitable "bank." Then he got an idea. When Bill was out of the house one afternoon, Bob took the globe, and somewhere in the middle of the North Atlantic Ocean he cut out a square, in trap door style. In the empty center of the world he scotch-taped a small paper bag. In the bag he put his money. Then the cut out section was fitted back into place. It would take the closest inspection to find the hidden treasure. Bill, who never even came close, still went to dances. Dad just scraped the bottom of the barrel harder!





FRAY-FOR-ALL

■ Charlton and Lydia Heston are the proud parents of Fraser, their first-born, who arrived ten years after their marriage. And both agree that the child has changed their lives considerably.

It started even before Fray was born. When Charlton learned of the impending arrival, he rented the adjoining apartment, knocked out a wall and turned it into a nursery. He designed most of the nursery furniture himself.

Now that Fray is older (nineteen months), he visits his dad on sound stages, received the role of the infant Moses in Cecil B. DeMille's *The Ten Commandments*, has a credit card at Ciro's, travels with his parents to their farm in Michigan or their apartments in Hollywood and New York, and made his first location trip to Phoenix for Heston's film *The Maverick*. Fray also keeps pace with his dad socially. Heston played tennis before, but now the baby goes along in the pram for a sun bath. When he goes to the links, the golf car becomes a baby carriage. And when Pop does his morning exercises, it's Fray who sits on his chest.

This policy of keeping the family together also applies to Lydia. "For the next few years, my wife isn't accepting any plays that call for long tours," Charlton explained, "because we want our baby to get to know and depend on us."

That's another reason why young Fray has such an active part in the family life. Everywhere his things are in evidence for young Fray has no restrictions. There are his toy box in the living room, his private kitchen to the left of the entry, and his bedroom with its special screen boasting his press clippings and his call sheet from *The Ten Commandments*.

Of all of Fraser's possessions the most prized is a white cowboy jacket made from the skin of a deer shot on his father's Michigan farm. He's a real "smasher" in it, especially when astride his pinto rocking horse.

The one toy obviously missing from his play-gear is an electric train.

You can find that in Charlton's room.

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill

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modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS

in hollywood



ELVIS!

IN THIS SECTION:

An Open Letter to
Elvis Presley
Wedding Bells for Bing?
Love for Brando?
New Kicks For Terry Moore?



louella parsons' **GOOD NEWS**



Dana and Greg: he grew accustomed to her face.

WHEN BING CROSBY SAID TO ME, "Kathy Grant and I are thinking very seriously of marriage," I knew the long drawn out guessing game about *this* romance was over.

For over a year-and-a-half the world has been speculating about the pretty brunette beauty and the beloved Groaner, particularly since she was converted to Bing's religion and they started dating none but each other.

I have been particularly close to this love story and I can tell you some facts about it which I know to be true:

This time last year, they were NOT close to marriage for many reasons. First, Bing who

is 52 years old, thought there was too much difference in their ages, Kathy being 22.

Secondly, he was very much involved with his four sons, Gary—just starting his singing career on his own; the twins Phillip and Dennis spending all the time they weren't at school at the family home in Holmby Hills; and Lindsay, the baby and apple of his Dad's eye, living at home with Bing when the two of them weren't vacationing in Palm Springs or at Hayden Lake.

Then, gradually, the picture changed. Both of the twins received their "Greetings" from Uncle Sam and left to serve their training period in Germany. Gary began touring with

a stage act with Louis Armstrong in this country and Australia before he, too, was summoned by the Army. Last, but far from least, Lindsay decided to attend college in the East and enrolled at Williams College in Williamstown, Mass.

It was as though Cupid himself had taken an active hand in clearing the decks for Bing and the devoted Kathy who has had eyes (and heart) for no one else ever since she met him.

It's true that she is young in years. But she is a very mature young woman. A really sincere student, she returned to her native Texas to receive her degree at Teacher's Col-



The bells are ringing for Bing and his gal

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



Open letter to ELVIS PRESLEY:

■ All right, Elvis—you've got the teenagers wingin', singin', rockin' and rollin' in a mass frenzy which hasn't been equalled since the early days of Frank Sinatra.

As also happened in Frankie's case you are the target of blasts from critics, commentators, even from the pulpit and from professional "viewers with alarm" that you are a demoralizing influence on the young. One writer never mentions your name without putting the adjective "disgusting" before it.

Now, this may come as a surprise to you—but I am not typing these words to pan you! I've been around show business too long to believe that any singing "fad" can really corrupt the fine youth of this or other countries. The worshippers of Frank Sinatra fifteen years ago are now wholesomely bringing up families of their own, and their hysteria over the skinny "swooner" hasn't hurt them at all.

But, Elvis—I've got a few thousand words for you boiled down to just a few: Cut out the bad taste in your act—the hip-swinging, torso-tossing nonsense which has brought on all the criticism. In other words, remove that gag "Pelvis" tag which has been hooked onto your name.

I believe that you are very serious about becoming a good actor as well as a sensational singer. Producer Hal Wallis has big plans for your movie debut with your trusty guitar. You can bet on one thing—there won't be any bad taste slipping by in your screen performances. So why not drop it now? You don't need it, boy.

I want to congratulate you on the many appearances you make for worthwhile charities and for the kind way you handle the kids who get a little out of line in their over-enthusiasm about you. Away from the spotlight you conduct yourself very well. I sincerely believe you are in show business to stay. You have talent and looks. Just drop the "freak" stuff, Elvis. You don't need it any longer.

lege in Denton. Her entire outlook is that of a woman ten to fifteen years older than she is.

Kathy cares nothing for the gay spots or for frivolous pastimes. On a typical evening, Kathy and Bing will have a quiet dinner at Chasen's or La Rue's and then spend the rest of the evening at his house listening to records teaching the foreign languages they are studying, particularly French and Spanish.

As to the gossip that Mrs. Catherine Crosby, Bing's mother, objected to a second marriage for her widower son—all I can add is that Kathy has been acting as Bing's hostess at his social affairs at home for a long time, and Mrs. Crosby is always present!

You can bank on one thing—this marriage has been well thought out. There's been no jumping before leaping—and I predict happiness ahead for two nice people.

IF YOU COULD BET on prospective marriages like you bet on race horses, the bookies would have collected a fortune wagered by "those in the know" against big-eyed brunette beauty Dana Wynter marrying "perennial" bachelor, Greg Bautzer!

This is the handsome and successful lad who was supposed to be immune to matrimony. At various times his name had been linked with Dorothy Lamour, Lana Turner, Joan Crawford, Mari Blanchard, Ginger Rogers, Jane Wyman and a dozen other beauties.

When Dana, the elegant British beauty from South Africa, came along and seemingly captured Greg's heart, you'd hear the whispers at parties, "Oh, it won't last long. I hope she doesn't fall TOO much in love with him. They say the girls who do never get over him."

To say that these gossips were knocked cold on June 10th when the attractive barrister took the lovely Dana as his bride in Carmel, California, is putting it mildly!

Greg has been a friend of mine for a long time and I asked him when he knew he was really in love with Dana for keeps.

"When she got off the plane returning to Hollywood after visiting her parents in South Africa," he told me, "I didn't know how accustomed I had grown to that beautiful face (as they sing in *My Fair Lady*) until we were apart. When I saw her get off the plane, smiling, running toward me—I knew she was the girl I want for the rest of my life."

And just to prove it, Greg had a small orchestra gathered outside Dana's bungalow at the Bel Air Hotel to serenade her return, playing nothing but their favorite number, "I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face."

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH: There have been so many good ones (we've seldom had a gayer social summer) it's hard to choose. But I had a ball at the James Masons' swank soiree at their home celebrating the completion of *Bigger Than Life*, his first movie as a star-producer.

I have to laugh when I look back on the "feud" between James and me before he even came to Hollywood. He wrote an article for *Cosmopolitan Magazine* panning Hollywood to a fare-thee-well before he ever set foot in our town. So I wrote a fiery answer panning James for panning us—sight unseen. Things were pretty hot between us



Guess which Mason stole the show at the party of the month?



Judy's birthday party



Betty Hutton's return



Anna Kashfi: Brando's dish?



for quite awhile, it seemed.

Now I have come to know him and Pam and their famed precocious daughter Portland as a gay, charming and delightful family for whom I feel a sincere fondness.

Leave it to little Porty (who always attends the Masons' parties) to get things off to a flying start. It was also Judy Garland's birthday and James and Pamela had a surprise birthday cake for her to be brought on later in the evening.

As Judy entered, Porty greeted her with a loud, "How old are you?" much to the amusement of everyone, including Judy, who is young enough not to worry about that answer.

It seemed to me that Maureen O'Hara seemed to be having an extra good time with the witty and charming director Freddie De Cordova, her date for the evening.

Jean Simmons, in a pretty maternity outfit, simply glowed—and so did her "old man" Stewart Granger. Both were so happy over receiving their American citizenship papers a few days previous.

There's little doubt but that Frances Heflin (Mrs. Van) was the most "colorful" gal present. She was so sunburned her face matched her flaming hair.

Kirk Douglas, minus his Van Gogh beard (for *Lust For Life*) at long last, was lonesome for his wife, Anne, who had not yet returned from a visit to her native France. "She'll sure be glad I'm rid of that brush," Kirk cracked.

Both June Haver MacMurray and Ginger Rogers were in their favorite white—these girls are beginning to look alike to me.

But the real star at the Masons' party, who completely stole the spotlight was 10-month-old Alexander Morgan Mason who is going to be as much of a WOW in his way as Portland is in hers. He was brought down early in the evening to take a bow—and maybe you think he didn't eat it up.

"He's a ham," said vivacious little Portland—"just like me."

THE NEXT NIGHT, SID LUFT gave a birthday party for Judy at Chasen's—an intimate affair for just about 30 of her close friends. If he'd had them all the figure would have run into the thousands.

Judy, thinner than I have seen her in months and looking very gay and happy, told me how thrilled she had been earlier in the day when her three children had surprised her with a cake. "They insisted that I eat lots of it, and me on a diet," she laughed.

With such entertainers as Judy, Phil Silvers, pianist Joey Bushkin and composer Sammy Cahn on hand, it didn't take the evening long to get on the musical side.

I've never seen anything funnier than Judy and Phil doing a routine that was suspiciously reminiscent of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in their heyday. Judy and Phil brought down the place.

Later, I had a chance to ask Phil if he's marrying lovely New York model Evelyn Patrick. "Nothing would surprise me less," cracked Phil. Now what does that mean? My money says it's "Yes" for Serg. Bilko.

I was very glad to chat with Lauren Bacall who told me that Humphrey Bogart is so much better he was sunning himself on his boat at Balboa. Bogey's main problem now is to put on weight after the major operation he underwent months ago and his long convalescence. It's good news to his fans that Bogey is expected back at work at Columbia in *The Good Shepherd* in September.

John Huston and Liz Whitney Lunn were seated next to each other at dinner and were talking about nothing but their race horses.

Of course, the James Masons were there and vivacious Ann Miller among the good friends wishing Judy a heartfelt "Happy Birthday."

NO ONE GOT a bigger kick out of Marilyn Monroe becoming Marilyn Miller

(Mrs. Arthur) than Ben Lyon.

When Ben was casting director at 20th Century-Fox some years ago a beautiful, limpid-eyed blonde came to see him about a job. Her name was Norma Jean Dougherty. (She was using the name of her husband at the time, Jim Dougherty.)

Ben was very impressed with the beauty—but not with her name. "We'll have to change it," he said—and she was willing. "What do you suggest?" the girl asked timidly.

Ben, who was and is happily married to my best friend, Bebe Daniels, thought back to an old romance of his before he met Bebe. The girl he had been engaged to before he met and fell in love with Bebe was the lovely blonde musical comedy star, Marilyn Miller.

"How about Marilyn?" he suggested, and then not wanting to handicap her with the same name as another famous star, he said—"Not Miller—but Monroe. How does Marilyn Monroe strike you. The MM initials were lucky for one lovely girl, they may be for you."

That's how Marilyn Monroe was born.

It's a fantastic fate, indeed, that now finds her name—Marilyn Miller—at last!

NEVER LET IT BE SAID that bombastic Betty Hutton has lost any of the zing and fire (that earned her the reputation of one of Hollywood's most important stars) now that she's making her comeback with Dana Andrews in *Spring Reunion*.

The first day of shooting with supporting actress Florence Halop, of the *Meet Millie* TV show, an explosion occurred which Betty later tossed off as a "chemical disagreement."

Florence was more explicit. "I guess she thought I was much older judging from the fat 'Mama Bronson' character I play on TV. First, when I showed up looking my real age, much younger, I was told to dye my natural blonde hair black because Miss Hutton is a blonde. Against my better judgment, I did this.

"But was it okay? When Miss Hutton saw me she said, 'You should have dyed your eyes, too'."

The gals were supposed to be "best friends" in the movie. The very first scene together proved they could never be that!

Betty, looking like peaches and cream, said sweetly, "I guess we were just chemically unsuited to work together but I really had nothing to do with the casting of the picture one way or another. If the producer wants to remove someone from the cast, it isn't my affair."

Anyway, no one can ever claim that movie making is dull when our girl Betty is around!

WHO'S GOT MARLON BRANDO?

That's a tricky question. There's no doubt that before she took off for Korea to enter-



Hello to young lovers Roger Smith and Victoria Shaw



Vic is leading the good life



Terry (Mrs. McGrath) Moore travels light

tain our occupation forces there, Rita Moreno was Marlon's favorite girl. The peppy little Puerto Rican with her hot-tamale looks, her cute lingo and Latin vivacity had Marlon very, very intrigued.

But along came the East Indian charmer, Anna Kashfi—who is just the opposite of Rita—I mean Anna is quiet, and gentle-voiced, very intellectual and arty, and now seems to be leading the field.

Of course, where Brando is concerned, all this is subject to change with or without notice.

At the moment, Marlon and Anna are together most of their free time. She cooks Indian dishes for him at her apartment. He takes her on long drives up the Coast. They frequently drive 90 miles up to Santa Barbara for a tête-a-tête dinner by the sad sea waves.

They met in the Paramount Commissary just a few days before Marlon took off for the ill-fated trip to Japan (it rained the company out) on location for *Teahouse of the August Moon*. He wrote Anna many letters, so she wouldn't forget (?) him. She didn't.

The first girl he called after his return to Hollywood was Anna and he's been seeing her much more than anyone thinks.

Rita isn't exactly wearing her heart on her sleeve—but well, she likes Marlon and does not care who knows it. And, he's been known to change his mind about his favorite lady.

(But, Rita—he seldom goes back to one.)

YOUNG LOVE OF THE MONTH: At a party following the premiere of a new picture, Victoria Shaw and Roger Smith sat with Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher. Debbie said to Victoria and Roger, "You're so much in love, you two, why don't you get married?"

Eddie chimed in "I'll bet you've never proposed," and Roger replied, "That's right, I never have."

So, without further ado, right in front of half of Hollywood, he got down on his knees and popped the question to his Fair Lady.

Thus did one of Hollywood's youngest and freshest romances come to its happy climax.

Victoria, the beauty from "Down Under" (Australia to you) is one of the most important young actresses of the year. The critics are doing raves over her in *The Eddy Duchin Story* with Tyrone Power and that other Miss Knockout, Kim Novak. Yet, few girls have ever achieved fame as easily as did Vicky.

She was discovered by Bob Hope when she appeared in his personal appearance act in Melbourne last year. Bob liked the looks of the pretty model and said casually, "If you ever come to Hollywood look up my agent, Louis Shurr." He's probably said that to a dozen or so pretty girls. But Victoria took him seriously. Not only did Jean-

ette Elphick (her real name) come to Hollywood and look up Louis Shurr—within twenty-four hours she was making a screen test at Columbia.

During one of several later tests, she worked with a young actor named Roger Smith. Roger had been discovered in Honolulu, where he taught Jimmy Cagney and other actors on location how to play the guitar. Both being signed by Columbia they saw each other a lot. Roger tried to date her from the first.

"I thought he was just a fresh Yankee and said, 'No,'" now laughs Vicky, "until we fell in love. I'll be saying 'Yes' to Roger for life when we marry in August."

VIC MATURE AND I HAVEN'T always seen eye to idea. But, I say—give credit where credit is due and the former playboy has checked up plenty on the credit side of his ledger recently.

Last month, visiting his mother down South, he answered back a critical preacher who called Hollywood a city of sin, without hope. Vic got newspaper headlines when he said, "Hollywood has done more for the unfortunates of the world than all its detractors."

Also, he is sponsoring a team in the Colt League in Pasadena where he once studied drama at the Pasadena Playhouse. The star of the team is Vic's godson, Mike Daugherty.



the letter box

Some of the wildest rumors I've heard since I've been writing this column came from some of you letter-writing fans this month.

To both JOYCE WILSON, EATON, INDIANA, and ELAINE FARRAR, GRENLOCK, NEW JERSEY, I say no, No, NO—it is NOT true that James Dean is still alive, horribly mutilated from his automobile accident! Please do not believe such morbid gossip.

FROM PEGGY BLUFORD, OAK RIDGE, TENN., comes another shocker: "I hear everywhere that Perry Como is going blind. Please tell me the truth." The truth is that Perry's eyesight is fine, Peggy—thank God.

And still another to make you gasp comes from DOROTHY HERON, BROOKLYN, who wants to know: "Is the reason that Tab Hunter makes so few pictures that he has an incurable disease?" Good heavens—Tab tells me he hasn't even had a cold in three years. Don't worry, Dorothy, Tab's fine.

FRED DALIAS, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., has a good idea for some producer: "If they ever decide to do the life story of beloved old Wallace Beery, Ernest Borgnine is the man to do it." You've got something there, my friend.

At Graduation time I received many letters—from DARLENE ROBERTS, COTTAGE GROVE, OREGON; BETTY MARSHALL, DALLAS; RONALD LINDSEY, MORTON, TEXAS; DAVID IDLEWINE, JUNCTION CITY, OREGON—to name just a few—asking me how to get a start either acting or becoming a reporter.

To you youngsters wanting to become actors I say wait until you have proven that you have talent before tackling New York or Hollywood.

To budding reporters, my advice is to try to get a job on your hometown newspaper. Yes, I practiced my own preaching. I was a teenager when I got my first job on the DIXON STAR, in Dixon, Ill.

who is such a fine pitcher that even the big league scouts have heard about him.

Vic's current ambition, he says, is to "Lead a good life and stay out of the headlines." Sounds to me like this actor who used to prize a headline more than diamonds, is beginning to really mature—just like his last name.

WHEN A WHOLE HOLLYWOOD PARTY of us went to the opening of the Hilton Hotel in Cairo last summer, no one—absolutely no one, and this includes Irene Dunne, Ann Miller, Merle Oberon and me (and I don't travel light) had more luggage than Terry Moore. She was wearing very bouffant skirts and it seemed to me that every dress had its own trunk or suitcase.

Now that she is Mrs. Eugene McGrath and traveling constantly between Panama, her husband's home, and her Hollywood studio, Terry laughingly tells me, "You won't believe this, Louella—I flew in with an overnight bag containing one nighty, one robe, a toothbrush and a tube of toothpaste."

IT'S NOT TRUE THAT:

Kim Novak became engaged to Count Mario Bandini while in Europe. (Mack Krim is very much still in Kim's life.) . . .

Nick Adams was Jimmy Dean's best friend. (Nick tells me that Jimmy had a lot of friends, but no best.) . . .

Acting the child-murderess in *The Bad Seed* has made Patty McCormack a neurotic little girl. (Her director, Mervyn Le Roy, says Patty is as happy and normal as blueberry pie.) . . .

Clark Gable was seriously ill in the hospital. (Truth is, Clark, feeling perfectly well, took a room adjoining that of his lovely wife Kay, hospitalized with a slight heart attack.) . . .

Spencer Tracy and director Fred Zimmerman had so many battles filming *The Old Man And The Sea* in Cuba that Zimmerman quit the picture. (Zimmerman quit all right—but his battles were with producer Leland Hayward.) . . .

Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis really wanted a boy. (They're delighted with their daughter, Miss Kelly Curtis.) . . .

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis will forget their present troubles as they have done in the past and shake hands and make up. (Even their best-wishing pals are convinced that Martin and Lewis are through as a team after fulfilling certain cafe and night-club dates they are forced to make to avoid lawsuits.) . . .

Van Johnson is becoming difficult to work with because he turned down 10,000 Bedrooms. (He just didn't see himself in a Conrad Hilton type role and said so to MGM.)

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!



Is Kim engaged?



Was Nick the pal?



Is Van hard to please?



Are Dean and Jerry through?



Are the Curtises proud parents!

HOLLYWOOD DISCOVERY! A non-drying spray-set with
no Lacquer at all!

Sets hair to stay—the softest way!

"I use Lustre-Net—everyday!"
 says *Vivian Blaine*

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 "PUBLIC PIGEON
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 An RKO-Radio Picture.
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New SUPER-SOFT *Lustre-Net* **the spray-set with lanolin esters!**

Keeps hair in place the Hollywood way—without stiffness or stickiness! New Super-Soft LUSTRE-NET is the softest way imaginable to keep waves and curls in place—for it contains not one single drop of lacquer!

Helps prevent dryness! Super-Soft LUSTRE-NET contains lanolin esters to discourage dryness, preserve softness.

Quick-sets hair-do's . . . ends sleeping on pins! Set pin-curls in damp or dry hair. Then spray with Super-Soft LUSTRE-NET. Curls and waves dry in a jiffy, brush out soft and shining.



Makes any pin-curl style set faster, manage easier, last longer!



THERE ARE 2 LUSTRE-NETS

SUPER-SOFT—gentle control for loose, casual hair-do's. Contains no lacquer at all. Spray it on regularly when you comb your hair.

REGULAR—extra control for hard-to-manage hair, or curly hair-do's. No lacquered look, no lacquer odor. Sets pin-curls in hair when dry.

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Tampax is far more fastidious, too, than "the other way." The wearer's hands needn't ever touch the Tampax. It prevents odor from forming. It's easy to dispose of, applicator and all. No wonder millions of women prefer this modern sanitary protection; *nothing* could be more convenient!

If you plan an active summer, comfortable Tampax is an absolute necessity! It's the only kind of protection that lets you go swimming—any time of the month. It never "shows" beneath the most abbreviated clothes. Choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

WORTH
SEEING
THIS
MONTH

FOR DRAMA

Lust For Life
Storm Center

FOR SHIVERS

The Bad Seed
The Black Sleep

FOR SUSPENSE

Unidentified Flying Objects
Santiago
Huk!
Congo Crossing
Dakota Incident
The Proud Ones

NEW MOVIES

by *florence epstein*



* **PICTURE OF THE MONTH:** Van Gogh was one of the first modern painters to be inspired by the simple peasant people around him. They were the subjects for some of his greatest paintings.



"Intensity" is the key feeling in *Lust For Life*—an intense dedication to art, to love, to living.

* LUST FOR LIFE

drama of a great artist

■ Here is the life story of a great artist whose need to paint was exceeded only by his need for love. His paintings burned with color and were a glorious testament to his vitality, but his eccentric, tortured personality cut him off from satisfying contact with people and led him, in desperation, to suicide. Vincent Van Gogh was his name. His father (Henry Daniell) was a minister and his background was middleclass. Vincent's (Kirk Douglas) uniqueness was scorned, his emotional intensity was terrifying to people who had long since locked up their feelings. Vincent grew up convinced he was an outcast and a failure. His last attempt to conform was when he became a minister and was sent to a wretched mining town in Belgium to preach. He disgraced the cloth (or so his superiors thought) by giving away his worldly goods to those who needed them and by living in squalor like a miner. Only his brother Theo (James Donald) sensed the awfulness of his spiritual struggle and sympathized with it. When Vincent decided to paint, Theo faithfully (and financially) supported him and tried to



To paint for one's self is not enough. The artist craves recognition and respect from others.

sell his startlingly original work, but with no success. Rejected in love, Vincent took up with a hard-drinking laundress (Pamela Brown) and lived with her and her child until she (Pamela) couldn't bear it. Painting obsessed him, it took precedence over all. For a while he shared a house in Arles with Paul Gauguin (Anthony Quinn) but their personalities and theories clashed violently. Then Van Gogh became a victim of emotional disorder, and in one seizure, sliced off his ear with a razor. He voluntarily committed himself to an asylum, was temporarily relieved and turned to painting again. However, his maniacal concentration took him so far out of himself he couldn't bear the tension. "It is impossible, impossible," he murmured as he stood painting in a golden field of grain under a blazing sun. And then he shot himself. *Lust For Life* is an excellent film; its grandeur stems from Van Gogh's tragic, noble striving to capture and record the beauty of life. His paintings (borrowed from museums all over the world) glow in triumph on the screen. Among the fine cast are Niall MacGinnis, Everett Sloane.—Cinema-Scope. Metrocolor—MGM (Continued on page 24)



"NOW I KNOW WHAT FREE-WHEELING MEANS!"

Bike or not, you'll simply breeze along in Gossard's pantie girdle legs can't feel. See how it's up-shaped? Edged with elastic net? Your legs are completely free, never stop you with that old pantie feeling. And this boneless pull-on of elastic net weighs next to nothing, has a satin elastic panel for your fashion front. You're sure to love this easy goer. Slews of gals like you, do!*

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packaged to help you help yourself. Just
1½ ounces of nylon all-elastic with
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AD-VISER
SERVICE



SEE PAGE 90

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Hide broken-out skin instantly with Tussy Medicare...it helps heal as it conceals! No single cream, salve, or lotion can even begin to cover up (and help clear up) problem skin like Tussy Medicare.

Hide and heal this easy way! First, super-cleanse with Tussy Creamy Masque. It delves deeper than soap; floats out irritating grime. Next, use skin-colored Tussy Medicated Lotion as your make-up base. While it conceals—it helps *heal* blemishes, because it contains germ-fighting hexachlorophene! Complete Medicare Set, \$2.00 and \$1.10. No tax.

For handy touch-ups—Tussy Medicare Stick! To look "spotless" all day long, always carry a skin-colored Tussy Medicare Stick. And use it faithfully every two hours to guard your skin from infection. \$1. No tax.

TUSSY Medicare



movie previews (Continued from page 22)



THE BAD SEED

an eight-year-old murderess

■ If your child is a monster it may not really be your fault—except insofar as you have genes which pass personality traits from one generation to another. The catch is—those traits often skip a generation, which is Nancy Kelly's dilemma. I mean, the dilemma is—her eight-year-old daughter (Patty McCormack) is a murderess totally without conscience. Years ago she threw an old lady down the stairs (but no one connected her death with this cunning, charming pigtailed in pinafores). Just recently she's murdered a classmate because he won a penmanship medal which Patty felt she deserved. And when a somewhat sadistic handyman (Henry Jones) sees through her she locks him in the cellar, taking the precaution to set fire to it first. A child like that can be a terrible trial—and what is one to do with her? Especially one so fine and loving as Nancy whose own mother, it turns out, was a notorious lady with poison. It is a bloodcurdling melodrama (based on William March's hit play); it is a rather unsettling theory that Mr. March presents but that, I suppose, can go down as poetic license. With Eileen Heckart, Evelyn Varden —Warners



HUKI

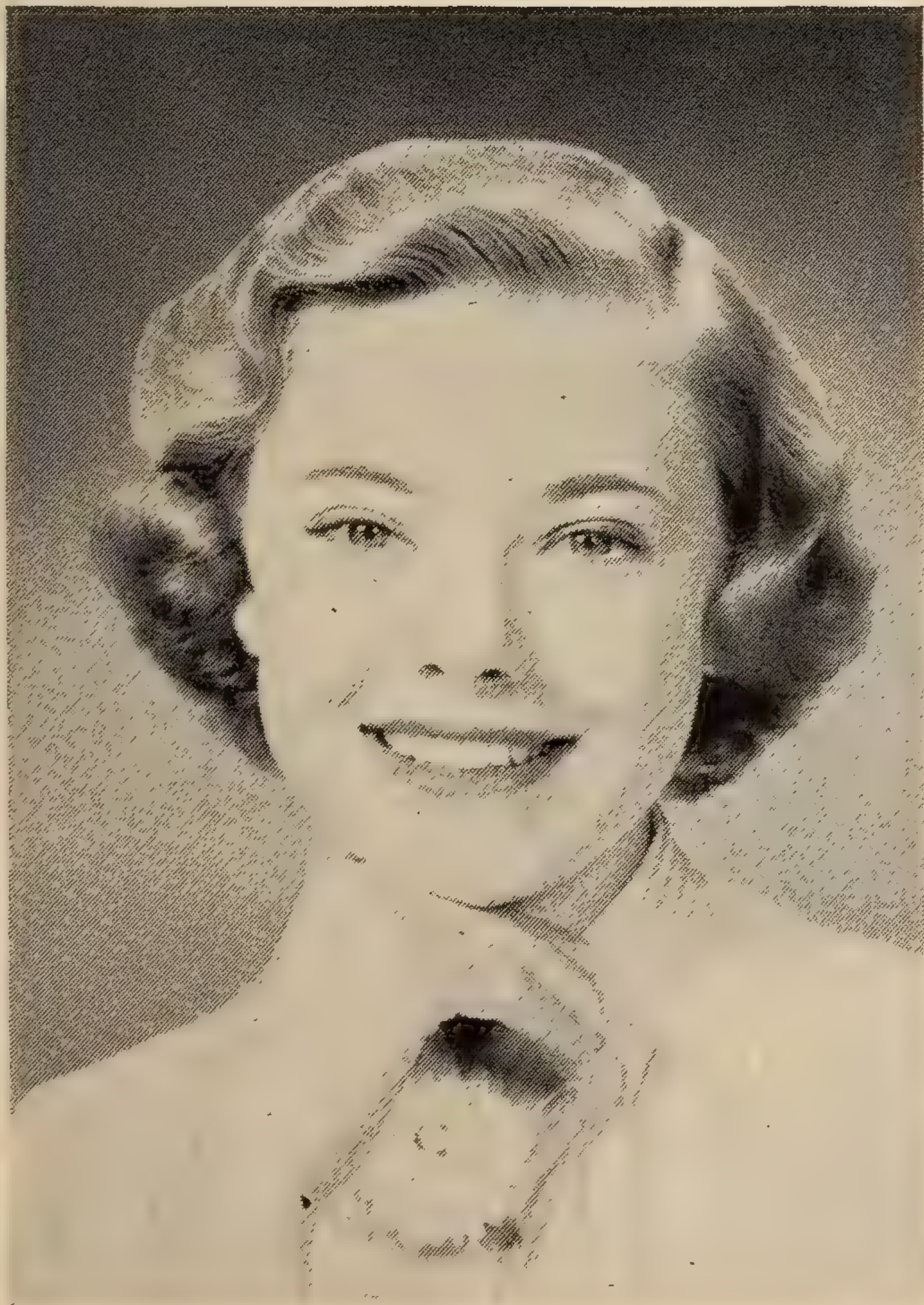
terrorism in the Philippine Islands

■ In 1951 the Huks (former guerillas turned terrorists) were setting fire to plantations in the Philippines and generally making life impossible for reasons of their own. That's the set-up when George Montgomery arrives after 14 years of who knows what in the United States. His father has just been murdered by the terrorists but George is not the mourning kind. He is—thinks Mona Freeman—a cad. Mona is the wife of John Baer, who is the son of plantation overseer James Bell, who is puzzled by George's desire to sell his father's plantation and take the loot to the U.S.A. When the Huks, led by Kalak (Mario Barri), try to hasten George's departure by throwing knives at his back and flaming torches on his property George begins to resent it. A good deal of action, some very nice photography accompany George's growing concern with the fate of the Philippines. Eastman Color.—U.A. (Continued on page 26)

New! BOBBI— with “Casual Curlets” and breeze-fresh lotion gives you a longer lasting, softly feminine wave

A stronger wave than ordinary pin-curl permanents
a softer wave than rod-type permanents

Specially created for casual hair styles



See how casual a BOBBI wave can be! You know it will outlast any other pin-curl permanent because each curl is set stronger from the very beginning with BOBBI's new “Casual Curlets.” Use Curlets between permanents, too—for a longer-lasting set after your shampoo.

Everything you need for the prettiest, longest-lasting casual hairdo ever! Fabulous new easy-set “Casual Curlets”... of pretty pink plastic... simpler than metal pins! New breeze-fresh, petal-pink lotion, so pleasant to use! No separate neutralizer, no resetting. Only BOBBI makes a pin-curl permanent so easy!



Pin-curls made with BOBBI's new “Casual Curlets”... smooth, firm, no loose ends, no crimp marks as with metal pins. Specially designed for a stronger, longer-lasting casual wave!

New “Casual Curlets” are 7 ways better!

1. Easier, faster than metal pins.
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7. Curlets are curved—shaped to your head for comfort.



All-new BOBBI in a bright blue box
Each package complete with 55 “Casual Curlets” and 6 neckline curlers.



UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS

documentary on "flying saucers"

■ Ever since 1948 or so people have been seeing flying saucers. (Some people have even been seeing the little men in them, but that's another problem.) The fact is, there have been unidentified flying objects in the sky and the Air Command has seriously been investigating them. Here is a documentary film based on reports and official investigation. Included are two authentic film strips—one taken in Montana, the other in Utah, showing unidentified objects in formation. They look more like aspirin than flying saucers but the official conclusion is, "Not balloons, not birds, not aircraft—not faked." What are they? Nobody knows. The film follows the course of one Albert M. Chop who, reporting to work at the Public Information Office at Wright Patterson Air Base debunked saucers as nonsense. But that was in 1950. Two years later, Chop, an eye witness to radar contact with the objects, and about as close as anyone to all the information ever received or analyzed about them was still up a tree as to their nature. But Chop was convinced that there are U.F.O. which is about all anyone can say.—U.A.



SANTIAGO

adventure in Cuba

■ When the Cubans were fighting for freedom, Alan Ladd was around dispensing guns to whichever side paid. It was not that he was basically bad, it was only he'd been kicked out of the U.S. Cavalry and was bitter. So here we are on our way to Tampa, Florida, with enough ammunition for an old fashioned world war. Ladd makes it to Tampa, staving off an attack of rival gun-runners led by Lloyd Nolan, but then he's told he must deliver the goods to Santiago to collect his ransom. This means running the Spanish blockade, and it is dangerous. But what can he do, loving money so well? The transportation to Santiago is not very modern, it's an old Mississippi sidewheeler captained by Chill Wills, but the company is exciting. Nolan and his club are aboard, also Rossana Podesta, commonly known as Cuba's Joan of Arc. It's a long, long ride. And a hard, hard fight with Ladd finally showing his true blue colors. CinemaScope.—Warners

STORM CENTER

a lesson in freedom

■ Bette Davis has made a good life for herself since the death of her husband. Childless, she's become head librarian in the comfortable little city of Kenport. It's an honored position and the children, particularly, love her. Well, the city council (on which serve opportunist Brian Keith and her old friend Paul Kelly) ask her to withdraw a book called *The Communist Dream* from the library. Bette dislikes the book but she has an American view of freedom and refuses to comply. So she's fired. That's not all. Nearly to a head, the 20,000 citizens of Kenport reel from her in loathing. One little citizen (Kevin Coughlin) a bookworm—much to his inarticulate Pop's horror—becomes alarmingly hysterical at the fall of his idol. His love turns to hate and, among other things, he proceeds to burn down the library. The citizens of Kenport awake, having learned their lesson at considerable expense. For what they were doing, after all, was using Communist methods to fight the Communist menace. With Kim Hunter, Joe Mantell.—Col.



CONGO CROSSING

a criminal colony in Africa

■ Congotanga is an unpleasant little colony in the African jungle, and a haven for criminals since it has no extradition laws. Ruling the place in a lethargic way is Colonel Peter Lorre; running the place is cultivated gangster Tonio Selwart and his buddies; loathing the place is American engineer George Nader who's on a surveying assignment. The latest plane shipment to Congotanga unloads Virginia Mayo (she's fleeing a murder rap) and a man who commissions inhabitant Michael Paté to murder her. She figures it's a good idea to stick pretty close to George and accompanies him upriver—but Paté has hired himself on as assistant surveyor. While working on his maps George discovers that Congotanga's boundaries have shifted, making it unsafe for criminals. Those criminals would not like this news to be made public, would they? Technicolor.—U.I.



DAKOTA INCIDENT

Cheyennes vs. Linda Darnell

■ Picture the West; picture Dale Robertson on a tired horse on a dusty road with younger brother Skip Homeier in conflict about shooting him in the back. They have just robbed a bank and the third crook is putting Skip up to this naughty deed. Switch to the town. A beautiful woman (Linda Darnell) is waiting for the stage to Laramie at which place she plans to shoot her faithless lover. While she is waiting, Senator Ward Bond is orating about the shameful way we treat the Indians and John Lund is lurking around, saying nothing. To make a short story long, Republic puts these people (plus Dale and Regis Toomey—Linda's fiddle player) on the stage. Then they're all stuck in a ditch without food or water while the Cheyennes hover on the rocks above planning to kill 'em one by one. Trucolor.—Rep.



THE PROUD ONES

a superior Western

■ When cattle come to Flat Rock, Kansas, it means plenty of trouble for Marshall Robert Ryan. Flat Rock becomes a boom town, and every boom town has its villain (in this case, Robert Middleton) waiting to lower it. Middleton and Ryan have been enemies from way back. Virginia Mayo (Ryan's girl) knows that this hate will lead to murder and wants Ryan to run. Meanwhile, along with the cattle comes Jeffrey Hunter who dislikes Ryan sight unseen. Ryan killed his Dad and Jeff believes Pop was unarmed. While that little wrinkle is being ironed out, Middleton is generally corrupting the town via his saloon and gambling tables. He's also hired a couple of gunmen to get Ryan who, having been hit on the head, now has moments of blindness. Well, where will it all lead? Go see—it's an interesting, sometimes exciting Western. CinemaScope.—20-Fox

THE BLACK SLEEP

an old fashioned tale of horror

■ The mind of man is a puzzle indeed, but Basil Rathbone's the surgeon to solve it. He has to. You see, his beautiful wife has been in a coma for eight months and he's desperate. He has a couple of things working for him—a drug called "The Black Sleep" which simulates death, and a crew of demented assistants who mind the abbey while Basil performs his diabolical operations in the tower. What he does is turn drugged and captive people into screaming maniacs. Then he throws them into the cellar for observation. Perfecting those brain operations is an uphill job! Among the grisly cast are Akim Tamiroff, Lon Chaney, Bela Lugosi, John Carradine—and two healthy if nervous specimens—Herbert Rudley, Patricia Blake.—U.A.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

TRAPEZE (U.A.): Tony Curtis finds injured Burt Lancaster in Paris. Tony wants to learn the triple roll on the flying trapeze and Burt is the man to teach him. Gina Lollobrigida starts the trouble when her yearning for the spotlight is equalled by nothing else. Great circus atmosphere and wonderful trapeze shots.

THE GREAT LOMOMOTIVE CHASE (Disney): Fess Parker, who looks and acts like a Southerner, is really a northern spy attempting to dismantle the southern railway system during the Civil War. Jeffrey Hunter, a motorman, suspects it and the chase is on.

SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME (MGM): The life story of Rocky Graziano played by Paul Newman. Pier Angeli plays his wife and Eileen Heckart his mother in this film. The action doesn't let up for a moment.

THE LEATHER SAINT (Para.): Father Gil Allen (John Derek) needs money to buy an iron lung and build a swimming pool for several polio victims in his parish. He does so by leading a double life as prizefighter.

THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT (20th-Fox): Gregory Peck is a war veteran who is now fighting his battles on Madison Avenue and in his typical suburban home. His struggle to maintain both his integrity and his wife (Jennifer Jones) is exciting. With Fredric March, Marisa Pavan.

THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY (Col.): Tyrone Power plays Eddy Duchin, whose skyrocketing to fame was balanced by tragedy. Kim Novak and Victoria Shaw handle their roles as Eddy's two great loves beautifully. You'll like it.

GABY (MGM): Derived from *Waterloo Bridge*, Gaby is a tender, moving story of two youngsters who fall in love in London during the war. Leslie Caron and John Kerr star as the lovers.

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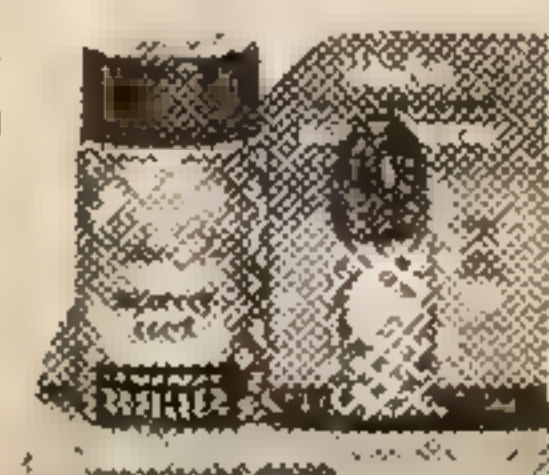


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"HI, NEIGHBORS!"

I meet the most fascinating people every day — living in Hollywood

■ Living in Hollywood I've discovered that many of my neighbors are movie stars and are likely to pop up anywhere.

Gordon MacRae seems to be the most frequent popper-upper. One afternoon I was standing in a drug store on Vine Street browsing through the movie magazines. The magazines were near the door and I was absorbed in an article when a fellow mumbled, "Excuse me," and squeezed past to the drug counter. I glanced up and caught Gordon MacRae grinning at me. He had good reason—the story I was reading was about him!

Driving toward the San Fernando Valley the same day I spotted a husky fellow crossing in the middle of the block. "Hey you!" I bellowed, "don't you know that's against the law?" He turned, put his hands on his hips, and merely stared at me. It was Jack Carson.

Red Skelton played the same trick on me. I was walking across Beverly Boulevard when he quickly stopped his Corvette sports car to let me cross. He shook his head in disgust, but grinned when I nodded a sign of recognition.

I sometimes see Debbie and Eddie Fisher driving around on Sunday afternoons. Eddie's long black Cadillac convertible attracts my attention easily, but if that isn't enough I can't miss his loud singing.

Some months ago I was waiting for a friend in the lobby of the Beverly Hills Hotel when a bellhop rushed over to me carrying a charcoal drawing. He explained it had been left by a movie starlet and wanted to know if I could possibly identify her. I wasn't any help so he asked another bellhop.

"No, I don't know who it is, but the guy coming downstairs right now is a real movie fan, he'll know her!"

The guy was Johnnie Ray, who identified the girl in nothing flat.

Entering Ciro's I once saw about twenty admirers clamoring after Marlon Brando for autographs.

"My grandmother's sick and I gotta rush outa here," joked Marlon.

"Well, call a doctor and sign our books," they pleaded.

After several minutes of quipping Marlon gave up and signed. When he pulled out in his car one fan teased, "Hope your grandmother gets well."

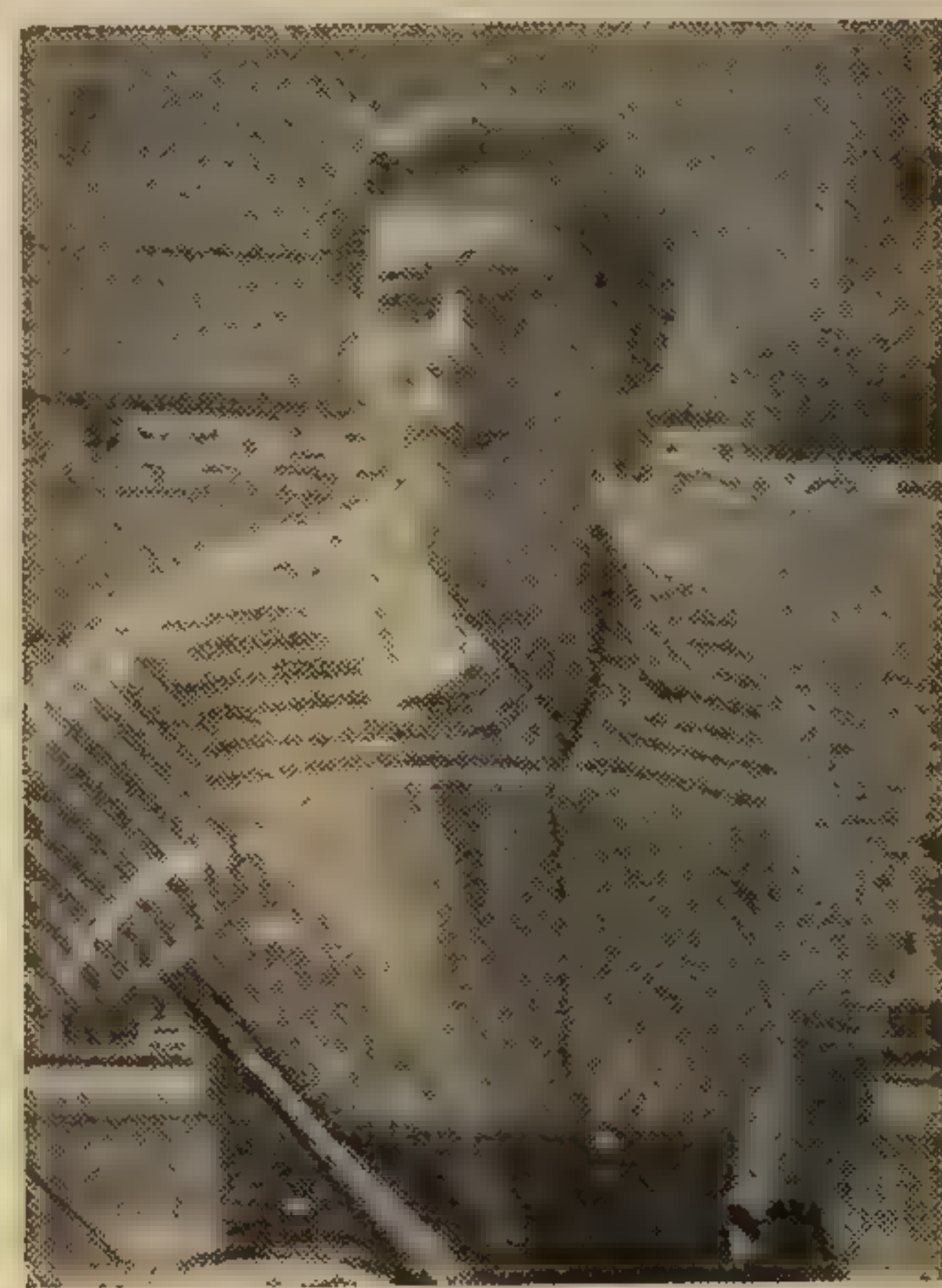
To which Marlon muttered, "Oh Jack, you *are* solid."



MARLON BRANDO



GORDON MacRAE



JOHNNIE RAY

One of my biggest surprises was to board a LaBrea bus and find myself sitting next to Debra Paget and sister Lisa Gaye. They were going shopping! (And in Hollywood buses are sometimes more convenient than automobiles.)

Another day I saw a group of fans mob Dan Dailey. A friend with Dailey remained patiently aside while Dan talked and signed autographs. None of the autograph seekers recognized Dan's friend as Tab Hunter.

Strolling along a busy street last summer I stopped to look at a window display. I sensed someone in back of me and glanced into the window to see if I could catch a reflection. All I could see were two huge eyes. I guess the gentleman must have read my mind because he remarked, "Big, aren't they?" The eyes belonged to Eddie Cantor.

It's just like running into familiar neighbors while dashing through town.



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the private life of ERNEST BORGNINE

■ When Ernest Borgnine made his screen debut in *From Here To Eternity*, everyone pictured his private life as that of a brute. Then when *Marty* came out, they said that Ernie was a tongue-tied Bronx bumpkin.

But the truth is that Ernie is neither.

Put the Oscar-winning actor on a dance floor, and he doesn't suddenly develop two left feet. In fact, when he was in the Navy assigned to the USS *Lamberton*, he won the ship's contest for jitterbugging.

Borgnine is also well-traveled and well-read. When he was eight, his mother took him to Italy, where they attended many performances at the La Scala Opera House. The few places that his ten years in the Navy didn't cover, he made up for when he joined the famed Barter Theater of Virginia. The players toured Europe in *Hamlet*, and hit every large and small town in the U.S.

Gordon MacRae and Dan Dailey were surprised at Ernie's eager approach to the trio's six song numbers in *The Best Things In Life Are Free*. After recording "Button Up Your Overcoat," Gordie said to Borgnine, "If you've never had lessons, how come you sing like that?"

"Have you ever known an Italian who didn't have a song in his heart?" he said.

Ernie says what he thinks. According to him, "My wife loves to barbecue, but I hate burnt meat!" . . . When someone suggested he sounded like Jolson and should record for Victor, he came back, "You must be mad." . . . When critics praise his acting, he pulls out a faded clipping of his Broadway appearance in *Harvey*, which refers to him as "the jerk who talked over the laughs."

Marty would have been shocked at Ernie's practical jokes. At lunch recently he ordered chicken soup with matzoh balls. While the waitress was serving the others, he slipped a ping-pong ball into the soup, and had her flabbergasted when he fished it out and started bouncing it on the table. "Chef's getting a little careless, isn't he?" he deadpanned. No one should consider him tongue-tied after that.

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Written by DEVERY FREEMAN and STEPHEN LONGSTREET
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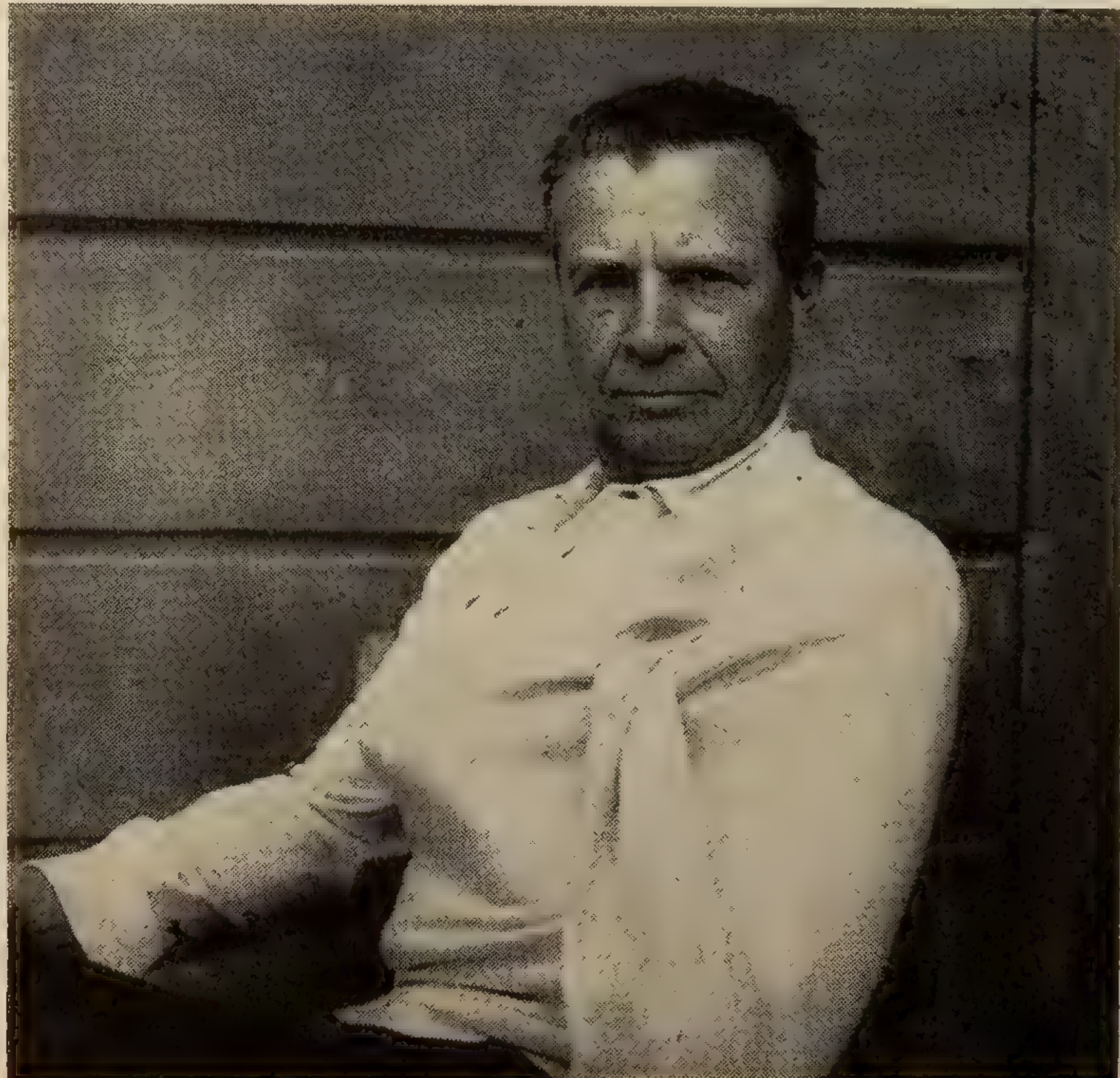


The most talked-about movies are coming from the NEW RKO

JUNE ALLYSON— unregistered nurse



BEFORE—"See, June," Dick said, "it's easy—anyone can ski."



AFTER—"All right! Don't stare! Even experts slip sometimes."

■ Maybe you remember, last winter, when Dick Powell broke his collar bone while whizzing along on his skis. "The fact that I'm fifty had nothing to do with it," he wrote to a friend. "There was this rock, you understand." At any rate, the story was well covered in the nation's newspapers and by-and-by everyone knew about Dick's busted clavicle.

Few, however, ever heard the the Little Woman's side of the story. It seems that June, having worked steadily for more than a year, wanted to get away from it all. She and Dick had managed to wangle this one week together, and June dreamed of relaxing herself into nothingness in the peace and quiet of Sun Valley. Even movie stars, however, don't always get what they want.

Having arrived at the ski resort they were ushered to their quarters, consisting of a room for two, with bath. This might be sufficient for some people, but not for June Allyson. When she packs, the resultant luggage resembles Burton Holmes' equipment for a world tour, and the inside of the luggage looks as though Bonwit Teller had donated all their tissue paper. In brief, June can spend two weeks packing for one week's trip, and unpacking is pursued with the same meticulous care.

At any rate, the day they arrived Dick threw on appropriate clothes, grabbed his skis and took off for the ski lift. "Come on," he called over his shoulder to the *petite* figure swathed in tissue paper.

"As soon as I finish unpacking," said June.

When Dick returned later that afternoon, June was still at it. "I put all your things away," she said, "but there's no room left for mine. We really ought to have more space."

So Dick arranged for a larger suite, and the next morning June transferred Dick's things to the new quarters and began unpacking her own. He stopped in to see her around noon, his face aglow with health. "Come on," he urged. "Get on your skis."

"As soon as I finish unpacking."

She finished that afternoon and surveyed the apartment with satisfaction. It was neat as a pin. Finally, dressed to the teeth in her new ski outfit, June started out the door. Then the telephone rang.

"Doll," said Dick. "I'm in the hospital. I broke something."

She ran to the elevator. "Top floor!" she panted, figuring that all hospitals of such resorts were located on the top floor. There was a roof garden or something up there, so she tried the basement. Nothing down there, so she inquired. The hospital turned out to be on the same floor as their suite, and (Continued on page 34)

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JEFF CHANDLER • DOROTHY MALONE

CO-STARRING
WARD BOND • KEITH ANDES • LEE MARVIN
SYDNEY CHAPLIN WITH **FLOYD SIMMONS • MICHAEL ANSARA**

Directed by **GEORGE MARSHALL** Screenplay by **SAM ROLFE** Produced by **ROBERT ARTHUR** 
A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

(Continued from page 32)
Dick looked miserable.

"We'll have to go home," he said.
"I guess so."

"Look, Howard Hughes is sending a plane up for us tonight at 11 o'clock. We can get home faster that way."

"Okay," said June. "I'll go pack."

By 10 o'clock, with super-Allyson effort, everything was back in the suitcases. Then they waited for the plane. It didn't come at 11, it didn't come at midnight, and by 1 a.m. it still hadn't arrived. But there was a train that would take them out of there at 2. They decided to take it.

This was a milk-type train, not equipped for vacationers, let alone a man in a cast. They sat together in the one seat available, Dick uncomfortable in his cast, and June barely able to see past it.

"Please," she said to the reasonable facsimile of a porter, "my husband is in pain. He simply must have a bed for the night. Can't you find us something?"

The man piled a mattress on top of their luggage for Dick, and June was given an 1890 style top berth. Dick was ensconced in his "lower," and June was just dropping off into exhausted sleep when her husband's voice floated up.

"I need a pill," he said. "This thing hurts. Can you get me a pill?"

"Your pills are in my coat pocket," said June. "Under your mattress."

Using the three arms belonging to the two of them, they managed to heave the mattress to one side and grab the pill bottle out of the coat pocket. Then Dick popped the pill into his mouth and found he couldn't swallow it. By this time the pain was agonizing. "Could you get me a glass of water?" he said.

"Sure," said June, and then remembered that her robe was in a suitcase under Dick's mattress. Not only that, the railroad employees were incommunicado, as had been proved when she tried to get help in the battle for the pills. There was no help for it—she simply had to wander through the train in her pajamas. She did, and still swears every man on the train was equipped with radar to detect Wandering Women Without What They Should Be Wearing. From Dick's bed of pain to the first available water cooler, June encountered no less than seven males, all unaccountably roaming around in the middle of the night.

The remainder of the trip continued to be every bit as ghastly as the beginning. Los Angeles looked wonderful. June had just entered the Powell living room when the telephone rang. It was the studio.

"We need you for retakes in the morning, at 8 a.m. Glad you're back."

The next morning, in Make-up at 7:30, they asked about poor Dick.

"Poor Dick is fine," she said. "The doctor says the bone will heal quickly."

"But you," they said, "you must have had a wonderful time."

And they never understood why Miss Allyson bared her teeth and growled.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR:



**I
should
have
worn
roller
skates**

■ Elizabeth Taylor looked the part of a flirtatious Southern belle of the 1850's. Ebony curls danced provocatively as she walked and her wasp-waist was accentuated by a voluminous hoop skirt.

It seemed like such a simple scene compared to the others in MGM's *Raintree County*. In the past few days the script had called for Liz to lure co-star, Montgomery Clift, away from his childhood sweetheart, to vividly recall the horrors of her childhood, to give birth to a baby, and to throw a hysterical tantrum.

Today was different. Clift, fully recovered from his accident, merely had to walk into a photographer's gallery. There, he was to see Elizabeth and exchange a short greeting.

So, while the stand-ins kept posted at the taped marks on the floor and the lights and camera were lined up, we talked with Liz, or rather, we listened as she tried out her Southern accent on us.

"There's something about these old-fashioned costumes," she explained, "The minute I put one on I refuse to get out of character. It just seems natural to talk with an accent. Marguerite Lampkin of Louisiana is my dialect coach, and we go over the script daily to be sure I don't slip north of the Mason-Dixon line."

Portraying a Southern vixen has offered other problems besides dialogue. A big headache was learning to manipulate the hoop skirts which measure twelve feet around and weigh a minimum of nine pounds. "I spent two days practicing in front of a mirror," Liz confided, "trying to copy that coquettish glide. Women of that era always looked as if they're walking on melted butter. Frankly, I should have just worn roller skates."

Of course, Clift's auto accident was the biggest set-back. Production had to be suspended six weeks.

Director Edward Dmytryk interrupted our interview and called Liz and Monty for the scene. Monty walked in and was ready, but not Elizabeth. What with the scrim and screens, lights and mammoth new 65 mm camera, there was no room for Liz and her many splendorous costume to get through. She tried both sideways and with a full frontal push, but to no avail.

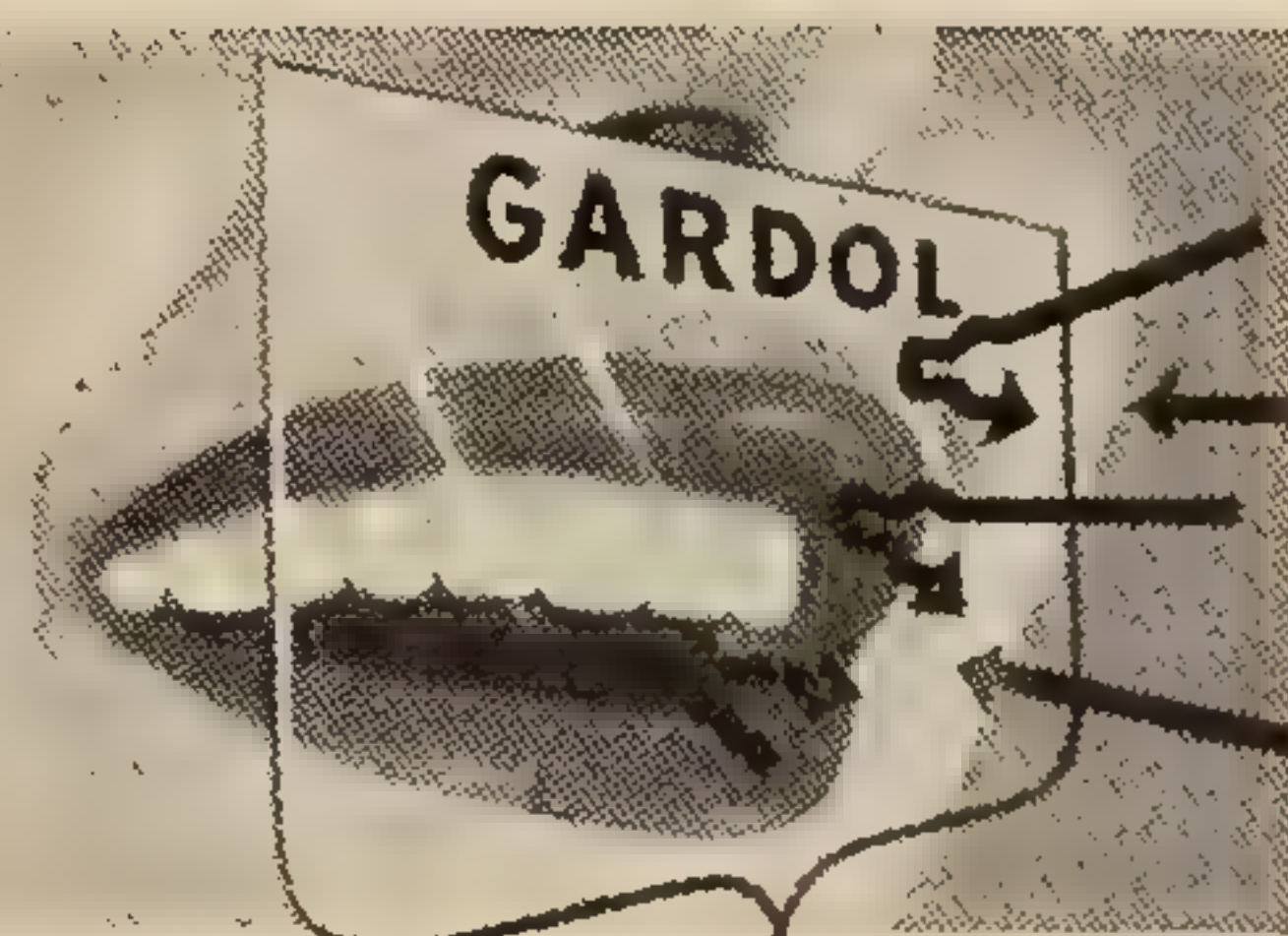
Finally, a crew member disassembled one of the sides of the set, hoisted it up on a crane, and waited while Liz glided in. Then, he lowered the wall around her.

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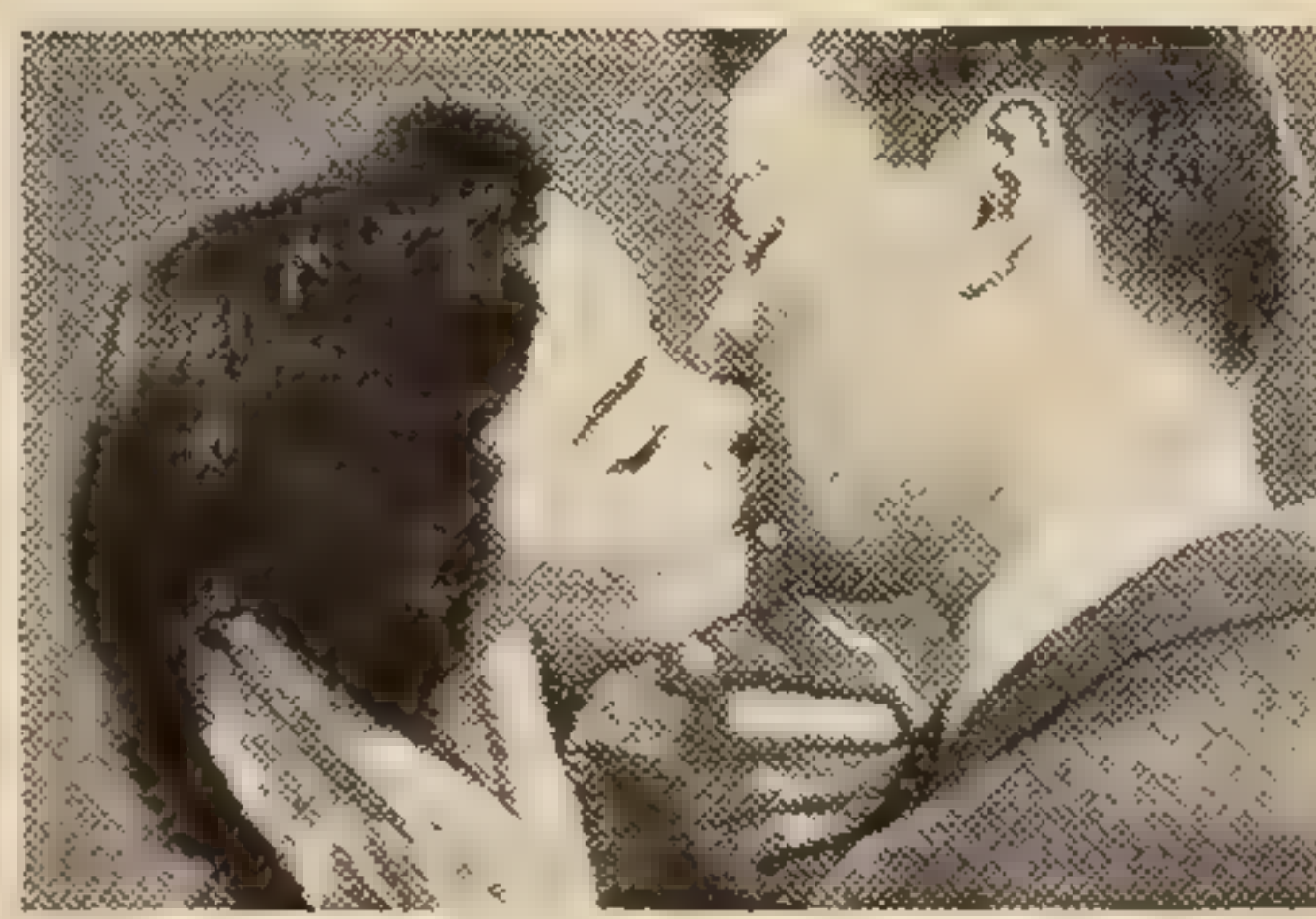


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Mel Tormé's
"Wild" West

Wally Cox's
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Sal Mineo's "Gal"

TV TALK



Elizabeth Montgomery (daughter of Robert Montgomery) and Gig Young are so in love.



Singer Mel Tormé, expert on frontier history and owner of a gun collection, writes Westerns.

Mel Tormé has not only changed his "velvet fog" voice, he also is finding other outlets for his talent besides singing. He wants to be an author. And, unlike many people in show business, he does more than talk about it or hire a ghost to do the actual work. After his unhappy marriage with **Candy Toxton** (now **Mrs. Hal March**) ended, Mel sat down and wrote a Western. What's more, it's a pretty good one. Mel has always been interested in the West, and has made a serious study of such people as Billy the Kid and Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson. On top of that, he is fascinated by guns and owns a big collection of them. So both the historical background and the "shoot-'em-up" parts of his book are authentic . . . The **Marilyn Monroe-Arthur Miller** romance is of much longer standing than the newspapers would have you believe. Months before the columnists first learned about it, it was an old story to many of their friends. Way back when Marilyn was spending a lot of time with the Milton Greenes in their Connecticut home, she was seeing Miller, who had a place nearby. Incidentally, you've heard of the old custom at theater openings of the audience crying "Author! Author." Well, it no longer happens on Broadway—except when one of Arthur Miller's plays is opening. Then the cry goes up; and Miller, in his tuxedo, always comes out and takes a bow . . . We hope the people who work with **Wally Cox** on his new show have been briefed by his old co-workers on Wally's little idiosyncrasies, especially where animals are concerned. They'd be wise, in fact, to eschew using any animals at all, such is Wally's excessive worry about how they're treated. The SPCA has nothing on Wally. Once, when a script called for Wally to dip a couple of goldfish from one tank to another, he refused to consider it until he had carefully checked and rechecked to make certain that the temperature of the water in the first tank was *exactly* the same as the temperature of the water in the second . . . Do you know the one man who's responsible for all the new variety shows on tv? **Ed Sullivan**. His show has been such a success for so long that variety shows are the easiest things to sell to a sponsor. That's the reason **Ray Bolger**, **Herb Shriner**, and **Steve Allen** all are using the variety format . . . Our prediction for one of the biggest hits in the new tv season: CBS-tv's *Air Power*. This is a honey of a powerful show . . . tv may steal another idea from radio—using one personality to introduce several different shows (like the way **Dave Garroway** pops in and out of *Monitor*). To give, say, Thursday night on NBC a continuity—and to keep you from dial-

ing out—the same emcee will keep popping up all evening long . . . **Bert Lahr** is known as one of the great clowns of our time, but he also is a very serious and intelligent man, with an amazing interest in and grasp of world affairs. . . . All the rumors you read about **Bob Montgomery's** actress daughter **Elizabeth** and **Gig Young** are true. They are in love . . . Speaking of Bob Montgomery, that suave actor-producer-socialite, who delights in his deserved reputation as a raconteur, is beginning to look like—of all people!—**Sherman Billingsley** of the Stork Club. Two more dissimilar men couldn't be found. Billingsley, of course, has trouble getting through even pretty simple sentences; he could never tackle the highly literate phraseology of Mr. Montgomery . . . The most important person in **Sal Mineo's** life is his mother, who is also his manager. When he's in New York, he stays with her up in the Bronx, and when he's in Hollywood he calls her every single day without fail. Sal's entire family takes an interest in his career; one of his older brothers, Mike, has started acting (and he's doing very well on tv) and everyone from Mama to friends of the family helps Sal answer his fan mail. He needs help—there's tons of it! **Maria Riva** has one of the most distinctive mink coats in show business. The skins instead of being vertical, are horizontal—even on the sleeves. And the skins are *not* all the same color; they alternate, one row dark, the next light. Sound strange? Looks wonderful! Maria, incidentally, is not always bubbling with good humor first thing in the morning. One a.m. she got into a cab with straggly hair and not one touch of makeup. "Elizabeth Arden's," she directed the driver. "You can use it," he grinned at her. Maria was not amused . . . People who saw **Anita Ekberg** and **Anthony Steel** off on the plane from Rome to London right after their wedding could hardly keep from hooting with laughter. It was a mighty hot day in Italy that day, but the bride kept her glamorous mink coat on, for the benefit of the many photographers. Anita then, her fellow passengers reported, spent her entire flight time combing out her long blond hair, stopping only to don her mink again—for the benefit of the photographers who were waiting at the London Airport. All very different from some celebrities. How many times, for instance, have you seen pictures of the impeccably well-dressed—and wealthy—**Grace Kelly** or the **Duchess of Windsor** swathed in furs? . . . There was, by the way, one aspect of the wedding in Monaco that was *not* picked up by the press, believe it or not. Here it is: Five members of the Kelly wedding party, in-

cluding brother Jack and his wife, flew from the states to Europe for the event on a *tourist* flight! It's rather nice, after all the talk of splendor and suites on the Constitution and sumptuous palaces to find out that some of the Kelly family travel just like millions of other vacationing Americans . . . Two stars who surprise you when you meet them in person are **Dewey Martin** and **Hal March**. Both are much shorter than you'd think after seeing them on tv. Dewey, incidentally, is not exactly known for his chuminess during television rehearsals. Usually most of the actors go out together for a quick bite during their lunch break; Dewey prefers to be alone. Of course, he may just want to put a little extra study into his part. He's serious about his career. As is Hal. In fact, New Yorkers don't usually see Hal at the splashy big opening nights; he's more likely to show up, with his new wife (who is almost as tall as he is), at one of those serious little off-Broadway openings. Hal doesn't go to the theater to Be Seen; he goes to learn about acting . . . When **Paddy Chayevsky** is in a social group, he likes to be the center of attention. Paddy unconsciously seats himself so that he is in the center and all eyes can turn toward him easily; he then proceeds to "hold court" in a way. There's nothing show-offy about his attitude; Paddy merely likes to talk and hand out opinions and wax witty. He has opinions and is witty, so his captive audience rarely complains. Paddy *still* hasn't seen *The Catered Affair* in the movies. Although it was based on one of his tv plays, he had nothing to do with the film version (except make money by selling the film rights) and doesn't consider that it's *his* the way *Marty* was . . . None of their friends were at all surprised by the breakup of the **Edward G. Robinson** marriage. It's been coming on for years and years and years . . . **Shirley Jones**, up close in person, looks just as wholesome and peaches-and-cream as her most retouched photographs. She has, too, a placid air about her that is at great variance with most glamor girls. Where they rush or hide behind dark glasses or duck the crowds, Shirley just keeps smiling along. A great deal of inner poise for one so young and inexperienced . . . **Siobhan McKenna** is both friendly and humorous. Although the parts that have made her famous here (in Broadway's *The Chalk Garden*, tv's *Cradle Song*, George Bernard Shaw's *St. Joan*) have been serious, Siobhan herself has a delightful sense of humor. She's most hospitable too; if she meets some people she likes in New York, she invites them up to her sublet apartment for a drink and a game of chess.

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Lustre-Creme
Shampoo...



Cream or Lotion

"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Deborah Kerr. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!



Deborah Kerr

co-starring in

"THE PROUD AND PROFANE"

A Paramount Picture in VistaVision.



Look, it's here! The first and only

Richard Hudnut's **NEW SILICONED PIN-QUICK**

Weather can't weaken it! Water can't wash it out!

Guaranteed to last longer! 5 times faster, start to finish!



Weatherproof Pin-Curl Permanent

You know how ordinary pin-curl permanents are: they start to fade from the first shampoo, wilt on the first damp day. But Pin-Quick curls are locked in to last till you cut them off. You can get a softer, casual pin-curl wave that can't weaken in wet weather. Can't wash out. With miracle-working Silicone, Pin-Quick helps keep your hair soft, lustrous, far easier to manage!

And Pin-Quick's new Lano-Clear Wave Lotion makes longer lasting curls, while it protects them with lanolin. Pin-Quick's 5 times faster, too. Unlike other pin-curl permanents, you can dry it safely *in minutes* with a dryer or in the sun. See how beautiful a wave can be—when it's New Weatherproof Pin-Quick! **\$1.50** PLUS TAX



5 times faster! Dries in the sun or with a dryer in minutes.

RICHARD HUDNUT GUARANTEES NEW PIN-QUICK TO LAST LONGER THAN ANY OTHER PIN-CURL PERMANENT—OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

You're *Prettier* than you think you are!

...and you can prove it with a Palmolive bar!



Prove it to Yourself in 60 Seconds!



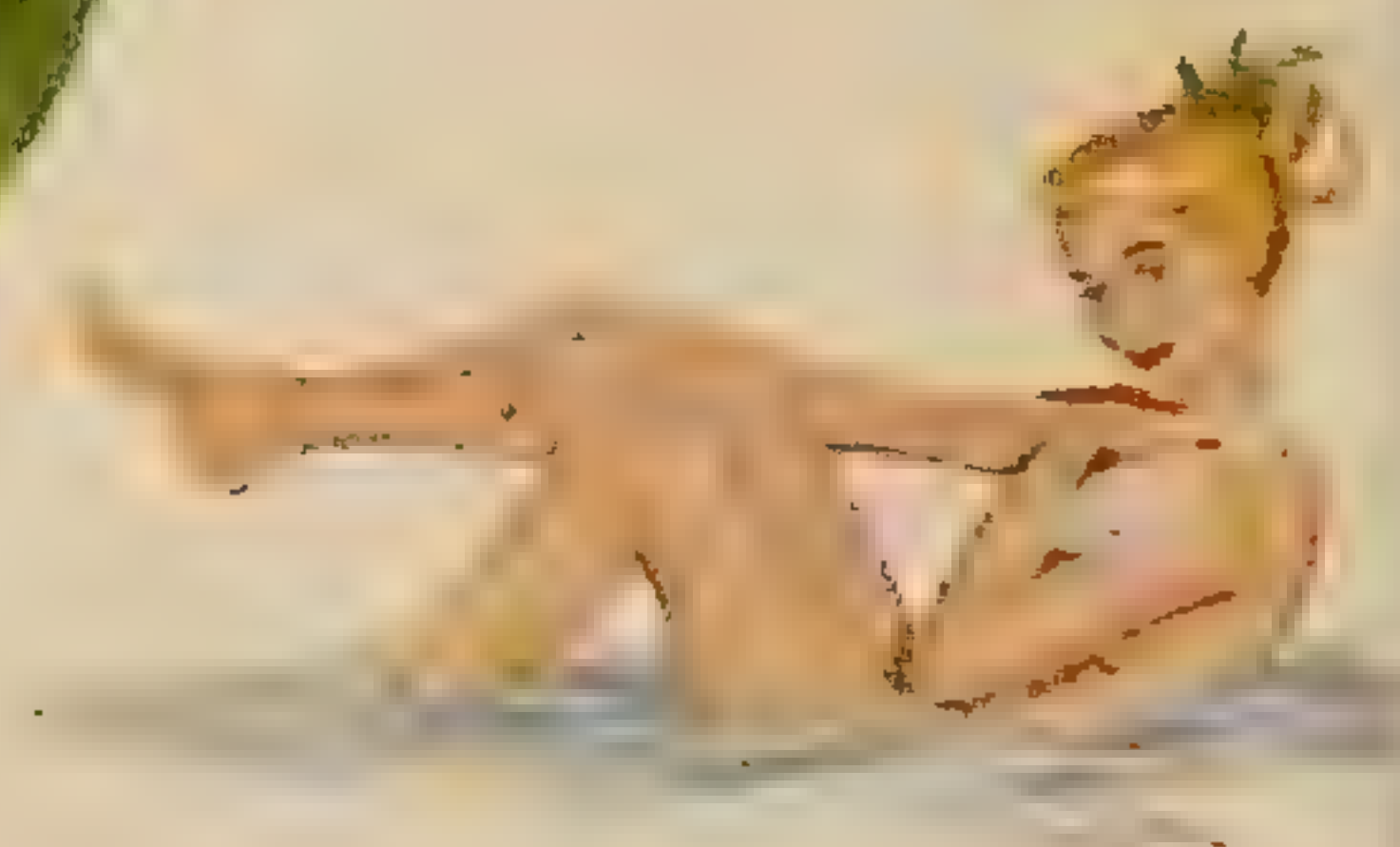
1. Hidden dirt is a beauty thief!
Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary, casual cleansing with your regular soap or face cream. See the ugly smudge the pad picks up? That's deep-down dirt that casual cleansing misses . . . dirt that hides the fresh, natural prettiness of your complexion.



2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!
Rub your face the same way with a cotton pad after a 60-second massage with Palmolive Soap. Pad is still snowy-white . . . proving that Palmolive care cleans deeper, cleans cleaner, cleans prettier! And mild Palmolive won't irritate skin.



Mild and Gentle
 and wonderful for bath, too.



New complexion beauty in just one minute? Yes, fair lady, yes! Because Palmolive care removes beauty-robbing hidden dirt that casual cleansing misses. And only a soap as mild as Palmolive can cleanse so deeply without irritation. Start Palmolive care today, and see your true complexion beauty come through!



Marilyn Monroe took my hand and pulled me toward her a little apart from the crowding, smiling faces of the sixty-five Indonesian newspapermen and dignitaries who had accompanied President Sukarno of Indonesia to Hollywood. They were encircling her like bees around a beautiful white flower. . . . "I just wanted to say a little private 'hello' to you," she said softly in that sleepy little girl voice of hers. "You have always been good to me, always been my friend." . . . "And you have always been honest with me," I said, fully conscious of the keen disappointment of the gentlemen from the other side of the world who were so eager to get to Marilyn. . . . I asked the question that was uppermost in the minds of everyone where Marilyn was concerned, "Marilyn, what about your marriage to Arthur Miller?" . . .

EXCLUSIVE



louella parsons reports on "one of the

(Continued from preceding page)

That I had touched a sensitive topic was conveyed in the quick added pressure she gave my hand. "You know I have had two unhappy marriages. I want to be very, very sure this time."

The rest of her answer was unfortunately drowned out by noise, for by now the impatient Indonesians were completely surrounding us eager to talk to, or just look at this girl whom they proudly told me was the blonde screen idol of their country and of all the Eastern world.

The "most beautiful girl in the world," I noticed was loving every minute of this adulation and excitement being every inch the glamorous movie queen as Josh Logan, (her director in *Bus Stop*), host of the party, presented one wide-eyed admirer after the other to her. Marilyn literally was eating it up.

It wasn't long after the Logan party that Marilyn answered my question. "This is the first time I've ever really been in love," Marilyn Monroe's usually soft voice actually sang with happiness when she called me from New York just a few days before her marriage to Arthur Miller.

"Think of *me* getting such a wonderful husband—Arthur's a marvelous person. Not only a brilliant man but

a sweet, understanding human being."

Her excited voice went on: "Louella, I think you know better than anyone the unhappiness I have known. I've never really been happy in my life until now."

And then just like every other thrilled bride-to-be she told me quickly of their plans. "We're hoping to take a boat to Europe for our honeymoon. Won't that be grand—a honeymoon on a ship."

I reminded her: "Marilyn, you sound different from the time I talked with you at the Josh Logan cocktail party in Hollywood." "Oh, I was just being on guard," she laughed.

They probably will be now honeymooning in the seclusion of the beautiful estate just outside London which Marilyn rented before she completed *Bus Stop* in Hollywood preparatory to her residence in London making *The Sleeping Prince* with Laurence Olivier.

It was known from the moment Marilyn leased the property that her business manager and mentor, Milton Greene and his wife and child (who had shared her Beverly Hills home until she was taken ill during *Bus Stop* and moved into an apartment) would NOT reside with her in the large English house.

Marilyn is a girl who does not like to live alone. There-

Photo of MM by Magnum



strangest romantic matches of all time”

fore, the gossips deduced that she planned to occupy the place with someone else—the best guess being that the “someone” could jolly well be her bridegroom, Miller.

That these two should fall in love will, I am sure, go down in theatrical history as one of the strangest romantic matches of all time.

Both technically in “show business,” their particular niches are as far apart as the poles.

Marilyn, the gorgeous sensationalist . . . the sex symbol of the world, the luscious blonde who has lived in headlines.

And, Arthur Miller, the tall (six-foot-two), dark, gaunt, brooding playwright who guards his privacy like it was the gold in Fort Knox and who has never been associated with anything but the most cultural and arty in the theatre.

As I look back on the past year of Marilyn’s life, what amazes me most is not that she is in love again but that for so many months, in which she was never out of the spotlight, she was able to keep the identity of the REAL man in her life such a deep dyed secret.

It was not until Miller was on the verge of leaving New York for Reno to divorce Mary Grace Slattery, his Irish wife of many years (they have a boy and a girl age eight and nine) that the talk broke into the gossip columns.

Before this, it had been well circulated that any number of men were pursuing Marilyn. It was printed that Marilyn was still seeing her ex, Joe Di Maggio, the former baseball star well touted as still carrying the torch. Another “hot” rumor was that the millionaire head of a broadcasting company had fallen for Marilyn. The name of Marlon Brando (with whom she dined once) was also linked with the Monroe.

All the time she was suspended and off salary from 20th Century-Fox for turning down two pictures and had entered herself as a “student” at the Actor’s Studio in New York, you’d hear:

“Where is she getting the money to live in a suite at the Waldorf-Astoria?” And, after she moved from there, “It costs even more to live on Sutton Place in her new quarters. Some rich man must be interested in her independent company, or more likely, even more interested in Monroe.”

Of course, Marilyn heard this gossip. She has always been very hep to everything that is being said about her. But it is typical of this girl I’ve known for so many years—ever since the late Johnny Hyde (the agent who started her in Hollywood) brought her to my house—that she made no effort to silence the untrue gossip. Marilyn can. (Continued on page 96)



Arthur Miller (above)
skinny, sensitive playwright and (left)
the sexiest woman in the world



Rock discloses:
the
little
things
that
make
a
husband
happy

by Jane Wilkie

■ He reminded me of a big, happy puppy dog who doesn't know which bone to chew first. I never saw anything like it. Rock Hudson strode into his dressing room wearing Army coveralls of heavy khaki and enormous Army boots (he was making *Battle Hymn*) and informed me with a great sigh of satisfaction that he was very comfortable. It seems that that morning, for art's sake, he'd been doused from head to foot with water, and had just changed clothes. "This is all I have on," he beamed.

Those were his first words, but they sure weren't his last. For a guy who's supposed not to want to talk—you couldn't stop him. And comfortable? Inside and out!

The first thing he did was take off his boots, and wiggle his bare toes in my direction.

"You mind feet?" he inquired.

"I'm not squeamish," I said. "But how about Phyllis? What does she do when you appear barefoot?"

"She takes off her shoes, too."

"Does Phyllis knit socks for you?"

"No."

"Does she darn your old ones?"

"I don't get holes in my socks." He smiled proudly. A model husband!

"How's the dog?" I asked him.

"He's fine."

"Where does he sleep?"

"With us. Demi has very nice bedroom manners," he assured me. "Tell you something, though. He's too dependent on Phyllis. We went to Palm Springs for the weekend and left the pup with Pat, and when we got back he had a bad case of the shakes."

"Poodles are like that," I said. "I wonder how he'll react when there are children for Phyllis to love."

"We're not having any—yet," he said.

"Hmmm," I said. "What are you going to do about the house?"

"We're going to stay put for a while."

"How about drawer space? Have you bought any bureaus yet?"

"Completely furnished."

"But the closets? When I was up there Phyllis didn't have a closet to her name. Your shirts were hogging all the hangers."

"You know that other bedroom? The little one? Phyllis is decorating that one for her dressing room."

"When you decorate," I asked him, "do you and Phyllis agree on colors?"

"I like 'em bright, she likes 'em subdued. So she went out and bought a noisy red chair for the living room. And when I came home and saw it I said, 'Don't you think that's a (Continued on page 76)





how esther has changed

by LEE CORDNER

■ About a year ago, on Wednesday, July 20, 1955, at shortly after five o'clock of a smoggy Los Angeles afternoon, Esther Williams, 32, formerly employed by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios as an actress, drove her late-model Cadillac through the MGM gate on her way home.

Esther was going home to her husband, Ben Gage, and her children, Benjie, 6½, Kimmie, 5½, and Susie, 1½, with extensive plans for a "new" career.

Now it's a familiar gambit to write of the "new" Esther Williams or the "new" any other movie star. Yet it is a matter of observed fact that Esther today is quite different from the Esther Williams I first met back in 1949. She lived then in a ridiculously small house tagged "Hodge-Podge Lodge" by her friends. She was one of MGM's most dependable stars, meaning money-makers. Ben had a local tv show called *The Rumpus Room*. Benjie was only a matter of months old and Esther was fighting the good fight with the diapers.

Two years later, in 1951, I sat across from Esther in the "keeping room" of her brand new farm house. It was Kimmie's turn to be only a matter of months old. Ben had given up the tv show to devote his full attention to managing the various business enterprises that Esther kept getting into. And Esther was still the dependable movie star.

"I'm no Ethel Barrymore," she said to me that night. "I have no illusions about myself as an actress. Wet, I'm good. Dry, I'm nothing. The minute the public gets tired of seeing me dripping wet, I'm going to quit and come home and spend the rest of my life being a wife and mother."

I knew Esther well enough to know she wasn't kidding and that she meant every word of it. I also knew her well enough to know that she was an exceptionally gifted wife and mother and that the "husband and kiddies" routine was no false front.

Yet five years (and one daughter) later, Esther walked away from MGM with plans to keep herself busier than the studio had ever dreamed of keeping her. Why? And what was to happen to the children, the ones with whom she was going to spend so much time when she quit?

"The lethargy of staying at the studio was getting me down. I just couldn't sit there any more. We stretched one basic script out over a period of fourteen years and twenty-two pictures. Except for the costumes and the locale, they were all the same. All of a sudden I had to prove that it didn't have to cost over \$3,000,000 to make a picture with me and that without forty-eight dancing girls backing me up I was nothing. It kind of made me mad to have people think I couldn't do anything else but stand there dripping wet and then dive back into the pool again."

As for the children, Hollywood had long since learned for itself that the three Gage kids come (Continued on page 94)



Esther and husband Ben with sons Benjie and Kimmie

she
knew what
fame was—
what she
wanted
now was
some fun . . .

the Damones' design for living:

the den – with a house around it



Vic Damone is on the road a good deal, singing, shows up at their 10-room house at all hours of day and night. Pier, who gets lonesome, is likely to pack Perry at any moment, and join Vic, and the baby has taken so well to life in a trunk that he actually went to Holland all by himself—or almost!

HOUSE OF THE MONTH





When they are home, though, they collapse happily in the den (top), use the formal living room (directly above) as a workshop! The pink bedroom (left) took Pier the longest to decorate.

by MARVA PETERSON

■ "Say, Vic, you sure you want to go home at this hour?" asked the cab driver who had just picked Vic Damone up at the airport. He'd recognized his famous fare and already he had Vic's best interests at heart. "Four a.m. is an ungodly time for a man to be arriving home. My old lady would murder me if I barged in at this hour."

"Singers and traveling salesmen keep strange hours," Vic commented sleepily. "I'll risk it."

The risk wasn't too great. Pier expected him home some time that night. Vic had called her that morning from New York, as he always does when they are in separate cities. He'd told her how much he loved her, how he missed her, and that after (Continued on page 70)



Nick Adams



Perry Lopez



James Stroman



Sal Mineo



Tab Hunter

Natalie Wood:

"LET'S GET MY ROMANCES STRAIGHT!"

by JAE LYLE

■ There was the story that she had eloped with Raymond Burr. Then another story that Tab Hunter had talked her into running off with him, closely followed (the story, that is) by a report that she had taken the fatal plunge with Nick Adams.

None of these were true, of course. Actually, Natalie Wood has never even been engaged—although this doesn't mean too much because she has said that she never *will* be engaged to anyone. Exact quote: "Engagements slow me down. I won't get married that way. If a boy I love and I are sitting somewhere, and we suddenly decide to get married, we'll up and go. That's how it will happen."

But the truth is that it is not apt to happen in the near future, not even with the most favored candidate for her heart, Scott Marlowe, young actor from the Actors Studio group in New York, who is just getting his start in Hollywood.

Of course, Scott, Raymond, Tab and Nick are not the only "He" interests in Natalie's life; other names which fall from her lips these days when she talks boys include Sal Mineo ("He's just a doll!"), Martin Millner, Dennis Hopper, Bob Vaughn, Perry Lopez and James Stroman. One day, while lunching with her girl friend Jackie Eastes, Natalie wrote down the words "Let's Get My Romances Straight" and then listed the names of the boys mentioned above, numbering them, apparently in order of preference.

At the top of the list was Scott. Second was Nick Adams, with whom she worked in *Rebel Without A Cause*. Then came Raymond, who was with her in *Cry In The Night* last year, followed by Martin Millner and Bob Vaughn. Tab Hunter didn't show up until sixth. Sal was seventh and Dennis Hopper eighth.

The list was made at the time Natalie was being co-starred with Tab in Warner Brothers' *The Girl He Left Behind*, and it is Tab whom she has known the longest in her life—ever since she was twelve (she was eighteen last July 20th). And she has been going out with him ever since they first met, for that matter. *But there is definitely no real romance between them.*

"We never even think about ourselves that way," she explained once.

"Why not?" she was asked.

"Oh, the chemistry is wrong or (Continued on page 84)



Number-one man
Scott Marlowe



how they got to



DEWEY MARTIN tells his story: The Poor Kid From The South

AS TOLD TO LOU LARKIN

■ You know, a few years ago when I made my first picture, I got more money at one time than I'd ever had in my life. So I sat my mom down one evening and asked what she wanted more than anything else. "You name it, Mom," I said, "I'll get it for you."

Mom looked at me as though I were still a little child. She thought for a minute and then said, "People that are happy don't want anything, but to stay happy. Thank you for offering, son, but I don't need to be any more pleased than I am."

That's the way my mom is. But she has good reason to be happy now. So do I, I think. Mom and I didn't always have it this easy. Not by a long, long shot. There's one thing you ought to know first. I'm thirty-four. *(Continued on page 88)*

Hollywood from no place



RITA MORENO: I Fled The New York Slums

■ Three years ago I went back to visit the little room in the Bronx flat in the New York slums in which we had lived, my mother, my brother and I—and I was horrified. It was so small, so drab and dark, so crowded with all the possessions of a whole family living there in one room, the same way it had been when I lived there with my family.

I told the people in the room that once it had been my home and they looked back at me with dull eyes, taking in my new clothes without envy, but seeming to ask a question: How had I ever escaped?

How had I?

It was a long, hard struggle.

There are about a half million (Continued on page 92)

Kim's gay adventures in Europe

An intimate diary by Muriel Roberts, her Travelling companion



*Kim and Muriel Roberts
settle down on the Ile de France for
their exciting journey to Europe.*

■ April 14: **ANCHORS AWEIGH:** Kim and I got no sleep last night. Who could sleep? Both of us too excited. 3 in the morning: Kim decides to have a last minute review of her French verbs.

"Je vais. Nous allons. Vous allez." Fine. (I think.) 4 a.m.:

Kim remembers some items we forgot to pack. Spend next hour looking for them. 5 a.m.: Time to bathe and dress if we want to arrive at the dock early. 8 a.m.: Up the ramp and on to our stateroom on the *Ile de France*. This is our stateroom??? It appears to be a combination Stork Club, greenhouse and day nursery.

There's a surprise Champagne Bon Voyage party. All her good friends attend and there are roses on the tables, violets on the chairs, lilacs on top of the trunks, camellias floating in the bathtub, and baskets on the beds. (Do we sleep in a spare life-boat tonight???) 2 in the afternoon: When our guests leave, Kim and I make our way to the promenade deck for our last look for nearly two whole months at America. We become homesick. Decide to return to the cabin to unpack. Find invitations to join the Officers of the Bridge later in the evening. Kim thrilled—but sleepy. Napped from 3 to 7. Awoke. Wanted some soup before dressing to meet Officers of the Bridge. Fell asleep again before finishing soup. It's now 11 p.m. and no sign of life from the adjoining room. Haven't the heart to wake Kim. Know she'll hate to disappoint the Officers of the Bridge . . . but!

April 15: We got our sea legs today. Attended Mass in the morning. Kim spent most of the day exploring the ship and posing for pictures with and for our fellow passengers. In evening she was guest of honor at a private dinner party given by Ship Commander Roger Lombard. Through some top secret and mysterious manner the Commander had found out that three was Kim's lucky number. So he arranged to have all the courses served in threes, with the waiters each coming around three times. There were three salads, three entrees, three desserts, three bottles of (Continued on page 57)



"We want Kim," shouted Frenchmen wherever Kim appeared. In fact, she became the country's most talked about star.

Kim and Ginger Rogers have a taste of shrimp. This was Kim's first attempt at rich French food so she ate carefully for a few days.

Part of Kim's second day in Cannes was spent listening to gypsy music. Behind her is Mrs. Kirk Douglas.





Kim's adventures: on the gay French Riviera all the

Kim toured Cannes on a rented bicycle. A few nights later, she attended a party hosted by Aly Khan; told him her impressions while dancing.





She could have danced all night—and did until four a.m.—with Egyptian, French and Italian members of the press (notice Kim doing the cha-cha). Even director Otto Preminger got to dance with Kim

men pursued her



Aly gazes at Kim. The girl to right is Bettina, his current flame.



Rupert Allan, her escort, brings a tired Kim back to the hotel.

(Continued from page 54) champagne (ooh-la-la), etc. After the hors d'oeuvres Kim whispered to me, "What shall I do, I'll never make it?" She needn't have worried. For whenever she put down her fork for a moment to say something to one of the guests at our table, a gallant (though slightly over-anxious) waiter whisked away her plate. Didn't matter whether she had even tasted the food or not. This wasn't too upsetting until dessert time came along. The chief chef had whipped up a most fabulous strawberry soufflé. When Kim tasted it her eyes widened with pure delight. Then the Commander asked Kim something. And that was that. Wish I had our camera with me to snap the stricken expression on Kim's face when she finished answering and discovered her fabulous soufflé had been replaced by *glacé vanille*. (Translation: plain vanilla ice-cream.)

After dinner, the gala in the ship's ballroom. To Kim it was all very much like a prom—but on a magnificent scale. And the girl who had never been to a prom of any kind in her (Continued on next page)

French gasped at Kim's outfit traveling to Italy.



MORE➤



Kim's Roman holiday included meeting a Count, Mario Bandini. When Kim went to Venice, he joined her and they took a gondola sail.

Kim's adventures: in Italy, the land of romance, S

(Continued from page 57) whole life —was now Queen of the Ball. The Commander, who is as French as French can be, led her to the center of the floor for the first waltz and all the other couples retired to the side of the room. For ten minutes Kim and the Captain were the sole dancers in the huge ballroom. It was like something out of an old Viennese operetta and I could see by the look in Kim's eyes that she was relishing every moment of it. Because the Commander wanted to avoid a mutiny, he eventually, if reluctantly, stepped aside to allow the

other officers and gentlemen of the *Ile de France* to have their turn. Kim's theme song tonight might well have been "I Could Have Danced All Night." She did. The sun was peeping through on the starboard side, when she turned in, still talking dreamily about proms and gallant Frenchmen and . . . long lost strawberry soufflés.

April 17: Rough angry seas. Neither strawberry soufflés nor any other delight could have enticed our gal today. I woke at noon. Heard moaning coming from Kim's room. Hurried next door and found I now had one pea-green

traveling companion.

"Muriel, I'm awfully sick," she wailed.

"You're just a rotten sailor," I answered, refusing to admit that the heaving and tossing of the ship were making me feel a little squeamish too.

"Can't help it. I'm awfully sick." And back went her head underneath the pillow.

Consulted my handbook for advice on the Care and Coddling of Sea-Sick Sirens.

Returned stocked with dramamine and various and sundry other types of



Kim toured Rome with the Count, went to the Colosseum.



Kim visited the Italian Museum, the Vatican and St. Peter's (above).

Kim, Muriel and the Count picnicked in Venice, where Kim sketched everything in sight and also agreed to pose on a sand-bar for her friends. Muriel found the Count a thoughtful and wonderful person. In his mid-thirties, he is a genuine nobleman as well as a successful businessman. From Venice Kim traveled to Paris (with the Count following), then London, then aboard the United States for the trip home.



she found a special guy

pills invented for just such emergencies. My patient consumed them *all* without protest, and fell off to sleep again.

Decided to write some letters, plus a note to the Officers of the Bridge expressing regrets—but we would be unable to join them for dinner. Shipboard version of rock and roll got steadily worse. Decided to lie down myself. Suddenly heard a tremendous crash. Sounded as if the ship had struck an iceberg. (Are there icebergs in this part of the Atlantic?) Scrambled out of bed and dashed into Kim's room. Found

her cowered in the top left hand corner of her bed, her green complexion now a chalky white. The poor thing was scared to death and I needed no explanation why. The reason was obvious. Kim's five foot trunk, unable to hold ground due to the ship's violent motion, had toppled over, strewing Kim's clothes all around the room. The trunk itself was now occupying a greater portion of Kim's bed. Fortunately she had awakened in time to see it coming and had been able to pull herself out of its direct path. Spent the next hour getting clothes and (Continued on page 98)

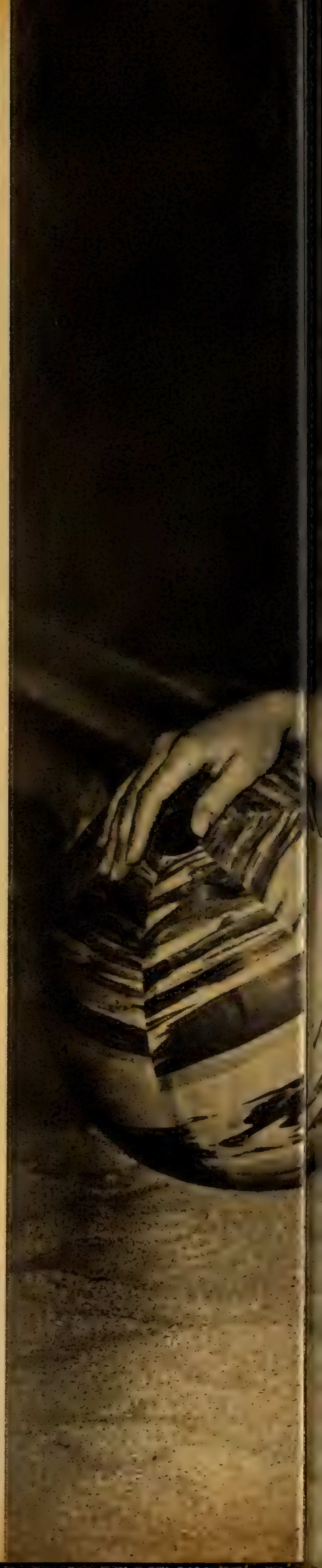
JANE RUSSELL'S TEEN-AGE ESCAPADES!

By Jane's Aunt Ernestine Henry

■ At the age of fifteen Jane took a notion to come and live with me in Fontana for a couple of semesters. I can't say it was the most tranquil period of my life, but I wouldn't have missed it for all the tea in China. I still cherish a compliment she paid me. "You're so much like Mother, I never get homesick. Except Mother says, 'Oh dear, somebody phoned—' and for all she remembers, it might be the king of Siam. *You say, 'Jimmy phoned at 5 after 6, he wants to take you to the picnic Sunday and he'll call again at 7 to find out.' How about moving back to the valley, Aunt Ernie, so you can take my messages for me?*"

You can imagine the rejoicing when Jane came to stay with us. At fifteen, she'd developed. Nature'd given her a lovely face. Yes, and lovely curves too. And here I'm going to digress for a minute to get a load off my chest. I've *said* it till I'm blue in the face. Now I'm telling the world. From *The Outlaw* on through *Mamie Stover*, I've sat through Jane's pictures in a kind of dazed fascination. I make no pretense at being a critic of the arts, but I *do* make this statement. She's *got* to be a good actress, for that girl on the screen isn't any more like my niece than I'm like a gazebo. If you're old enough to know what a gazebo is.

They've built her up as a sexboat. Professionally, it's paid off and she's grateful. Personally, it hasn't changed (*Continued on page 72*)





the incredible **DOUBLE** **LIFE** of Steve Allen

Evenings at the Allens' Park Avenue apartment are quiet—except for the sound of Steve's typewriter, and Jayne's chatter. When guests come over he quits writing—but that doesn't mean he talks! Mostly he stares at the wall and listens happily to Jayne, who bubbles in private the way Steve does on television.



by ALICE HOFFMAN

■ You would not recognize the Steve Allen you know from *Tonight* if you sat around and talked to him in person.

When you see Steve on his show, you see a genial fellow who plays a pretty mean piano; who sings, not quite like Bing, but nice and relaxed; who cracks jokes, some of them his own; who ad-libs with a flair; who mugs a little, and who may even shuffle off to Buffalo. Seemingly the easiest-going of guys, he does all sorts of crazy things on camera. He rolls up his trousers to prove he has knobby knees (he has); he swims; plays a little basketball; talks to a snake; feeds a porpoise; goes out on the street to sell newspapers or, dressed like a cop, stops the traffic in front of NBC's Hudson Theatre. A spontaneous fellow, you'd say, with hardly any worries in the world. He'd be the life of any party.

Oh yeah?

Steve away from the cameras is an hombre of a different hue. He is quiet to the point of silence. Alone with you, he does not look you in the eye. He will answer questions, in his diffident way, but he hardly ever offers any information, seldom makes a sudden observation. What may sound spontaneous often turns out to be an Allen cliché that he has pulled many times. You soon find out that you have to handle all the small talk and most of the big talk too.

Entertaining in his own living room, he makes like a clam. He has been known to spend an entire evening sitting on the floor, his back to his company, watching television!

At first you think, "Maybe he has a hangover." But no, because Steve doesn't drink enough to call it drinking. Most people could take his monthly ration of grog at one sitting and not even think of hiccupping. He may quaff beer for commercials, but off screen he has trouble worrying down more than (Continued on page 77)





ANITA

EKBERG'S

UNUSUAL

IDEAS ON



LOVE AND

MARRIAGE



ANITA'S PRE-MARITAL ANTICS

■ We couldn't believe our ears when we heard what she had to say.

MODERN SCREEN finds Miss Ekberg's views at once shocking and stimulating. We disagree with what she says, but are presenting her controversial notions to you, unexpurgated, in Anita's own words, so that you can make up your own mind about them.

Independent and unorthodox Anita delivered her latest unconventional opinions about love just a few weeks before her marriage, when she announced that *"It's nobody's business but my own if I had twelve affairs up until the day I'm married."* Until this unusual attitude, Anita was amazed at Hollywood's reaction to her friendship with Michael Rennie in the last weeks before her marriage to Anthony Steel. To her it seemed laughable that anyone paid any special attention to the quiet dinners for two they had. She also saw no reason why anyone should question the propriety of Michael visiting her at home. However Rennie was captivated, Hollywood was gossiping, and we think Anita was secretly pleased by it all.

Her story on Rennie is this: *"I met Michael two years ago. I'd always had a crush on him since I saw him in The Day The Earth Stood Still. He's so handsome, so smart. I think if I'd really gotten to know him before I met and fell in love with Tony, something interesting between us might have developed . . . But I never actually knew him until I came on the Paramount lot. I was in Hollywood Or Bust; he was in The Loves Of Omar Khayyam. He came on the set to visit me. You know how people can embrace and kiss on a movie set. It was so with us, but before you know it, some extras are calling columnists."* (Again we wonder if Anita was displeased). *"They called me and I said, 'Ridiculous. We are simply friends.' Can't people be friends without everyone making something out of it? Why can't I admire and like someone else just because I am engaged to be married?"*

Anita has been linked romantically

with many men from Ty Power to Frank Sinatra. But she insists she had only one previous serious love affair before Steel—and that broke up for the daffiest reason!

For more than a year Anita and the gentleman dated steadily. According to Anita, he refused to buy her a \$12,000 mink coat which she believed she badly needed to further her career.

"It wasn't as if he didn't have the money," Anita said petulantly. "He has lots of money. The furrier even promised to let me have the coat for less than half price just for the promotion he would get from my wearing it. But he wouldn't buy it. In other ways he was a gracious, charming host. But not when it came to the coat.

I said I would make the money up to him, pay it all back. No, I didn't get the coat. It burned me up. You should be able to depend on someone who is supposed to love you.

After I broke up with him, he kept calling me out here from New York every day, right up until the time to go to Italy. Now he sees his mistake. He's willing to buy me not only the coat but anything else. But it's too late.

It will be some other girl who will benefit by my experience with him in the future. When she asks him for a fur coat, he will not be so reluctant to give it to her.

In the meantime, I shall be divinely happy as Mrs. Steel."

ON LOVING ANTHONY STEEL

“I fell in love with Tony the night I met him. I'd seen him in English pictures in Sweden. Oh God, he's handsome.

I was winding up work on Zarak with Victor Mature and Michael Wilding in London. The publicity man on the picture called me up. He said that Mr. Steel (whom he knew) wanted very much for me to go to a première with him in three weeks.

'I do not go on blind dates. Tell him no', I said.

Instead, he connived with the publicist and the night of the première I was invited to an informal little party in the Savoy Hotel. I had arrived

and was in the middle of my first drink when in he walked, wearing a tuxedo.

'Oh, oh,' I thought. 'What's this.'

I soon found out. After introductions and a couple of drinks together, I went to the première with him.

I liked what I met and saw. He was very sweet at the picture. It was *The Conqueror*. He grabbed my hand through half of the picture. Afterwards, we went to one night club after another. He didn't bring me home until four. By then I was so much in love.

We saw each other constantly after that. We were always together, everywhere, even when I was working at the studio.

Anthony flew home with me to Malmo, Sweden to meet my parents and brothers and sisters. My visit, my first in four years, was cut short after two days when I was called back to London for retakes.

Then I returned to Hollywood to start *Back From Eternity* at RKO. Anthony followed in ten days. He stayed as long as he could. Before he left he proposed and I accepted. Then he flew to Italy to begin his own picture. It was there that I joined him for the wedding when my own pictures were finished.

We have our future pretty well blue-printed. It calls for a Hollywood home for now. Eventually we may live in Italy because we both love it there.

To me, marriage is more than just the physical, the mutual attractiveness to each other. I think it would be pretty poor if Tony married me for only my physical appeal. There must be a meeting of the minds. Tony does not act like an actor when he is away from his work. When we're together, we never talk about acting. We talk about everything else. Travel, life, people.

ON KEEPING TONY SATISFIED

“After six months, the honeymoon is probably over. We may go to a party. Perhaps my husband is attracted to another beautiful girl. Let him flirt, I don't care.

I would want Tony to appear inter-

esting to other women. It was his attractiveness that first drew me to him. I wouldn't want him to lose it.

If he really loves me, then I can be very sure of him. He may go around the corner or out on the porch and neck with her. But that's about it.

You try and lock him away from others and you remove the fascination that made him attractive to you in the first place.

If Tony had to be away from me many months where there were no other women, I could understand if he saw a lot of his leading lady. It would not mean they were in love or that Tony did not love me anymore.

In my opinion, most American women hold on too tightly to their husbands.

A wife has no reason to take her husband's freedom away from him. And he has no reason to answer to her for his freedom. If he loves her, he will be back. His time is not hers to take away from him.

Here husbands have to have permission to go out of the house. Why should they? And why should they have to explain where they are going? It's none of the wife's business where they are going.

If you give a husband a long rope, he will hang himself sooner or later, if that is his intent. Otherwise, he will come back of his own accord. Whereas, if you hold the leash too tightly, he will cut the rope.

ON LIKING OTHER MEN

“Just because I am marrying him does not mean that I shall never look at another man again. Why should all your attraction for the opposite sex be over when you are engaged or married?

I have an admiration for all men. Like that Cary Grant. I adore him. If that admiration dies, you might as well kill yourself.

In fact, I don't see why your husband would want you if you did not appear attractive in the eyes of other men or if you did not note that other men were also attractive.

I hate anyone trying to tell me I can't do this, I can't do that.

Anita will soon blossom out in RKO's *Back From Eternity*, Paramount's *War and Peace*, and Hal Wallis' *Hollywood or Bust*.

*John Wayne's children tell [^]all almost

■ It was one of the last nights the Wayne kids would ever spend as "a family, all together," and they were making the most of it. Giggling, eating, reminiscing—the works. After all, things were changing. Toni was getting ready to get married (did, too, a few weeks later), Pat was disappearing on location trips all the time now that he was in the movies, Melinda, having turned fifteen, was concentrating on boys, Michael at twenty-one was a full-fledged business man, about ready to put his giggling days behind him forever. So when they found themselves all home on the same evening, for once in a blue moon, they flopped down all over the living room, and gabbed. It was Toni who got onto the subject of their father, merely by pulling a new lipstick out of her bag and showing it to Melinda.

"Remember," Toni said thoughtfully, "Dad's face the first time he saw me in lipstick?"

"Oh, boy," Michael chortled. "Was that something! How old were you—about ten?"

"I was not," Toni said indignantly, "I was at least fourteen. And all the girls at school were wearing lipstick, so naturally, I did, too. And then Dad came over to the house one day, and when I walked in he hit the ceiling. 'You've got make-up on,' he bellowed. 'Oh, come on,' I said. 'I'm almost fifteen, Dad.' You'd have thought I had it smeared an inch thick from the fuss he made!"

"I don't see why you had so much trouble," Melinda put in. "I never did."

"Naturally," Toni said. "I broke the ice for you. You had a cinch. Why, when you got your first formal—"

"Dad went shopping with me," Melinda interrupted. "I didn't know he knew anything about women's clothes, but he has pretty good taste."

"You see?" Toni said. "Whereas when I got my first evening dress he really flipped. He stood there looking at me for ages and then all he could get out was, 'You're grown up!' Though I must say he recovered O.K. That was the time he took me to my junior prom in high school, and it was a very nice evening—even though he dances some (Continued on page 87)



Toni,

Pat

Melinda

Michael

*There are two sides to every story. In October's Modern Screen John Wayne will answer back.





The day was hot, so three guys took their gals to the beach



Gayle hurries the gang toward the beach through fields near Sal's Bronx, N.Y. home.



The teams line up and play ball—the hard way. Just about to catch the ball is Gayle, who found Sal to be a pillar of strength.



It started out as a game—and turned out to be a wrestling match with the girls sharing the honors.

let's join Sal Mineo

at a **BEACH
PARTY**

"Last one over is a . . ."
That's all Sal had to say and
the gang fairly flew over
the fence leading to the
beach. That's Jack Stewart
with the radio, Sal, Loretta
Schatzkin, Gayle Sheldon
(who was Sal's date),
Phyllis Roseman and Sal's
brother, Mike. The girls all
model, and Gayle is also a
budding actress.

and had a ball!



*They picked straws to see who'd
do all the cooking and lucky Sal won.
Everyone shared in the eating!*





All Ben Cooper wanted was to go swimming in the rain. Was that such an unreasonable request?



GIVE A GUY A BREAK



Ben had been looking forward to Dick Kallman's swimming party, even in a downpour. Margaret O'Brien and Norma LaRoche plied him with music—but all Ben would sing was "I Love To Go Swimmin' With Wimmen'." He played "Over The Waves!" three times. When food came around, he wouldn't eat. "Come on out and at least watch while I swim!" Finally they gave in. Ben stripped, splashed, swam, then asked Dick: "Give me a hand getting out." And that is how Dick Kallman got to go swimming with his clothes on.



the den with a house around it

(Continued from page 49) he wound up the recording date he'd be on the next flight out. He promised he'd catch something going west, if he had to charter a private plane.

Pier had laughed at his recklessness, but she half believed him. Vic had done crazier things than that out of impatience to reach her in a hurry. Last year he had cancelled dates in Florida, Detroit and Chicago so that he could fly to London, where she was working in *Port Afrique*. The clubs threatened to sue, but Vic simply couldn't stand the separation. He threw caution to the winds and got his agent to book him into the London Palladium, where he could work and be near his wife. He still felt the same way.

"Don't try to meet me," he shouted across the long-distance connection, "but I'll make it as soon as I can."

"I'll be waiting, darling," she promised before she hung up.

And now it was well into the small hours of the morning. Vic had caught a non-stop plane, but it had run into headwinds and arrived five hours late. He was dead tired and now, to top it off, a kindly cab driver was trying to discourage him from going straight home!

"You'd be smart to try that new airport hotel," continued the cabby. "A lot of business men come in late and go right over there to sleep."

"Yeah, I suppose they do," Vic agreed, "but let's try my place tonight, okay?"

"You're the boss," said the man cheerfully, and he drove away whistling, "Lost In A Dream," off-key.

As they headed for west Los Angeles and the Bel Air section in particular, a cold mist blew in from the ocean. It enveloped the taxi and slowed them down to a crawl. Vic dozed in the back seat.

"You sure this is the right way?" muttered the confused driver. "I've never been up in these hills before."

"Just keep going," directed Vic sleepily. "We live at the very top. It's the last house on the right—has white columns in front and the dogs bark."

"Oh yeah, I can see it up ahead," said the cabby with obvious relief. "I hope you make out O.K. with the missus. I see she covered your car over. Good idea to protect it from the salt air."

"Covered what?" Vic sat bolt upright. His eyes were wide open and straining to penetrate the fog. By the glare of the headlights he, too, could see a strange shape in the circular driveway. It was covered with some shiny plastic material.

Before the cab had stopped, Vic had the door open and he was running to investigate. There stood a silver-grey Thunderbird, completely covered with cellophane and tied with a huge ribbon. The card attached said, "Welcome home, darling, from Anna Maria."

A-number-one

Pier Angeli and Vic Damone have been married just over one year. They've known near-tragedy and unbelievable happiness. And none of the newness has worked off their marriage. If possible, they are happier, handsomer, wiser and wealthier than they've ever been.

They are happier because of many things, but the A-number-one reason for feeling so blessed is ten-month-old Perry Damone. This husky, smiling son is remarkable in himself, but he seems miraculous to Pier and Vic, because the events preceding his birth were so harrowing.

As the story goes—Pier had her doctor's permission to fly to the desert for sun and rest while Vic finished up some singing engagements in the east. A few minutes out of Ontario, Pier went to the

powder room to brush her hair and freshen her make-up. She stood there, day-dreaming and running a comb through her long, thick hair. The next thing she remembers she was thrown against the top of the cabin and back to the floor. The hostess had neglected to tell her the plane was about to land and to take her seat.

After this freakish accident, the doctors feared that Pier would surely lose the baby. Later they held out some small hope. However, if he were born, there were grave doubts that he would be unaffected by the rough fall.

But Perry proved to be indestructible. He was born on September 21st and he hasn't had a day of serious illness to date. Right away he started conforming to his parents' idea of what a little angel should be. He developed tight, curly hair, a toothless grin, and a love for people and dogs. "He's so much like Vic," marvels Pier happily. "I only have to look at him to know what Vic must have been as a baby. And every day they grow more alike in disposition, looks and sense of humor. Perry even has a gold identification bracelet like his father's. It just kills me to see the same type of gold link band that I'm used to seeing on Vic's wrist on that chubby arm."

"Marisa gave him the bracelet when he was christened. She's his godmother and when she asked me what to buy for the baby I said, anything so long as it's something Vic has, too. Well, the bracelet was the perfect choice."

Little Perry is also a traveling man like his father. When he was hardly four months old Pier had to go to England. She hated to leave him behind, because the pediatrician had cautioned her to be on the alert for any possible after-effects of the accident. So she got him a passport. He flew to London with his wonderful nurse, Marta. They weren't in England very long before Marta begged to take her little charge to the Netherlands to visit her sister. Pier could see no danger in one more short hop so she gave her consent. All told, Perry has logged about 18,000 air miles, and he's not yet a year old.

Coming home

Their second biggest delight is the home they return to after their travels.

"We'll always spend some part of every year in Europe," says Pier, "but a family needs a home base, and I hope this will always be ours."

The house that Pier and Vic bought, after renting a few smaller homes, is at the top of Bel Air. It's at the absolute end of one of those winding mountain roads that makes Bel Air so spectacular and so expensive. Pier saw the house first and completely succumbed to it. The view of the hills and the distant ocean reminded her so much of Italy.

Vic was a little more practical in his approach. He liked the American Colonial architecture of the house with its velvety green lawn, but he didn't want to be stampeded into a quick sale. He wanted to be sure that they bought a house whose real estate value would increase, if anything. He wanted a house that was large and well-built, so that it would take care of their family needs for a long, long time. And he wanted a house that wouldn't look dated in a few years.

Vic asked Paul Trusdale, a friend and real estate developer, to look at the house with him. The expert checked the construction, the taxes and the future of the neighborhood. He pronounced it a "find." Vic not only bought the ten-room, two-story house, but also the lot next door for a future pool and guest house.

Once Vic agreed to buy the house, nothing could stop Pier. She plunged into the

job of decorating as though her life depended on it. She drew floor plans. She made scale models. She worked out her color combinations, and she bought a lot of fine paintings by a young Frenchman named Jean Tabead.

"It's a wonderful way to make the months speed by," Pier confided to her sister not long ago. "You start measuring, budgeting, ordering and reordering and by the time the house is half-furnished the baby is here."

And that's about what happened to Pier. She chose all her paint colors and wallpaper before they moved into the house, so they wouldn't have to live with that topsy-turvy mess. As soon as the painting was done, she and Vic moved into an empty house, and for months they ate off a borrowed card table and sat on borrowed chairs, while the Herman Schlorman Co. made their furniture.

Den of Damones

Pier went to just one decorating firm (owned by friends of Vic's), because her obstetrician didn't want her traipsing from store to store, hunting for just the right piece of furniture. She outlined her ideas of how she expected to use each room and then she and the professional decorators went to work assembling a whole house. She explained to them that the den would be the family's room. She and Vic eat breakfast in this sun-filled room and have a snack here at night. They watch television and scatter the evening papers around in here. As Perry grows up, he can drag in his toys and books, if

Charles Jehliger, late president of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, was renowned for his tyranny. His pet hate was dead space in a scene. During a performance by his students, he roared: "What is this interminable pause?"

"I think," quivered one of the actors, "it's the end of the play!"

*Walter Winchell in
The N. Y. Mirror*

he wants to be near his parents. Anything goes in the den.

Trying to fit all these needs into one room took a little thinking, but Pier managed. She put a dainty wrought iron table and chairs at one end of the room. The glass top table with the pale blue frame seems to disappear into the background when no one is sitting around it. But when the Damones are having their usual morning meal of two raw eggs, fruit and coffee, it is very much there.

At the opposite end of the room is the fireplace and a television set. A contoured couch and coffee table face this side of the room, and separate the eating area from the den part.

"We only expected to use the den when we were alone," says Vic, "but it has such an easy, informal air that we can never get our friends to move into the regular living room. The den gets all the company and our pink and black living room is used mostly as my rehearsal studio."

"The boys—Johnnie Williams, Ian Bernard, Sid Bulkin and I—go in there where the piano is, to rehearse my new numbers. We work out night-club routines and figure out my whole act. I'm away so much that it's darned nice to be able to work at home some of the time."

The chair fixation

Vic also transacts a lot of business in his second floor office. He had a huge, custom-built desk and floor-to-ceiling cabinets and shelves put in the extra bedroom. It makes a handsome and useful office. Vic selected his own wallpaper

and all the fabrics. And he was particularly fussy about the chairs.

"I have a fixation about chairs," Vic admits jokingly. "Most of them really aren't comfortable. I believe that you've got to feel a chair the moment you sit down, or it's not the right chair for you."

He tested all the chairs and couches Pier was considering buying. Before he'd let her keep any of them he tried them out. He insists that guests in his house test, too, and he's right. Sitting at the Damones' is exceptionally comfortable.

The master bedroom was Pier's special delight. She spent weeks picking out the right shade of delicate pink for her sheer curtains and bedspread. She selected only the most fragile-looking French furniture. And it was worth all the effort, because the room is like a pink cloud. Just brushing her hair in this room gives Pier a happy glow.

Provocative Pier

Being married has wrought a subtle change in both the young Damones. They have more assurance, more confidence. Having the baby and a home of her own has been responsible for Pier's changing from a sweetly obedient daughter to a poised and provocative woman.

"And does she have self-confidence," laughs her husband. "In her last picture she was supposed to sing a French song and then do one half of it in English and one half in Spanish. The studio expected to dub in a professional singer's voice, but no. My wife said she would do her own recording, so the director called for a full orchestra, a musical conductor—the works. And my shy little bride, who'd never even watched a recording session, stepped up to the microphone and did the sound track on the first take. Now RCA Victor wants her to sign a record contract!"

Pier is wise in wifely ways, too. She adores her handsome husband and she shows it by always looking her best, being cheerful—and just a little demanding.

"It's good to tell a husband you're in love with him," says Pier. "Girls should do this more often. But then you must also make him appreciate you, too."

"To show what I mean. Before we were married Vic had a bad habit of always being late with me. Finally I told him that if he really loved me, he'd think of me an hour before our date and then he would be on time. He liked my reasoning, and he's never been late since."

Vic has matured in other ways as well. When he first hit Hollywood he was so caught up in the excitement of show business and his own success that he couldn't stop anyone or anything. He didn't have time to catch his breath, much less plan for the future. But having a wife and a son has changed Vic's values. He's no longer self-centered. In fact, he's always thinking of others. He thinks of ways to make their work lighter—for Marta the nurse, and Adriane, the Italian-speaking cook. He's forever bringing Pier flowers or a sweater or a piece of jewelry, and he's on wonderful terms with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Pierangeli.

These character changes are beginning to be reflected in Vic's singing, too. It has gained new depth and richness. His friends have noticed this for some time. His fans are responding, too, and his latest Columbia record, "The Street Where You Live," looks like a million-seller. But that's not what Vic Damone counts as his greatest blessing.

"I've got my wife, I've got my son, I've got a beautiful home," says Vic humbly, "I can't ask for anything more. I'm the most happy fella."

END

Pier can currently be seen in *Somebody Up There Likes Me* (MGM) and will soon appear in *Columbia's Port Afrique*.

jane russell's escapades

(Continued from page 60) her. Under any conditions, she'd have grown into the human she is—honest to the bone, hating sham as she hates little else, living by an unshakeable set of values that have nothing to do with stardom. My point is that she's not the sexy type—and don't holler before I explain what I mean.

Of course the boys buzzed around, attracted and attracting—which is the healthy and normal thing. Jane inherited her goodly share of the instincts old Mother Eve handed down the line. But she used them *her* way. Never once did I see her give a boy the come-hither, never once did she flaunt her charms nor make herself obvious. Her approach was frank and direct. If she liked you, you knew it. If she didn't, you knew it sooner. There wasn't a wriggle nor a fluttering lash in her make-up. There isn't today. Watch her on the rare occasions when she steps out. You'll notice that she doesn't wear the sheerest hose nor the skin-tight gown. You'll notice that the neckline's somewhere up around her chin. She detests all forms of exhibitionism and being stared at is her idea of no-fun.

Having spoken my piece, let me try to give you a picture of the 15-year-old. As though it were yesterday, I can still see her at the dinner table, eyeing her spinach. At our house you ate your spinach. My husband said so, and the few laws my husband made you didn't break. Anyway, not when he was looking. I can still hear Jane saying, "If I could just cut my head off, shove the spinach in and stick the head on again." To this plea, her uncle remained unmoved. Down went the spinach.

A generous warmth

Her outstanding quality was the kind of generous warmth that would have endeared her to a cannibal. She never owned a stitch that Pat (my only daughter) wasn't welcome to. "You like it? Take it. It's too small for me anyway." More important than money, she gives of herself without stint. From childhood on, she has always carried a torch for the underdog.

Basic goodness and all, I often found her hard to handle. I'd go out and she'd decide to clean house. I'd come back and the place would be spotless. Now how could she have done all that in an hour? Answer: she couldn't. Stuffed into a huge chair way off in the corner lay a jumble of papers and clothes, all neatly tucked in by a steamer rug. Or Jane and Pat would do the dishes. Real fast. Too fast to be true. Not till I opened the refrigerator did I find the dishes, scraped and stacked away in the bottom. Of course they never pulled the same stunt twice. *That* dumb I wasn't. But Jane could always dream up a new one. Of the two, I guess you'd call her the leader in mischief. Pat strung along as a willing accomplice.

Whatever mischief was afoot, I managed to get wind of. You don't need magic to know when a girl ditches school. Her teacher tells you. You don't need magic to smell smoke on her breath. "Open your purses," I'd order, and there of course were the cigarettes. I'd squash them and dump them down the bathroom drain. To make a big deal of it would have been foolish. Or they'd say, "May we go to the library?" They'd go to the library all right. For ten minutes. After which they'd hitch on a truck to San Berdoo. Some neighbor'd see them and report. Sometimes I'd punish Pat and let Jane off. That way I punished both of them: Pat taking the rap made Jane feel terrible.

Believe it or not, those crazy kids used to

amble over to Route 99—no country by-road, mind you, but a six-lane highway zooming with motor traffic. There they'd judge their distance, flop as close to the road as they could, without being hit and lie like dead till the headlights of some car picked them out and squealed to a stop. Meantime they'd scamper off to the orange grove, giggling their fool heads off while the petrified passengers hunted for sprawling bodies. This was their notion of a rib-tickling joke.

At the end of the year she went home to her mother (my sister Geraldine). Jane kept coming back for weekends and holidays. And when my sister and I got together, which was often, what would we chatter about except our children? Jane's doings were as familiar to me as Pat's.

By the time she became a high school senior, she could stay out till 1 for Saturday night parties. Any boy who brought her home later, no more dates with him. "But, Mrs. Russell," one young man protested, "my car was stripped—"

"They didn't," she asked, "take out the engine, did they?" And that was that.

In jail

There was another rule. Not exactly a

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rule maybe. More like a deal. "Jane," said my sister, "I never really fall sound asleep till you're in. I know you're all right, I trust you completely. But every mother worries about possible accidents. So just come to my room and say, 'Mother, I'm here.' Then I'll go off like a baby."

One night she kept waiting for "Mother, I'm here," and waited till 2 a.m. when the phone rang. Sure enough, Daughter. "Ma, I'm in jail. Come and do something." What my niece called jail turned out to be the Santa Monica Police Station. Sister found boy and girl sitting side by side, eyes big as turnips, scared half out of their wits. Still, Jane wore her stubborn look.

"We've got nothing against her," the sergeant said. "I told her she could go. But the boy ran through two stoplights. We're holding him till his guardian gets here."

Typically, Jane was loyal. "As long as he has to stay, I'm sticking with him."

"Me too," said Jane's mother, who sat herself right down on the steps beside them. Which cheered everyone up.

Then there was the night Jane made it under the wire, but just about. She'd gone down to the beach with a bunch of girls and phoned that she was staying out for

the evening. Well, it stood to reason that she hadn't stayed out for a hen party. "Who brought you home?" asked her mother.

"Bob Waterfield."

Sister relishes that story. She always winds it up with the same comment. "First time I ever heard the name. By now it has a kind of familiar ring."

About boys and Jane she never worried. About school and Jane she did. She wanted Jane to graduate. Not to graduate struck her as a kind of disgrace. Math was Jane's biggest problem. Only Jane didn't worry about it. If she flunked math, it wouldn't be the end of the world—an attitude that staggered her mother, who arranged for special coaching each morning from 7 to 8 a.m. Jane studied hard in these pre-school sessions, but began to cut her actual math class. One day her mother saw her darling daughter strolling down the avenue when she should have been in class. That was a real blow. My sister started to pray in direct simple language. "Lord, you gave me this kind of girl. What shall I do?" He must have told her to take the girl as He'd made her. Because presently she dried her eyes, blew her nose, calmed down and went about her business. And Jane managed to graduate.

A letter from Jane

Sister treasures the memory of a letter Jane wrote her from Banff, where she'd gone on vacation with friends. It ran something like this. "Mother, you've brought me up beautifully and you'll never have any regrets. But I'm a person now and you're a person. When you're a child, your mother decides for you. Now I've got to make my own decisions. I've stopped being a child."

All right, she'd stopped being a child. So shift to a few days after her return, when she took ill in the night. Nothing serious. Some minor upheaval or other. But down the hall rang the cry—"Mama! Mama! Mama!"—exactly the same as when she was nine. Her mother of course went running, thought I shouldn't wonder if she smiled a little as she ran. Seems children don't grow up in all directions at once. The process is gradual.

It was shortly thereafter that all the publicity started over Jane Russell, the great big volumptuous vamp. (Yes, I know the dictionary word, but *we* call it volumptuous.) Actually, our Janie was green as grass and pretty well upset by the whole business. Yet in calling herself a person, she'd whacked the nail on the head. You couldn't force her into any phony mold. You couldn't make her pretend. The few people who met her realized this. One woman, for instance, came out to do a story. Jane was in bed, getting over a cold, her hair loose on the pillow, a little bed-jacket on. Interviews were strange to her at the time. "I don't know what to say," she blurted. The woman looked from Sister to Jane and back. "Siren!!!" she gasped. "Good heavens, that baby?!!!"

Jane and The Outlaw

But the climax came with the opening of *The Outlaw* in San Francisco. Pat went up with Jane. Certain disturbing rumors reached our ears and since Geraldine couldn't leave the boys just then, I acted as her stand-in. By the time I got there, Jane was beside herself, screaming up and down like a wildcat over the way they had pictured her on the billboards. I'd seen them enroute to the hotel and felt like screaming with her. Instead, I listened. To Jane in her wrath. To a horde of people with advice, telling her to sue, to break her contract, adding to her confusion. My niece (Continued on page 74)

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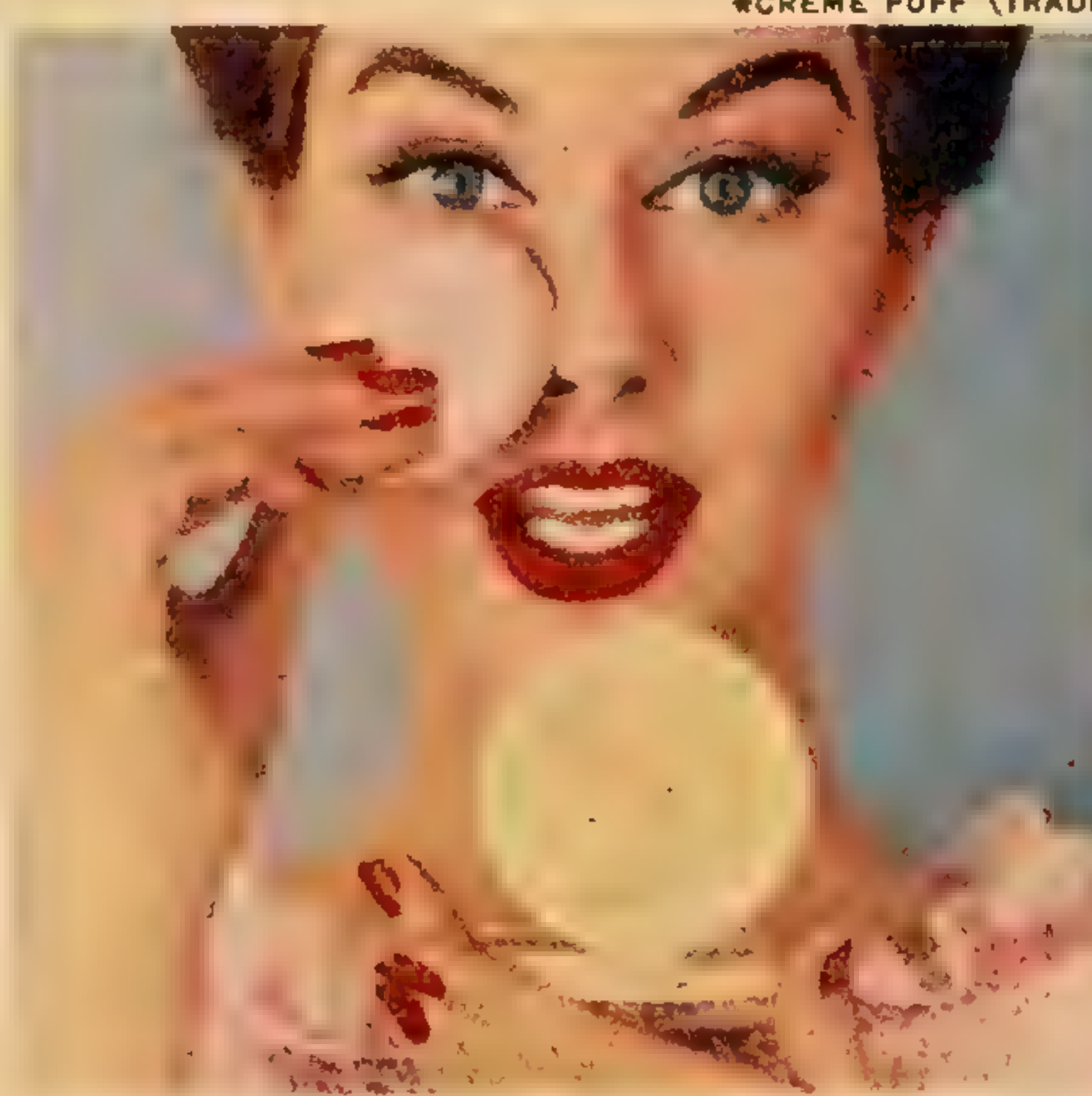
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When she gave
birth at home, Jan
Sterling had

THE HAPPIEST TIME OF HER LIFE

■ Six months ago Jan Sterling defied convention when she refused to go to a hospital for the birth of her first child. He was born—by Jan's choice—in her own bedroom.

Adams Douglas, the handsome, six-month-old son of Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas, is descended, through Jan, from John Quincy Adams, the sixth President of the United States. Jan is much prettier than John Quincy Adams; but when she speaks, she shows that she has inherited a great deal of his independence and courage.

"Having a baby at home without even an aspirin for an anesthetic before the birth is not painless. I defy any childbirth—even natural childbirth—to be painless. But it's a pain worth bearing. It's a pain that makes you understand that you are achieving something. And the minute your baby is born, the pain is over.

"You're not sick when you're going to have a baby," she says. "But hospitals treat expectant mothers as if they've got some terrible disease. You can't get out of bed, you can't have visitors, and you're so full of drugs you can't even think about the wonderful thing that has started to happen to you.

"As soon as Adams was born, I was aware of the wonder of everything. I felt like I'd just swallowed three cocktails. I felt like I did the night before Christmas. I was so happy that I could hardly keep from laughing."

Of course Jan admits that "Everything that happens isn't fun." Adams was born at one in the afternoon, and her labor pains had started around 7:30 that morning. Anesthetics were handy if she wanted them. But, like so many believers in natural childbirth, she found that they just weren't necessary for her.

"When the pains got bad, I went into the bathroom and held on to the edge of the sink. It wasn't much fun then, but Paul was with me all the time.

"And the minute the baby was born, Paul came over and held my hand and said, 'He looks like he's just won a street fight, Jan.' Half an hour later the doctor allowed Paul to hold the baby in his arms.

"I wasn't sick or exhausted. I ate hamburgers and baked beans for supper, and I was allowed to keep Adams at my side every minute. And that night Adams slept in the bed between Paul and myself. Sick? Frightened? I have never before been as happy. I do not know whether I can ever feel as wonderfully happy again."

Jan Sterling is in 1984, co-starring Edmund O'Brien.

(Continued from page 72) was just twenty years old. She needed help. I slipped out and asked to see Howard Hughes. It was our first meeting but I saw no point in pulling my punches. I gave him our blunt views on the sensationalism. He gave me a straightforward look. "Well, you know, Mrs. Henry, I can't make a Shirley Temple out of her."

Laughter breaks the ice between people. We had a long talk. Then I marched myself back, cleared out the whole kit and caboodle of advisers and sat Jane down. "I've just come from a chat with Mr. Hughes," I told her. "I found him a very nice man with a lot of problems here that you and I can't even begin to guess at. His judgment may differ from ours, but he honestly thinks this is the way to sell his picture. And it is his picture, his time, his energy, his millions of dollars. I wouldn't be too angry with him just because he doesn't see things the way we do."

She listened quietly and when I got through she thanked me. Jane's a fair-minded girl. "Nobody else ever bothered

to show me his side. What should I do?"

"Well, I certainly wouldn't sue. I wouldn't do anything. I'd just go home."

So she went home and married Bob.

We all knew by then that Bob was the one and only. We knew they'd marry, but didn't know how or when. Except my sister always said: "He'll never stand still for an elaborate wedding, not *that* one." Jane didn't give a hoot. To her, the thought of eloping was a big thrill. The day before Easter they drove up to Las Vegas with another couple and saw this little church. Bob sent Jane in to see whether she liked it. She liked it all right. It looked heavenly, all banked up with the most gorgeous flowers. For Easter of course. "For me too," Jane decided and didn't even bother to go out and tell Bob this was it.

"Will you marry me?" she asked the minister.

"When?"

"Right now."

He seemed puzzled. "Where's the groom?"

"Out in the car."

"Well, if you'll fetch him in, I think I can manage it."

Meanwhile at home they were putting on an Easter play. My sister was called to the phone, wearing the trailing robes of Mary Magdalene. "Mother, we're married," came Jane's voice from Las Vegas.

"Good. When will you be back?"

I asked her if it hadn't been a shock. Her eyes twinkled. "Ever take a good look at Bob's shoulders, Ernie? I was very glad to shift the responsibility from mine to his."

Meant for each other

He's never given her cause to change her mind. "Waterfield," she says, "was handpicked by the Lord for that girl. He loves and understands her. He knows how to handle her and she respects him for it. They're both strong-willed characters but he's the head of that house, and to be the head of Jane's house is no small job. I used to watch them before they were married. They'd feud and fuss and make up, then start the whole thing over again from scratch. Bob's a stickler for promptness. When they had a date, he expected Jane to be ready by the time he got there. Once she *wasn't* ready. Well! No girl was going to keep *him* waiting. First thing I heard was his car roaring out with a bang. Next was my daughter wailing, 'Mother, he's gone, he's gone!'—as if the earth had swallowed him up for good. Half an hour later back he steams and out she goes with him, meek as any lamb. I don't know what Jane would do with a man who lets her walk all over him, like some husband. I suspect she'd never have married him in the first place. As it is, she'd rather please Bob than anyone in the world. Which is how it should be."

Bob's a poker-faced guy. I don't think I've ever seen him howl with laughter. But he's got a dry humor that tickles Jane.

Sister tells of the morning she dropped by as Bob was leaving. Jane sat at the table, grumpy as all get-out. "What's wrong, Daughter?" asked Geraldine.

"Nothing," cracked Bob. "She just woke up sweet!"

The fact is there's no living with her till she's had her coffee. "I hate people," she growls, "who grin before breakfast. She's a pepper-pot too and can fly off the handle over nothing.

It's no wonder to me that Jane's nerve frays now and then. Everyone's troubles are her troubles, and even her vitality has its limits. When she goes day and night without rest, that's when it's best to keep your distance from Jane, who needs her sleep even worse than she needs her coffee. In the end, completely worn out, she'll hit that pillow, sleep twelve hours one night and ten hours the next. On the third day you can talk to her. Or she'll talk to you first. "When children don't take their naps," she'll explain, "they get naughty."

Sentimental Jane

Jane makes a point of not being sentimental. But the Waterfields celebrate two wedding anniversaries—Easter Eve, which is a movable day, and the date itself. Uh-huh, she's not sentimental, but she's been overheard calling the baby "Mother's little Toodledoots." And she'll probably have my head for spilling that item. They got him when he was six days old and named him Buck after Bob, who used to be called Robert Waterbuckets on the football field. He's a beaut, with baby no-color eyes, which are turning brown. This pleases Jane, since she already has a couple of blue-eyed children. They planned to keep the news of this third adoption to themselves for a while, but little Tracy leaked it by telling the whole school.

I can't help smiling now over one of

those positive statements Jane used to make before she reached the age of wisdom. "I'm certainly not going to bring up my children the way Mother did. Mother says, 'If you do thus-and-thus, I'll feel so bad.' Not me. Because children don't care how you feel. I'll tell them *they're* the ones who're going to suffer. I'll say, 'Of course if you run in front of a car, you're bound to get hurt. But run in front of a car if you want to, that's *your* affair.'" Needless to say, she's changed her tune.

One day the housekeeper took Tommy and Tracy to spend the afternoon with Bob's mother. On the way home a car rammed them. Jane had gone to a movie with Geraldine, and Bob had arranged to meet them when it was over. As they left the theatre, a traffic officer came up. "I don't want to frighten you," he said, "but there's been an accident, and your children are in that ambulance that just went by. I don't think they're badly hurt—" Jane never spoke. Just turned green. Bob brought the car around. He's a person of great self-control. Sure, he wanted to break all the speed laws but drove extra cautiously because he was shaking inside, half out of his mind. At the hospital they found Tommy unhurt. Tracy's face was all blood. When the doctor washed her off, however, there was only a little scratch about this big. The kids took it in stride. "We had a ride in an ambulance," they chirped. It was the grown-ups of course who suffered nightmares.

A close family

When people wonder whether you can love adopted children as well as those born to you, I think of the Waterfields and give them a rousing yes. No children could be better loved or cared for. And it's not the material things I have in mind, it's the togetherness, the sense of sheltering family. Bob's a man who'd rather be caught dead than demonstrative in public, but with the young ones he can't keep his feelings from showing. About table manners and such he's exacting, as I think he should be. But I wish you could see his face when he rassles with Thomas and teaches him the holds. Or when both kids go running to meet him and he squats and catches one on either knee. "He's not waiting," says Geraldine, and her words hold a special meaning for both of us. Lots of men don't fuss too much with their children as babies. Her husband didn't. But when they lost little Billy at fifteen months, he was pitiful in his grief and bewilderment. "I was waiting for him to grow up," he mourned and mourned. Waterfield's not waiting for his kids to grow up. He enjoys every minute of them.

With three in the family now, he thinks they should quit. Jane thinks they ought to have a sister for Tracy. Ask her who's going to win out, and she'll give you the wise wife's smile and the wise wife's answer. "We'll see," she says.

I could go on about her for hours, but enough is enough. So I'll just tie it up with a bit of dialogue. Before starting this story, I talked it over with Sister. "Don't drool over Jane," she warned me. "She won't thank you to paint her the angel she isn't."

"Well, how would you size her up?"

"Between us, and don't quote me, she's hard to beat. But then I'm her mother."

"But then I'm her aunt, and of the same opinion. Does that make me a drooler?"

She chuckled and leaned over to pat my hand. "You know something, Ernie? You say whatever you want as long as it's true. And as long as you don't call her Toodleleots."

END

Jane can currently be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film *The Revolt of Mamie Stover*.

This new golden richer shampoo
makes your hair obey . . . Makes it instantly
easy to manage . . . because Pamper
can't dry your hair. You see—
Pamper is so very, very gentle . . .

SO MUCH RICHER,
SO MUCH THICKER
YOU CAN FEEL
THE DIFFERENCE



Gentle as a Lamb

(Continued from page 45) little loud?"

"You must be a real trial," I said.

He nodded happily. "I'm terrible."

"Do you agree on furniture—on woods, for instance?"

"Both like 'em old, kind of rich looking."

"Do you know a genuine wormhole from a recent awl puncture?"

"Don't know a thing about it." He attacked lunch then, which had been brought to the bungalow. Knowing Rock likes his beef rare to the point of revulsion, I asked about Phyllis's preference. "She likes it well done."

"Then how does she cook, say, a rib roast?"

"Does it medium rare."

"But what does she eat? Maybe the outside slice?"

"No—the second slice. She doesn't like the outside slice. But I do." He grinned at me—sort of a Mephistopheles-type grin. "She doesn't eat much."

"All the more for you?"

He shook his head. "Not since the dog. Demi gets the leftovers now."

"Poor you," I said. "You'll blow away."

He pulled one of those lightning shifts. "Hey! I've got a joke for you. Did you hear the one about the man charged with murdering his wife, and when the judge heard his reason, he withdrew the charges?"

"No," I said.

"Well, the guy said he killed her because of the way she woke him up. She'd been doing the same thing every morning for twenty years and he couldn't stand it any longer." Rock got up from the table and came around to my chair. "If you don't think this is funny, maybe I don't do it right. Now close your eyes."

I dutifully shut my eyes, and with one finger he gently poked me in the cheek. "Ed," he whispered. Then he touched my chin. "Ed." Then the forehead, the ear, then the cheek again, each time whispering "Ed."

It gave me the creeps and I agreed it was a good story. Then I told him one. It wasn't exactly printable, but Rock thought it was repeatable. In fact he went into the other room and phoned Phyllis. He was still laughing when he came back.

A different Rock

I hardly even noticed him walk into the room again—which is something, when a guy as big as Rock makes an entrance. I was thinking about the Rock I used to know, who sat silently while I prodded him for information, looking vaguely miserable—as if he wouldn't mind talking about himself if he only had something cheerful to say. That guy wouldn't have broken off in the middle of a thought to tell me a joke, and if I had told him one—there wouldn't have been anyone on the other end of a telephone for him to share it with. It was quite a difference marriage had made.

In the middle of this, as I say, Rock walked back in, and sure enough, he was talking again!

"Listen," he said, out of a clear blue sky, "when you were in Europe, did you get to Bavaria?"

"No," I said, somewhat startled.

"You should have. I found a little town away up in the mountains, where all the houses were painted bright colors and everybody skied all day long. There were maybe 500 people, all red-cheeked and healthy, and I never saw a happier bunch. It was like another world. They were always singing and yodeling."

A far-away look had come into his

eyes.

"Hey," I said. "Come back."

The daydream went out of his eyes and he smiled at me. "I'll tell you some real news. I'm going back."

"To Europe?"

"Not only that. To Africa, too. I'm going to make *Something Of Value* over there, and Phyllis will go with me. We'll go to Rome first and have at least three weeks there."

"Wonderful!" I said. "And can you still carry out your plans to meet Phyllis' family?"

He nodded. "On the way to New York we'll sneak into Montevideo."

I didn't have to ask why he used the word "sneak." I remembered the time Rock had gone east to visit his grandmother in a small town. Correspondents had run the phone ragged, and in order to restore peace and quiet to his grandmother's life, Rock had had to leave.

"Then," he said, "we'll go on to New York and see *My Fair Lady*. The next day we'll fly direct to Rome."

"Where will you stay?"

"I hope I can find some little out of the way place for us. It's so crowded over there now. But the hotel doesn't matter. We won't spend much time there. Rome will just be a base. We can take all kinds of side trips—to Naples and Sorrento and Capri. Anywhere we want."

"What are you anxious to show Phyllis in Rome?" I asked. "There are so many layers—the religious, the art, the history."

"Just about everything there is to see. The little restaurants and the Forum, and of course St. Peter's. And the catacombs. I didn't see them when I was there before. Then we'll fly to Nairobi and spend four or five days there getting our wardrobe before the picture starts. Then three or four weeks on the picture, then back here to finish it."

"Will Phyllis be able to stay with you the entire time?"

"The whole time," he caroled.

African safari

"Do you think you'll go hunting? After all, there's something to *hunt* in Africa."

"Everything from water buffalo to tsetse flies. Sure. And Phyllis wants to hunt, too. I may even buy her a go-get-a-lion hat."

"When do you leave?"

"In a couple of weeks."

"Well," I said. "Have a wonderful time. Arrivederci, and all that sort of thing. What are you doing when you're not packing or getting stuck with yellow fever serum?"

"I'm learning to play the guitar," he said. "And Phyllis is taking piano lessons. She's learning *What Is A Note*. Starting from plink."

"Do you have the hi-fi going all the time you're home?"

"Sure."

"Can Phyllis stand the volume?"

"No," he said mournfully.

"Do you think she ever plays records while you're gone?"

"Sure. Show tunes and things like that. Phyllis loves show business."

"She does? I thought she'd have none of it."

"Not for herself. But she understands it, having worked in the agent end of the business. I get kind of violent sometimes about my work, and she understands I have to get things off my chest and then I'll be a happier character. I can talk to her about it. The first part of the Sunday paper she grabs is the drama section."

"And you?"

"The funnies. I'm lucky in more ways than one. I have a wife who doesn't fight with me over the funnies. And we do other things. We're learning to play bridge."

"Just learning—at your advanced age? Why not before?"

Rock shrugged. "There was always gin rummy, I guess."

"How about sports? Tennis, anyone?"

"Neither one of us plays. We're more than happy to be anywhere near the water."

"What for? Phyllis doesn't swim."

"Oh, she's learning," he said proudly. "The swim fins help. But it's the combination of the sun and the sea that we like."

"Like your trip to Acapulco? Did you fish?"

"Caught my first sailfish."

Most men, talking about their first sailfish, would turn the incident into a tome. They'd tell you the name of the boat, the weather conditions, the tackle used, the time to land the fish, the aching arms, and they'd finish by showing you a snapshot. Not Rock Hudson. Not these days. He's got too much else to talk about to linger anywhere. "Phyllis goes fishing, too. Loves it. Used to go hunting and fishing in Minnesota with her brothers and sisters."

Phyllis escapes with her life

A horrible thought hit me. "If Ed murdered his wife because of the way she awakened him, how come Phyllis has escaped with her life?" In his bachelor days Rock had to be awakened by an alarm clock of the bouncing variety, set underneath an inverted dishpan. Anybody trying in person to rouse him was in danger of having his head removed. During his boyhood, Rock's mother had had to learn to duck; in fact, he had thought of interesting her in a judo course.

"Phyllis seldom wakens me," he said, and we exchanged knowing glances.

"Then how do you manage to get out of bed?" I asked.

"Telephone service."

"Don't tell me a mere telephone is successful," I said.

"It's out of reach. In order to stifle it I have to get out of bed. That usually does it. But some mornings I could murder it."

"And where is Phyllis while you're going through all this suffering?"

He thought a while. "Sometimes she gets up earlier and makes the coffee," he offered. "It takes three cups before I return to consciousness."

"Do you agree on television programs?" I asked.

"I don't like television."

"And Phyllis?" I persisted.

"She loves it," he groaned. "So I watch it. But I still don't enjoy it."

I concluded this marriage is on a 50-50 basis. Maybe he gets his roast beef the way he wants it, but Phyllis, by gum, gets her television.

The stubborn Rock

Rock will tell you any old time that he's stubborn. So I asked how Phyllis got around this particular obstacle, thinking that 6' 4" of stubbornness is quite something to get around.

"She laughs it off," he said.

"Does she sweep the pine needles off the path by the house?"

"No. She knows I like it that way."

"How about your procrastination?" Rock never even begins to get ready for an appointment until the last desperate minute, a habit that drove to distraction

his friends of bachelor days.

"She's used to it."

"Does it take her long to dress?"

"Does the whole bit in fifteen minutes?"

"Does Phyllis have a hobby?" I asked.

"The house is her hobby," he said smugly, and you could tell this is the way Rock wants it to be.

"Do you take her out to dinner often?"

"Sometimes. She loves it. I'd rather stay home. Why is it all women love to go out to dinner?"

"If that isn't just like a man," I said. "Because, you idiot, they're home all day, that's why. Can't you understand that?"

"It doesn't make much sense to me," he said, with all the air of a man who has found happiness inside four walls and can't imagine wanting to leave them. A home-loving man.

"Now that you've been married six months," I said, "have you run out of conversation? For instance, when the two of you go out to dinner, do you sit there in silence like Old Marrieds?"

He thought about that for a while. "Sort of," he said finally. "Phyllis doesn't talk much. Neither do I."

"That's what *you* think," I thought, but all I said was, "Now, what about silent communion? Take for instance, a woman comes into the restaurant wearing a large pink hat and gym bloomers. Do you have inner convulsions you can share?"

He roared, delighted. "You've got it! We just look at each other and have the time of our lives. I read somewhere that being married is having somebody's eye to catch across a room. Now I know what that means."

"What do you laugh about?"

"Everything. There was the toasted

cheese sandwich in Acapulco, for instance. Phyllis ordered one and the waiter said, 'Yes, madam, one club sandwich.' 'No,' she said, 'toasted cheese.' 'Yes,' he said, 'a club sandwich. I'll bring it right away.' 'No,' she said, 'I want a toasted cheese sandwich.' So she ate her club sandwich and we both got hysterical. Silly things like that, we laugh about."

"What do you tease her about?" I asked.

"You must tease her about something. You do it to everybody else."

"Well, I teased her into remembering not to throw away my denims when I'd just got them broken in. And I teased her into taking golf lessons, only it backfired. She's a better golfer than I am."

In debt

"What else?" I said.

"I owe her \$999,945.25," he said.

"Whatever for?"

"It was a World Series bet," he said.

"One million dollars. I lost, but I'm gradually decreasing the debt."

"How?"

"Oh, little bets. Like I bet you 25c that was a Cadillac that just went by, or I bet you 50c that woman at the drug store counter orders a sundae. The only trouble is, Phyllis is smart. It's a slow process for me."

"All right," I said. "What does she tease you about?"

"I get jangled," he said. "You know. With words. Like the time Douglas Sirk talked to me about doing *Battle Hymn* after I'd finished *Giant*. He said something about having enjoyed working with me and that he'd like to direct me again. I got so flustered—he threw the compliment at me so suddenly—that all I could

think of to say was 'Ditto, darn it.' Phyllis nearly died laughing at me."

"What are you planning to give her for your six-months anniversary?" I asked.

"A can of sauerkraut juice," he said.

"Hmmm?"

"Sauerkraut juice. I've already given her a gift. I got mixed up on my dates and when we'd been married five months I gave her a present, and some flowers and things, and took her out to dinner. So when the 9th comes around again, she'll just get a token gift."

I started to say, "A token of what, exactly?" but I didn't. For the first time, as he talked about the anniversary, even though he joked, there was a difference in Rock. It wasn't that he grew sad, or even nostalgic. But a little of the gaiety went, and was replaced by a tenderness, the sort of gentleness that only a big guy can have in his voice and his eyes.

So I asked him something else. "Were you lonely before you were married?" I said.

He looked at me. "Yes."

"Are you lonely now?"

"No," said Rock Hudson, and this time, his mind didn't go skipping off on a tangent. It rested on that, on coming home to a house twinkling with light, a kitchen where a steak is broiling the way he likes it, and a wife who understands him, and laughs with him. No, he isn't lonely any more. And it's made quite a change in the guy.

END

Rock Hudson will soon appear in MGM's *Something of Value*, U-I's *Written on the Wind* and George Stevens' Warner Bros. *Giant*.

steve allen's double life

(Continued from page 62) a half can of the foamy stuff. Sometimes he'll toy with a little mild wine, just to be sociable, and this last year he's developed a vague taste for one goblet of champagne with dinner. But most of the time he just sticks to tomato juice or fidgets with a water glass.

Then you think, "He's just sleepy today." It is true that Steve is the perfect "B" type: He doesn't really start operating until dusk. He hates to get up in the morning, and therefore seldom does. If you meet him at 1 or 2 p.m., he's still rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. (This is a big reason, incidentally, why his radio and tv successes have been midnight shows; he would be starving today if he'd been handed many early-bird assignments.) But no; even at 11 p.m., after a good ten hours of sacktime the night before, the off-screen Steve has that same uncomfortable air.

Finally you decide, "He's sick; he just doesn't feel well today." This, too, is not the cause. In the first place, he eats such plain foods that he couldn't have anything wrong with his stomach. He doesn't smoke at all, let alone too much. The asthma he suffered so cruelly from as a boy has practically disappeared. And, although he has a tendency to get a little big and soft, he lost weight on studio orders before he made *The Benny Goodman Story* and has not returned to his heavy scale-tipping.

Give him crowds

To understand Steve's party-poopng, you have to realize that he does not like to see people alone or in small groups, and that he doesn't do it if he can help it. When he has to meet people, he's usually flanked by his press agent or his manager or his wife, Jayne Meadows. With her around, he doesn't have to talk. No one

has ever accused Jayne of not being able to handle a little chit chat; with her, it flows and flows and flows. You can almost hear Steve's sigh of relief when she whips into view and takes the conversational load off his shoulders. He smiles, leans back, and leaves it to Jayne. Some people have left their Park Avenue apartment after spending an evening with the Allens and, when Jayne's voice stops ringing in their ears, realize they can't remember one statement from Steve except lines like "Yes, dear," and "The dinner was wonderful."

"This is a comedian?" you ask yourself.

Yes, this is a comedian—merely not one that is "on" all the time. Before he can relax and wax witty, Steve Allen has one requirement: a great big audience down front. George Burns and Groucho and Phil Silvers take one look at a small group of people and immediately turn it into a bunch of grinning faces. Steve, finding himself in an *intime* set-up, either looks expectant, gazes off into the distance, or literally squirms. He readily admits that he doesn't feel at ease until he stands on a stage and faces the amorphous mass of a studio audience. Not for him the Godfrey theory of tv performing—pretending you are talking to one or two people in a living room. The mere thought would send Steve scurrying backstage.

Why is Steve so ill at ease around a few people in the flesh? Because he has never completely recovered from his unhappy childhood. It made him the introvert he is.

Born in a trunk

Looking back on his early years, Steve says that sometimes, "I wanted to kill myself."

Stephen Valentine Patrick William Allen was born in New York City on December 26, 1921. His father, William G. Allen, a singer and straight man known on vaudeville bills as Billy Allen, died when

Steve was only eighteen months old. His mother, Belle Montrose, was bereft without her partner-husband, but continued with her career as a comedienne, taking little Steve with her from one backstage to another for five years. Being born in a trunk isn't always the fun it's cracked up to be: An only child, Steve may have enjoyed having Sandra Berle, Milton's famous mother, as a sometime sitter; and even at that young age, he undoubtedly reveled in his mother's affluent periods. But it was also a life that precluded any regular playmates and that included weeks of no bookings for Belle and dingy hotel rooms as a home for little Steve.

The money problem

Not the provident type, Steve's mother never saved enough from her good weeks to tide her over the bad ones in any style. Now retired and living alone in California, Belle Montrose has to depend on her son for money. Steve visits her occasionally when he's on the coast, but her mercurial disposition and non-abstemious inclinations don't jibe with Steve's personality. He loves her, but they can't get along for any sustained period of time.

Steve's childhood—riches one week and walk-up flats the next—was the cause of his becoming, as an adult, very security-conscious. He has no desire for great wealth, but he is determined never to be poor again. Thus, although he could live on a fairly grandiose scale on the net from his \$350,000 per annum, he prefers saving and investing his money. In contrast to other tv couples, he and Jayne live a modest life. They have only one car and one full-time servant. Steve has relatively few clothes. Their Park Avenue apartment, while comfortable, is hardly extra-plush. When Steve's three sons by his first marriage come to visit—on vacations and in the summer—all the boys have to pile into the one extra bedroom.



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Life with the relatives

Steve's mother's relatives, the Donohues, didn't exactly brighten up his boyhood either. When he was five and ready for kindergarten, his mother ceremoniously parked him with her two working sisters and her two bachelor brothers in Chicago. She couldn't keep him with her any longer, and anyway—as she is the first to admit—Belle Montrose wasn't good for her son. She had a knack of getting him into trouble. One day, when she took him out for a drive, they had an accident and Steve ended up in the hospital with a concussion. Another time, when she took him to her agent's office with her, she saw a police dog in the waiting room and told Steve to "Pat the nice doggie." He dutifully did—and got his face thoroughly scratched in return. Everyone figured Steve would be safer at the Donohues', and there his headquarters remained until he went off to college—except when his mother periodically retrieved him, or when she fought with her family and yanked him away, or when he was sent away to school, or when he ran away.

Steve was so miserable that, when he ran away, he did more than pack a knapsack and head for a neighbor's house. He got on his bicycle and headed for Gary, Indiana, and then, switching to freight cars, made it as far away from Chicago as Houston, Texas. He went back "home" only because he was footsore, and hungry.

Steve hated it at the Donohues'—partly because they were so garrulous that he had little chance to get a word in edgewise or any other way. The Donohues liked to scrap and declaim and talk, talk, talk; Steve's ears got so sore that he consciously refused to add to the Donohue din, thus picking up the habit of silence that has persisted over the years. They were also superstitious people who brooked no back talk from their logical little nephew. They insisted, for instance, that he would drown if he took a bath after dinner. Steve tried convincing them otherwise, but he soon discovered that there was no percentage in butting his ideas against four brick walls. He gave up and withdrew into himself.

His asthma, which plagued him as a boy, also made him quiet because it made him feel bad a lot of the time. (He is so improved now that he can even take a few dogs and some cigar smoke in the same room with him; these two allergies lasted for years after he left the Donohues.)

His relatives, never understanding, jeered at him and dubbed him "The Sphinx"—hardly a move to make him talkative.

Besides the Donohues, Steve had to contend with too many schools. He spent his first six study years in ten—count 'em, ten—different public and boarding schools. This, as any child of a peripatetic parent will tell you, is rough. Time after time, just as he'd grown a root or two and made a friend or three, Steve would be yanked up and out and on to another strange place. The same routine prevailed during his high school years: He went to six separate schools then.

The way out

There was a silver lining to the cloud of Steve's childhood, however. He is convinced that it helped make him the comedian he is today. One of his most fondly held theories is that every good comedian had a tough time of it as a kid, usually financially and religiously. Having been a Catholic in Chicago may not qualify Steve as a full-fledged member of a minority group, but, if his theory holds water, he had enough early troubles to help him become a comic in later life.

Bottled-up but bright, Steve sought out-

lets for expression when he was still quite young. In his teens, as now, he tried performing; after all, show business was in his blood. He had taken piano lessons for three years when he was a child—the sum total of his formal musical training—so he started playing at local weddings and small social events while he was in high school. He spent some of his earnings sitting in night clubs and studying big-name bands on week ends; he inculcated himself with their styles so thoroughly that he can still sit down at the piano and imitate any one of them. To this day Steve's not at home in anything but the key of G and he still can't read music, but a parlay of persistence and a good ear has made him a pianist. He got good enough quick enough in high school to appear on *The Morris B. Sachs Amateur Hour*, a Chicago version of the old Major Bowes show; he didn't win, but the experience helped him realize that, although he couldn't face his aunts and uncles with equanimity, he could perform in front of large numbers of non-relatives.

Writer, composer, humorist

Steve also found self-expression in writing, and here, too, small successes came soon. Some of his adolescent poems were published in local papers and magazines, and one essay won a prize. He enjoyed writing so much that, when he entered Drake University in Des Moines, Iowa, as a freshman, he majored in journalism. To this day, scribbling is an important part of his life. Besides *Fourteen For Tonight* (a collection of short stories) and *The Funny Men* (his polite but perspicacious analyses of other comedians), Steve has written a jazz column for *Down Beat*, bop versions of fairy tales, an NBC spectacular, and is doing a new monthly piece-about-everything for *Cosmopolitan*. Up on a shelf in his front hall closet at home are other unpublished works—part of a Broadway musical, a tome on song-writing, a mountainous semi-autobiographical novel. Added to these are hundreds of songs, his most famous being "Let's Go To Church On Sunday Morning," "Cotton Candy," "An Old Piano Plays The Blues," and all the theme music on *Tonight*. When, three years ago, Steve got the lead in a Broadway play called *The Pink Elephant*, he proceeded to do a lot of writing on that too. First asking permission to "change a few lines," he ended up almost completely rewriting his own part—a move that didn't exactly endear him to some of the other cast members, who had to struggle along with the original author's not-very-funny lines, but a move that did make Steve the hit of the show. *The Pink Elephant* was a flop; Steve was great.

Steve not only gets pleasure and profit from writing; when he vents his displeasure, he takes to the typewriter. Although he can talk in no uncertain terms to his tv staff when they goof or don't come through with good ideas, he prefers posting sharp-toned notices on the bulletin board in his office above the Hudson Theater. When he's involved in a feud with a columnist or another tv star, he does it via the U.S. mails. When Jack Paar, an alarmingly outspoken fellow, decided that someone on Steve's show was lifting ideas from his afternoon program, Jack said so out loud. Steve, in denying it, wrote page after page to Jack and put a stamp on it.

Whether his writing's for fun or for feuding, it's a sure thing that Steve wouldn't have such an output to his credit if he were more of an extrovert.

Marriage and radio

Steve didn't decide to make his major career in radio rather than writing until

he switched to Arizona State Teachers College in Phoenix, Arizona, for his sophomore year in 1942 (a move he made to relieve his asthma). One deciding factor was that there was more money in the airwaves: He got \$45 a week for working parttime at KOY, a local radio station, doing the usual beginner's chores of announcing, newscasting, acting, scripting, record-spinning, jingle-writing and sweeping up. He spent some of this largesse on dating a pretty little freshman named Dorothy Goodman. While he was doing a short hitch in the Army at a California camp (he was discharged because of his asthma), he sent for Dorothy and they were married. Returning to Phoenix with his eighteen-year-old bride, Steve started school again, but he had to quit and turn to KOY fulltime. A baby was on the way, and he needed more than \$45. Ambition had set in, too, and Steve trained his sights on Los Angeles, where the networks had headquarters. Augmenting his income by piano-playing in nightclubs and steak houses, he managed to save \$1000 and, in 1944, Steve, Dorothy, and Steve, Jr., headed for Hollywood.

Even with the wartime manpower shortage, he didn't land a job until the Allen kitty was almost gone. Just before starvation set in, he landed an announcer's job at Mutual, then got promoted to an early-morning disk jockey show. CBS gave him his next boost up the ladder by making him a man-about-their-studio; he even covered wrestling matches for them, and in his spare time made a couple of bad movies that, to his relief, hardly anyone ever saw.

All this time Steve was learning, learning. Most of his friends being musicians and songwriters, he picked up some minor musical talents that have stood him in good stead: He learned enough to fool around on a tuba, fingered the trumpet enough to get in some licks, and picked up the clarinet a few times. (Benny Goodman, of course, did the recording for the sound track of *The Benny Goodman Story*, but Steve, still learning, took clarinet lessons to get the fingering perfect.) When he got his big break—a late-night disk-jockey show—he was ready to toss out the records and provide some all-round entertainment himself.

Divorce

Steve's career was going great guns. By the summer of '50, he was raking in some \$900 a week and got to summer-substitute for Eve Arden's *Our Miss Brooks* on the network. But there was trouble at home. He loved his children—Steve, Jr., had been followed by Brian and David—but he and Dorothy had drifted apart. It was not a question of his "going Hollywood" at all; his house was small, his tastes were simple. And there wasn't any other woman. But, as so often happens when two people have married very young and one of them goes on to make a splash, incompatibility sets in. Dorothy, busy with the three boys, didn't have time to enter Steve's social life, especially when he worked at night and had to socialize in the daytime. More and more, Steve found himself going without her, meeting people she never met. They were leading two lives and speaking two different languages, and soon their little foibles got on each other's nerves.

Steve would look at Dorothy and, in his mind, compare her unfavorably with the girls he'd seen at a party. (He knew, of course, that those girls didn't have three little hellions at home to take care of, but the knowledge didn't help the comparison.) Their little house always seemed full of diapers and late dinners and broken toys (again understandable, but still an-

noying). Dorothy wanted more help from Steve around the place, but he was at just that point in his career when he needed to be out with musicians and agents and fellow performers.

With his home collapsing for the umpteenth time in his life, Steve was desperate. After all, he had been brought up not to believe in divorce, he loved the boys, and he felt guilty. During this black period, he would drive around by himself stewing about the situation, returning home swearing he would make everything all right, and then let some little thing make him blow his top. He even tried drinking; that, of course, didn't help either. One night he consciously *tried* to get drunk to forget. He succeeded in getting drunk, but when he woke up with an A-No. 1 hangover, his unhappiness was still there along with a splitting head.

The only solution, as Steve and Dorothy saw it, was a divorce; and after Steve moved to New York, Dorothy got one. Steve today is still very sensitive about it, and about having remarried, three years later, outside his church. But both of them, happily remarried, have made excellent readjustments. Steve had the help of a psychiatrist, and of Jayne, who turned out to be a terrific stepmother. In fact, before Steve married her, he made sure that his boys knew her and liked her; Jayne entertained all three during their vacations when she and Steve were courting. When Dorothy was remarried, to a movie musician, Steve's conscience was finally almost stilled.

A family affair

Jayne's and Steve's courtship was a real family affair. One time, when the boys were in the east, Steve took a house on the water out on Long Island for them, and Jayne spent most of her spare time traveling out there to swim and picnic with the small fry. When the boys were in the city and Steve was busy, Jayne would pick them up, take them to her and her sister Audrey Meadow's apartment, and stuff them with cookies. One time a reporter, bent on getting an interview on Audrey, ended up writing a piece about Audrey's sister Jayne and her three prospective stepsons.

At first glance, Jayne Meadows wins a prize as The Most Unlikely Wife for Steve Allen. He tries to appear as ordinary as possible; Jayne takes great pride in having been born in China (her father was a missionary), in having learned Chinese before she learned English, in designing some of her own distinctive clothes, in Being Different. She put shutters at the windows of their apartment in New York "Because people in New York have draperies; in Hollywood, where everyone has shutters, I'd have draperies." Steve dresses conservatively; Jayne sports bright colors, spike heels, earrings that jangle to her shoulders, and very V-neck dresses.

But look at the Allens more closely, and you'll see more basis for a good marriage. Jayne is a very talented homemaker. Many's the night she hems up a skirt while she sits at home watching his show and waiting for him to come home. She can cook; she does make curtains; she whips up Christmas ornaments; she takes an intense interest in their apartment.

They can share their career troubles. Steve can help Jayne find that perfect play to reaffirm her status as an actress. Jayne can offer shrewd advice on Steve's added assignment: how to beat Ed Sullivan from 8 to 9 on Sundays, where NBC is pitting Steve against the oldest established permanent variety show in tv. That will be the Battle of the Season and the Battle of the Sphinxes, and we're taking no bets.

END



*The big news from Hollywood is the new make-up magic.
Beautiful Anita Ekberg keynotes her personality and
accents her fall clothes with this new exotic look!*

*Color your life
with brand new
excitement by giving
your looks new
appeal, your wardrobe
new zest, your
personality a
fascinating new radiance*

how YOU can be alluring

■ You can be simple or smart—sultry or sweet—tall or short—thin or fat—and you will be attractive to men. But nothing will captivate and hold a man so surely as your capacity to be alluring. Webster defines the word allure as “to tempt” or “to entice”. The first step on the road to allure is to change your make-up. Get rid of summertime’s old tired make-up. The colors will be all out of step with the brand new look that is entrancing Hollywood’s guys this fall. Buy dramatic new make-up colors that are brave and bold and yet full of mystery and interest. Read the ads carefully—study all of the facts about each product, then use the trial and error method. In this way you will find the preparations that are just right for you. A bewitching make-up is the keynote of the new look. Brows are longer and darker! Blue eye shadow the favorite on the lids! The lip-line is lush and full! The lip color is a rich commanding red! The complexion tint is warm and glowing with new rose pink! Anita Ekberg, now in Paramount’s *War and Peace*, posed for us to show you the beauty and intrigue of the new make-up magic. Here are the rules so that you, too, can enjoy the new fall make-up. Start with a clean, clear skin. Blend in make-up foundation, touch the cheekbones with a spot of rouge and blend to the outer brow line. Blend blue eye shadow on your lids. Outline your lips with a lipstick brush, giving them length, roundness and fullness—fill with lipstick (study Anita’s lip make-up carefully). Powder, brush your brows, lengthen and darken them with a brow pencil. Brush mascara on your lashes, spread each lash so that they don’t all cake together. Once again touch up your lipstick for definite accent. Your mirror will tell you that you are now on the way to the new look! The thrill of it will automatically make you stand straighter, determine to get a new hair-do, take better care of your hair, select new clothes! Glamorously made up, dressed up and with a new verve for life, your friends will say that you have changed. You will have the new look! As an exciting new person your conversation will sparkle, your manner scintillate. New desires will come into your life—and new fulfillments. The promise of “allure” will be completely realized. You will have it—and him!

modern screen fashions

new clothes for



■ A man's eye takes one quick jump from head to toes, so you must walk in beauty. Shirley Jones of 20th's *Carousel* chooses a Velvet Step shoe wardrobe that can take any gal right up the fashion ladder to meet the challenge of all roving eyes. These famous shoes come in a dawn to dusk selection with promised comfort and admiration through all the hours. All the shoes are under \$11.00. Below, Shirley wears a black suede pump (detail, photo 3). Her heavenly coat of inimitable Cloud Number 9 cleans like a dream, is water-repellent and lined with Milium. Her baby cowhide handbag is by Rolfs. Shirley's shortie Cloud Number 9 coat has a belted back, notched collar and turned back cuffs. Both coats come in blond, silver, black, brown, biscuit or charcoal blue. Both by Haber-Levy. Shirley carries a saddle leather hand-tooled Clifton handbag. Candy Button stockings are a novel fashion note with Shirley's wedgie pumps (detail, photo 1). The Ultralite Medallion Samsonite luggage in the new two-tone design. Shirley's full-fashioned nylon stockings are by Willys of Hollywood. See opposite page top to bottom: Candy Buttons, Daisy Chain, Candelabra, Wind Up, Charmer. On the left, Shirley wears two of Catalina's outstanding sweaters. The white rib-stitched cardigan with shawl collar and patch pockets is made of 100% Zephyr wool. White, black, navy or flame. The short-sleeved, full-fashioned striped slip-on with slash neck is of Belgimere, imported lamb's wool. It comes in a wide variety of colors. Shirley carries a roomy and wonderful kip calf handbag by Meeker.



MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS MAY BE
BOUGHT IN PERSON OR BY MAIL
FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 86



All photos by Roger Prigent

the new you

velvet step shoes

1. Unlined soft glove leather, crepe sole, wedge heel pump. Black, slate grey benedictine, or basque red.
2. Suede vamp, figured elasticized cloth back or -quarter, medium heel. Black or brown.
3. Suede pump, high heel. Black suede or smooth leather.
4. Smooth leather, sweater pump, high heel. Brown or black smooth leather, brown or black suede.
5. Unlined soft glove leather, crepe sole, wedge heel. Black, tan, red, slate grey or avocado.

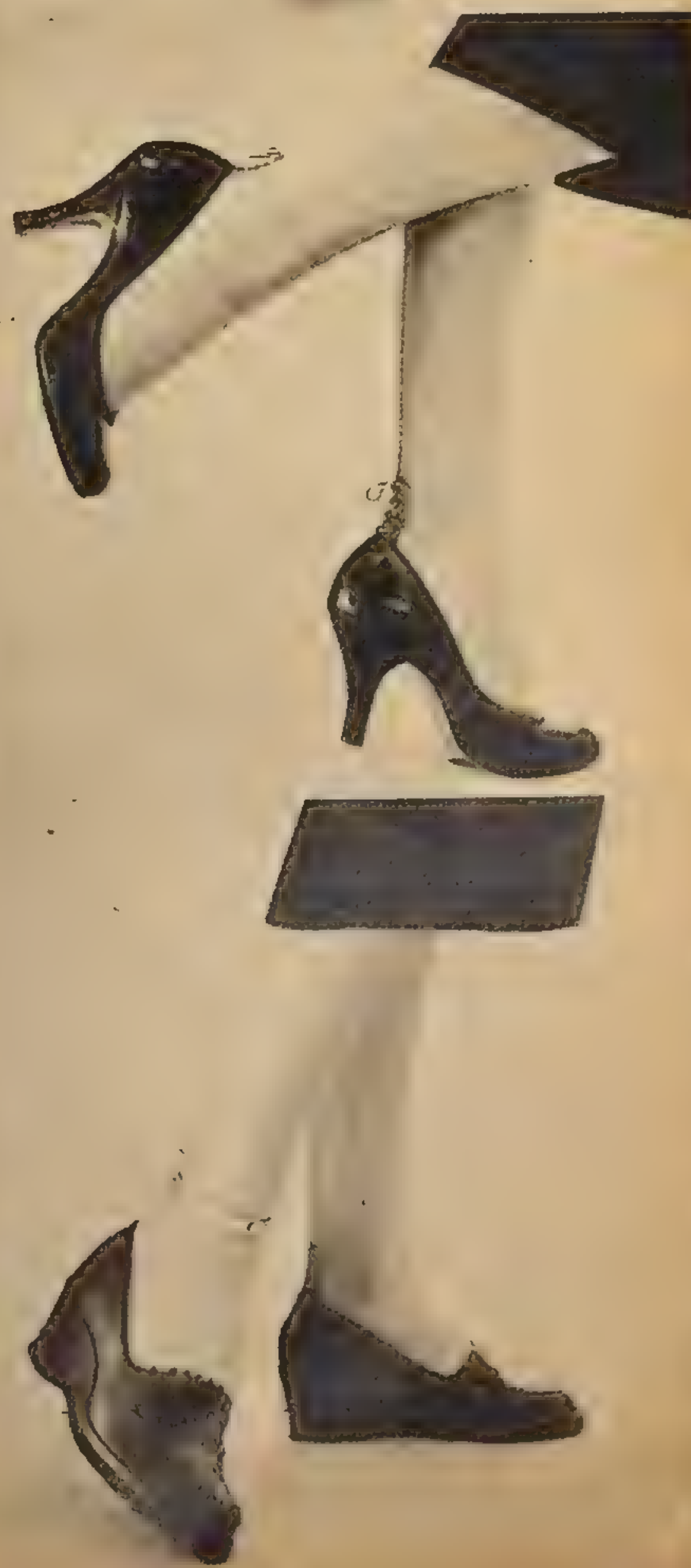


1

2

3

4



"let's get my romances straight!"

(Continued from page 50) something, I guess," she flipped back.

Strangely enough, Nick Adams, who has perhaps the greatest future of all of Hollywood's younger male players, would himself have been Number 1 with Natalie, instead of Number 2, had he not introduced Scott to her. The first time Natalie ever had a good look at Scott, a chance to really study him, that is, was on television when he and Nick had the leads in an NBC *Matinee Theatre* play, *The Bottom Of The River*, in which they both were young New York hoodlums. A few days later Nick was to take Natalie to a preview of *Bad Seed* when he remembered that he had a friend who also wanted to see the picture, and he asked Natalie if she would mind having another boy come along.

She said no. Nick phoned his friend. And that's when she met Scott. They took to each other instantly. Last June when Nick returned from location at Sedonia, Arizona, where he played the second male lead in *The Last Wagon*,

starring Richard Widmark, he ruefully recalled introducing Scott to Natalie. "Gee, I get back to find that they are practically married," he said.

This isn't the case, of course. Natalie, just a few weeks ago, put it this way. "It's true I go with Scott," she said, "but if I had to tell whether it was serious or not I wouldn't know. If serious means will I run off and get married, it isn't that serious!"

Sal Mineo is probably on Natalie's list because she sees a lot of him when he is in town; they are close to each other in their thinking about their work; but he is almost a year younger than she is and not actually a candidate for her hand.

The most aggressive of the boys on her list is probably Martin Millner, in his late twenties, who has had good roles in pictures like *Mr. Roberts*, *Pete Kelly's Blues* and *Screaming Eagles*. When he was on location in Phoenix, Arizona, some months ago, he used to telephone Natalie every night—the first extended, long distance courting she had experienced. Another of

the more "mature" men is Raymond Burr, who was signed not long ago to play Barbara Stanwyck's heart interest in *Love Story*.

Bob Vaughn, who has been given a contract by the Hecht-Lancaster organization, and at this writing is being considered for the starring role in *Cry Tough*, bears watching as a figure in Natalie's life. A special, fond quality comes into her voice when she talks about him. It isn't sisterly, like when she talks about Sal, or bubbling with fun, as when she laughs about the gags she and Nick have pulled. It has a note of promise in it, as if Bob could mean a lot more than he does, if events threw them closer together.

Too young to marry

Yet the truth about Natalie, at this very moment, is that her career has gripped her imagination more strongly than the promise of marriage, or even motherhood, for that matter. Oh, she has talked about marriage and children. "When I do get married I am going to be the best mother," she says. "I am not going to be possessive. I'd like to have a boy first, and then a girl. (Continued on page 86)

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Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE MARILYN MONROE:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE ESTHER WILLIAMS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE PIER ANGELI

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE DEWEY MARTIN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE RITA MORENO:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE KIM NOVAK

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE JANE RUSSELL:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE STEVE ALLEN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE ANITA EKBERG:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE JOHN WAYNE

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE SAL MINEO:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I READ:

☐ all of Louella Parsons In Hollywood
☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

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17. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE

(2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE

(3) _____ FEMALE

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(Continued from page 84) And that would be all." She visits girl friends who are married, but they don't report that she sits around their homes mooning over their married bliss, or that she tries to visualize herself in their place as a young bride.

As a matter of fact, Natalie thinks that most of her girl friends, who married the boys they went with in high school, should have waited; she thinks they settled down too young. And that's why she is reported to have once said that she wouldn't marry until she was thirty. Her fans, aghast, wrote her by the hundreds not to wait that long.

Natalie probably won't. But one thing she is sure of, she will never give up acting. Up to now she has appeared in about twenty-five pictures. "I want to be in a hundred more," she has said. "And I want to stay in movies until I can do only character roles. That will be all right with me."

Well, few of Natalie's friends agree that she will find contentment in just a career. They think she is far too feminine a girl, with too much all-out promise as a woman, not to realize eventually that she must not only live a woman's normal life, but also that it would be wise to enter the major phases of such a life, bridehood, wifehood, and motherhood early enough to assure full returns emotionally.

She knows one young couple who are ideally happy. The girl, an old playmate of Natalie's, is nineteen. The husband is twenty-one. Natalie comes to visit them, sits and watches them, studies their complete absorption with each other . . . but is not yet convinced that this is true—really true!—bliss.

Sometimes she talks to Scott Marlowe about them. But not often. Scott is a dedicated boy as far as acting is concerned. He does love to be with Natalie. And she knows this. And they have a fine time together because even if they aren't really crazy about each other, they have so many mutual interests, especially acting, which makes the bond between them pretty solid.

To understand Natalie one must understand the feelings of a young actress. For instance, some of her girl friends asked her to meet a boy they knew in high school who had begged to be introduced to her.

"He's a wonderful athlete, Natalie!" said one of the girls. "You ought to see him go over the high hurdles!"

"Yes, I know," Natalie responded. "But can he act?"

Drives boys wild

It has always been a little like that—her devotion to her career providing just the right amount of balance to keep her from becoming completely boy crazy. And, just as might be expected, this seems to drive the boys she knows wild; at least some of them have gone to extremes in their efforts to win her interest.

She was hardly twelve when she got her first presents from a boy—a watch and a ring. She thought they were just trinkets for which he had saved up. But she was wrong. When next she heard from him, it was by way of a letter from the reformatory. He had robbed a jewelry store.

At fifteen she was going steady with another boy, until the time came when she decided it was taking up too much of her life. She broke it up. A few days later the parents of the boy telephoned and asked if she would go to see him in the hospital. He had actually shot himself with a rifle, although fortunately he sustained just a flesh wound.

"Why did you do a thing like that?" Natalie asked when she reached his bedside.

"I didn't want to live without you," he replied, his tone desperate.

"It's a darn good thing you missed!" she told him.

That boy is now married and they have both laughed about the incident since.

Natalie and James Dean

It is a pretty good bet that if Jimmy Dean were alive today the list Natalie made of the boys she likes would have read differently; there are some who think that his name would have led all the rest. Natalie has refused repeatedly to comment about herself and Jimmy. But she was heard once saying that the happiest day in her life came during the filming of the picture she made with him, *Rebel Without A Cause*.

"It was when we did our love scene in the deserted house," she recalled. "It seemed to me that everything I had ever dreamed up for myself was taking place at that moment."

From Jimmy, of course, Natalie not only received romantic companionship but also professional stimulation, actor to actor, that was highly rewarding. They loved to do impersonations of other actors; Natalie's routine included take-offs on Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With The Wind*, Blanche Du Bois in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, Jo Van Fleet in *East Of Eden*, and even one of Marlon Brando.

Today she gets this sort of double return, professional as well as social, from her dating with Scott. "When I marry it will be to a man in the business I'm in," Natalie has said. "Someone who under-

stands the requirements, the hours, the necessary separations. Someone who will understand the things I mean when I am talking acting."

Well Scott is certainly highly qualified that way. He is not particularly eccentric about being a player, although appointments have actually been made for Scott to pose for magazine photographs, sometimes for Natalie and him together—and he has bluntly declined to do them.

He loves to go out with Natalie—but away from the bright spots where the columnists and gossip gatherers congregate to record the comings and goings of the stars. They do go to night clubs and smart dining spots occasionally, but only to see specific artists whom they know or in whose work they are interested and find inspiration. They went to the Interlude to see Frances Faye, for instance, to the Keyboard when Jerri Sothern was there, and they will go anywhere Harry Belafonte happens to be singing. But generally they are more apt to be found in a quiet little restaurant somewhere, or sitting together in the balcony of a movie, or maybe just window-shopping along the street on an evening, dressed very casually, and rarely recognized by anyone.

The little drama

But one night, while walking along Hollywood Boulevard, they got a little crazy and decided to present a little domestic drama right then and there, improvising as they went along, for the benefit of passers-by.

"I am tired of having you always going out with other men!" Scott cried out in ringing tones. "I want my wife to stay home!"

"And I'm tired of staying home while you go out with other women!" Natalie retorted.

And thus they kept it up while their audience, the people along the street, turned and stared at them with shocked faces.

Because Natalie is still so young, and because Scott hasn't yet got a real footing in the movies, a lot of their friends believe that their preoccupation with their individual problems will cause their romance to blow sky high.

Natalie has heard this and has even reported it to Scott—at which time they both laughed about it. And then, lately, they have come up with a sort of answer. They are working on an idea of making a picture together.

After that? Well, not long ago Natalie had a conversation with one of her studio's executives. She wanted to know if the studio was worried about her romances.

"Why should it be?" he came back. "The studio thinks romances are great."

"What if I married?" she challenged.

"The studio wouldn't care, Natalie," he replied.

"No?" she said, a bit astonished. Then, after thinking about it a little while, she added, "Oh. Well, that's different."

Exactly what she meant by the answer, still remains to be seen. **END**

Natalie will soon appear in Warner Bros.' *The Burning Hills* and *A Crime A Night*.

Christopher Morley's story, *Lincoln's Doctor's Dog*, is being adapted for TV at the Hal Roach studios. Morley wrote this story when he was starving. A publisher advised him that the surest way to get a story accepted was to make it (1) a story about Lincoln, or (2) about a dog or (3) about a doctor. Morley took no chances.

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

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john wayne's children tell all

(Continued from page 66) vintage I never heard of."

"That," said Pat, "is because basically Dad is a man's man. Now he never had any trouble with me!"

"Ha!" said Melinda. "Seems to me I heard about how you had to be taught to swim by being pushed off a pier when you were five. No wonder you grew up athletic!"

"And I'm not exactly the indoor type myself," Toni said. "A lot of choice I had, being sandwiched in between you two boys, and all those swings and trapezes and things in the back yard. And Dad always announcing, 'I want you children in Good Physical Condition!'"

"He used to roughhouse with me, too," Melinda added. "He always seemed so big. But I notice he's shorter now!"

The other kids howled. Melinda has just reached what they devoutly hope will be her full height—five-foot-seven!

"Yeah," Pat said, "but it was Mike and me Dad always took fishing, and spear fishing, and hunting—and I never noticed him teaching you girls to block, either."

"Well, it never did much good with me," Michael mourned. "It's my jinx. I had to go and get hay fever."

"It's not hay fever," Toni corrected. "It's an allergy that gives you hay fever."

"Never mind what it is. All I know is every time I got out on a grassy football field, in two minutes I couldn't see a thing."

"Poor Michael," said Melinda, giggling. "Maybe you ought to give up and be an actor like Pat."

"Oh, NO!" roared the other three in unison. Michael drew himself up. "I," he said, "am a business man."

"Anyway," Toni said, "you wouldn't stand a chance in the competition. Pat's the ham in the family."

"I'm the ham!" Pat said, indignantly. "Every time you come in from a date with Don you glide around the house like Tallulah Bankhead!"

"She's thinking about wife-hood," Melinda said. "Dad is giving her instruction."

The Duke gives lessons

Patrick sat up. "What's he telling you? I hope it's about housekeeping. I don't know where you disappear at chore time, but I never saw anyone make such a fuss about taking care of her room."

Toni laughed. "If you must know, I hide in the closet. And as I've explained to you, I'm too near-sighted to see the dust. But with Dad—it's not so much telling as—er—object lessons. Over New Years, for instance, when Mike and his girl and Dan and Don and I went to Catalina on the boat. I yelled to Don to come get his things out of the cabin so Gretchen and I could unpack. And Dad positively howled down the hatch, 'Don't you boss him or anybody else around like that!'"

"Dad's a fine one to talk," Michael commented. "For a man who's losing his hair, he sure still has his temper."

"Oh, not the way he used to," Toni said. "I remember once when the laundry starched his shirt collars, and I can still see those shirts flying down the stairs! He wouldn't do that now. I don't think!"

"Besides," commented Melinda, "if he still had a temper, you'd never get away with teasing him about it. Or ribbing him about his hair."

"You, Miss," said Pat, "are the one who insists on checking every time he comes over to see how much more has disappeared."

Melinda wasn't listening. "Remember how sore he got when I flunked math?

But after he gives you the heavy treatment, he always makes you laugh."

"Not always," Michael said. "I remember once when he didn't. Know what I mean, Toni?"

Toni nodded. "The time we deaded the duck."

That was the time Duke Wayne came home from work and got the news about the ducks. Michael and Toni were four and two respectively, and on Easter their father had given them each a pet duck. That fateful day an older boy in the neighborhood had suggested a funeral. Happily cooperating, the two Wayne youngsters had stuffed dirt down the throat of one duck and were working on the other when a maid tore into the garden and stopped the slaughter. Duke was furious when he heard about it.

"Come here!" he bellowed to the two toddlers. "What did you do today that was naughty?"

"We deaded a duck," offered Michael.

Wayne proceeded to put a large hand over each small face, shutting off their supply of air. "How do you like it?" he demanded.

When she had stopped crying, Toni offered the only argument she could think of. "But Daddy, we only killed one of them."

Feminine logic

"Dad called that," remembered Toni, "a shining example of what they call feminine logic." Regardless of how many ducks were "deaded" that day, the kids never forgot it. "Cripes, was he mad!" Michael said, thoughtfully. He thought about it for a while. "We still can't fool him about anything," he added. "He's—er—on the ball. He keeps up with the world too well."

"Oh, I don't know," Toni said. "Look how I got my car."

"I wish you'd tell me how," Melinda commented. "I've been asking for one for absolutely years. I don't know why I should be the only one in the family without wheels!"

Toni settled back against a cushion. "I will tell you how it is done," she said. "Dad asked me what I wanted for graduation and naturally I said a car. But he said I was too young and his answer was a positive no. I had all his friends working on him, but he still held out. So I said all right, if he wouldn't get it for me, I'd earn the money and buy it myself. That got him. It wasn't long before I heard via the grapevine not to make any plans, that Dad was going to give me a car."

"Well," Melinda said mournfully, "he must have caught on after he thought about it. I suppose I'll just have to wait. Anyway, I'm living proof that he doesn't spoil us, in case anyone wants to know."

Dad never pushed

"I'll say," Pat put in. "Why, the whole time I worked in that picture we made at Big Bear, I'd notice Dad watching me—but he never said beans, never gave me any advice, or tried to push me ahead." He paused. "It's funny—the way he always knows the way you want things."

"Still," Michael said, "you must admit you got your start easier than most, having Dad for a father."

"I know. I don't kid myself about that. But it has its disadvantages, too. Standing in his shadow is no cinch—you must feel that over at Batjac, too. Sometimes I'm not sure I want to go on with it."

"Now, Pat," said Melinda, "dear Pat, clever Pat—you wouldn't let such a great talent go to waste—would you, precious Pat?"

"What is this bit?" Pat demanded. "Every time I open my mouth, I get smeared with flattery. What's the object?"

The others giggled. "We're on a be-nice-to-Pat kick," Toni laughed. "A careful check of available finances has shown that you are the only one who has any."

"I don't see why," Melinda complained. "You're not the only one who has worked. I worked at Batjac during Christmas, and Toni has worked at department stores—and Michael had a paper route when he was a kid, just the way you did."

"The answer is obvious," Pat remarked. "I save. You spend. Why don't some of these boy friends I never hear anything about pay your way into the movies?"

"They do," his sister retorted. Pat smiled hopefully. "Tell me about them."

"Oh, no," Melinda said. "The only ones I tell are Toni and mother, and that's the way it's going to stay. If I told you and Michael I'd be a dead duck. A girl has to keep some things to herself, around this house, if she wants some peace."

"Why, baby," Michael said. "We wouldn't tease you. We'd give you advice and protection. We always have."

"Oh, sure," Melinda said. "Like you did that time at dancing school."

"What time?" Toni asked innocently.

"The time the kids who were supposed to be in the recital didn't show up and they made us dance for the audience. We nearly died of embarrassment, remember?"

"I begin to."

"And first you and Michael danced together, and then Pat and I had to follow you. And my dear brother had my dress caught up in back and neither of us knew it. And did you and Michael give us the high sign? No sir, not you two. You just sat out there in the audience and went into hysterics. If Dad had been there, he'd have waved or something."

"He's a gentleman"

"Dad would have laughed, too," Michael defended himself. "He's got a great sense of humor."

"He's a gentleman," Melinda said. "You can rely on him."

"True," Michael said soberly. "He's always there when you want him. That time I went camping and fell down a mountain and punctured my lung. He flew up right away. It was so great to see him there—"

Pat was thinking of something else. "Remember when we were always paired off the way we were at dancing school? Melinda and I, and Michael and Toni. Whereas now Michael and I hang out together and you two girls are thicker than thieves. Melinda's always in Toni's room, and—"

"Yeah," Melinda interrupted, grinning. "Picking up after her."

"—and now," Pat went on, "it's all ending, in a way. All of us going in separate ways. Toni getting married, and Michael becoming an executive—"

"And you becoming a millionaire," Michael put in.

"—and Melinda practically in college at Sacred Heart already—we're really not kids any more. It's funny."

"Better not let Dad hear you saying that," Toni advised. "He hates to admit that we're growing up so fast."

"It's all right," Michael said. "He's got Aissa to baby now."

They smiled at each other. "Lucky kid," Melinda said. "I wouldn't trade Dad in for any father in the world."

Pat looked around the room, stretched out his arms, and yawned. "Yeah," he agreed, happily. "I guess we all turned out not so bad at that. Goodnight, you Waynes. I'm going to bed." **END**

John Wayne will soon appear in MGM's *The Wings Of Eagles*.

DEWEY MARTIN

(Continued from page 52) years old and I've never been so happy in my life.

People ask me, is that because I've married Peggy Lee?

Well, yes and no.

I say yes, because as a man I'm experiencing the sensational feeling of having found a girl like Peggy, falling in love with her and winning her as my wife.

To be in love twenty-four hours a day, to know that Peggy loves me, well, that's—what word do you use? Sensational? Exciting? There's no word for it that I know.

But there's a separate kind of happiness I've found. It's something I had to make for myself and I'm going to give it to my marriage. And for my money it's the most important gift a man has to give to a woman.

It is not being afraid of life.

Now that was something I had to learn for myself. It had to be part of me before I married Peggy.

You've got to have Hope

I've never really talked about my life before. But, maybe now it would be a good thing for me.

I'll tell you what I've learned: Hope. You've got to have hope.

I don't remember Dad very well. I was seven when he passed away. He was a musician and had a cowboy band that used to play at dances around Katemcy, Texas, where I was born. Our family, (I had an older brother) was pretty well known in that section. My grandfather was a country doctor.

The only thing I remember about my dad was that he had a lot of friends and let me help him make beer. You couldn't buy beer then, during prohibition. Most Texans made their own. I guess Dad was a good amateur brewer because every so often he'd make a big mixture in a vat. My job was to start the beer out of the vat through a siphon hose for each bottle and I can remember everybody laughing when I'd get a mouthful of home brew.

Calamity

Dad died in 1930. Mom tried for months to keep us going on what she could earn doing laundries, and as a cleaning woman. When she saw it was useless she decided to go to Oklahoma.

My cousin came down to Texas with a trailer. We loaded all our belongings on it. Chairs, tables, clothes, dishes and Mom's most cherished possession, a big, bulky, table radio.

On the way to my cousin's farm in Oklahoma we took a detour around a washed-out road. Half-way through the by-pass, the car hit a sudden dip and suddenly, before we could do anything, the trailer turned over, toppling everything we owned into the biggest mud-hole I've ever seen. Our bundles of clothes sank like rocks.

The furniture took longer to sink and I can remember my mother crying as she watched her beloved radio slowly submerging in that great pool of muck.

It seems funny now, but it was a calamity then. The depression had set in and there were few jobs to be had. My mother knew she'd never get enough money for another radio and it was the only pleasure she had.

We saved a few personal belongings from the mud-hole and arrived in Oklahoma with not much more than the clothes on our backs.

My aunt and uncle had a fair-sized farm and there was a lot of work for me to do to earn my keep. I was only seven

but I felt a lot older. But I still believed in Santa Claus.

Two days before Christmas my mom took me aside and did her best to explain that there just wasn't any Santa Claus for poor people.

My vision of a beautiful pair of leather cowboy boots for Christmas melted to nothing. I was too shocked to cry and besides my mom told me that, with my father gone, I was the man in the family.

I was too young to understand thoroughly what my mother meant by that, but I got a back-breaking example a few months later. Mom got a job picking cotton. I begged her to take me along.

In the fields all nature seems to be against you. The sun beats down like a blow-torch on your body. Insects attack your bare skin. The cotton grows low and you have to bend to pick it. At the end of an hour your back muscles are screaming to relax, but they're so full of cramps you can't stand up straight. In the meantime, you find that as you pick the cotton the scraggy leaves and stems of the bush have laced your hands and finger tips with a thousand little cuts and every ball of cotton you pick is a movement of pain.

In early afternoon, just when you feel you can bear it no longer, things get worse. The sun is hotter, the insects are more numerous, and the cuts on your hands go deeper. By sundown you're nothing but an exhausted lump of humanity.

Finish what you start

I wanted to quit a hundred times that day, but Mom wouldn't let me.

When we finished we stood in a silent line of grim-faced people dragging our long burlap bags of cotton, waiting for the foreman to weigh them. Ten hours of excruciating labor and Mom got paid one dollar and seventeen cents. Mom said, "I just couldn't let you quit, son. You might as well learn while you're a young one that a man's got to finish what he starts." She cried and put her arms around me.

I went to bed early that night only a day older, but ten years wiser. I didn't know how to spell it, but I knew better than any kid my age what the word responsibility stood for.

The next day Mom said she was taking me to school. I'd heard about school and teachers and didn't like the idea at all, so I started to sulk.

Mom was patient for a few minutes. Then she said, "Would you rather pick cotton?"

I went to school.

The teacher told me I could get into the third grade if I learned the multiplication table in a week. I failed at that, so I went into second grade.

One morning in the school yard one of the boys, unknown to me, knelt down behind my legs. Another one walked up to me and pushed. I toppled over the kneeling kid and that started it. I got angry and jammed my knuckles into the nearest eye.

In their fists these kids held short sticks. And each end that protruded from the sides was sharpened to a point.

Ten minutes at their mercy and I was bloody from the holes they had punched in my skin. They left me on the ground. The teacher found me and brought me home.

Revenge

For days I planned my revenge. My chief object was to get the leader of the gang by himself. I finally cornered him late one afternoon. I was scared to death as I faced him, in the corner of the school yard. He was frightened, too. Then he ran by me toward the play-swings. As he ran ahead of me he grabbed a swing,

took it a few feet with him, and then shoved it back at me.

The swing seat was thick, heavy wood and it caught me on the head, just at the hair line. I still have the scars.

After the doctor sewed it up I went back to school. None of the older guys bothered me any more.

When I was twelve I got mixed up with some kids who were making money stealing pigeons. There are a lot of pigeon fanciers in Oklahoma. We'd steal the birds in burlap bags and sell them.

I told Mom I was working after school, to explain the money. But one night she asked me questions about my "job." I broke down and admitted everything. Mom looked at me as if I had cursed at her. I never felt so ashamed in my life.

The next morning, I sneaked into the back yard of the kid who kept all the stolen birds. I got to the roost and opened all the doors. They flew home.

A shootin' feud

Then Mom took me to Alabama where she got a job in a grocery store. At the school there I made friends with a boy of fourteen. The other kids wouldn't go near him and no one told me why. We got along fine until one day we were walking down the main street of the town. I heard a shot and the kid grabbed his shoulder and fell over. The street was suddenly a bedlam with policemen and excited people. They took my friend away in an ambulance.

A man with a sheriff's badge said to me, "You're a dang fool, kid, and danged lucky. Your buddy's family is havin' a feud with the Hokisons. They're shootin' each other up all the time. Go home!"

When I was fourteen Mom said she had saved enough to get to Long Beach, California where a relative was holding a job for her as a saleswoman.

On the West Coast things were booming. The depression was about over and in a month I had three jobs. I went to junior high, washed floors in two restaurants and sold newspapers. The beanery jobs gave me meals, the papers cash.

One afternoon while selling final editions, a Navy flier bought a paper. That wonderful green uniform he wore hit me like a beautiful bolt of lightning. In that instant my mind was made up. I wanted to be a Navy flier.

Day after day the desire got stronger and the ambition to pilot planes burned like a hot coal in my chest. I wrote the Navy Department in Washington and found that to get Navy wings you had to go through the Naval Academy. For three years I studied and saved for college. At the end of two years I had plenty of learning for my age, but no money and no chance for an appointment which was tough to get.

I enlisted in the Navy early in 1941 after I heard that sailors could take competitive examinations for the Academy. Too late I learned that I'd have to serve a year as an apprentice seaman before I could take the tests.

I spent that year as near to planes as possible, as a metalsmith, and wound up in Oklahoma, as an instructor.

When the war came the Navy put on a big drive for pilots. My commanding officer told me that I'd now have a chance to take my pilot's exams. But, he added, there were only 200 openings and about 80,000 enlisted men were taking the tests.

No Santa Claus

I could hear my heart drop. Mom was right. There just wasn't any Santa Claus. Nevertheless, I took the tests.

And the result was the first real break the world ever gave me. I made the 200.

Then the Navy sent me to the University of Georgia. The other guys in the program and I took four years of college in

eighteen straight months of study.

After another six months of pilot training I joined Admiral Halsey's Task Force 58. I flew Grumann fighter planes for two years.

When the war was over I was just another sailor wondering what I was going to do with the rest of my life. I was at loose ends so I went to Arizona where I punched cows.

One night my landlady kiddingly suggested that I might enjoy acting in a little theater group that had been organized in Phoenix.

Out of pure boredom I joined the group. And the instant I walked onto that dinky little stage I knew that I wanted to be an actor. I told the woman in charge I wanted to be a professional. Reluctantly, but kindly, the woman gave me the addresses of twenty-eight schools for drama, all located in New England.

I wrote letters to every one of them. A week later I got the replies, all discouraging, except one from Ogunquit, Maine. The letter was signed by Maude Hartwig, who later was a tremendous help to me. She suggested I come to Maine and study under the GI bill.

To Maine

I sold my jalopy and had just enough bus fare. I traveled four days and arrived in Maine without a dime. I talked a nice old lady into letting me have a closet-sized room in her boarding house. It was in the attic and had a bed and a table and one light. I'm not tall, but I could barely stand in the room.

At Ogunquit I did everything. Built sets, painted them, swept the floor, acted as ticket-taker and moved scenery. I did everything but act!

A month later Miss Hartwig said I could have a small part in a play called *The Distaff Side*.

Opening night was a fiasco. I forgot most of my lines, didn't know up-stage from down-stage, got mixed up on entrances and exits, stumbled over scenery and in the third act became paralyzed.

After the show somebody said a talent scout from Columbia Pictures, a woman, had been out front and wanted to see me. I thought it was a joke. But she told me that if I could get to Hollywood she'd see that I got a screen test.

That same night I talked to a veteran drama instructor at the school.

He said, "Dewey, maybe you've got talent, maybe you haven't, but right now you don't know anything about acting."

I called the woman from Columbia next morning and said I didn't think I was prepared.

I stayed another year at the school and then went to New York.

In the big city I played a few minor roles on Broadway.

Then I operated an elevator in an apartment building to earn money for food.

Finally I heard about a drama group in Hollywood that was supposed to welcome new actors. I wrote them a letter. They replied, "Don't come to Hollywood!"

So I came to Hollywood.

"Go home," young man

In Hollywood I got a job as an usher at the CBS studios.

I worked mostly at night. During the day I tramped from one agent to another. Most of them wouldn't even see me. Those who did told me to go back to Oklahoma.

Finally one agent got me a part in *Knock On Any Door*. I played a young hoodlum. In a wave of foolish over-confidence I quit my job at CBS. After two weeks work in the picture, I was unemployed again. (Continued on page 91)

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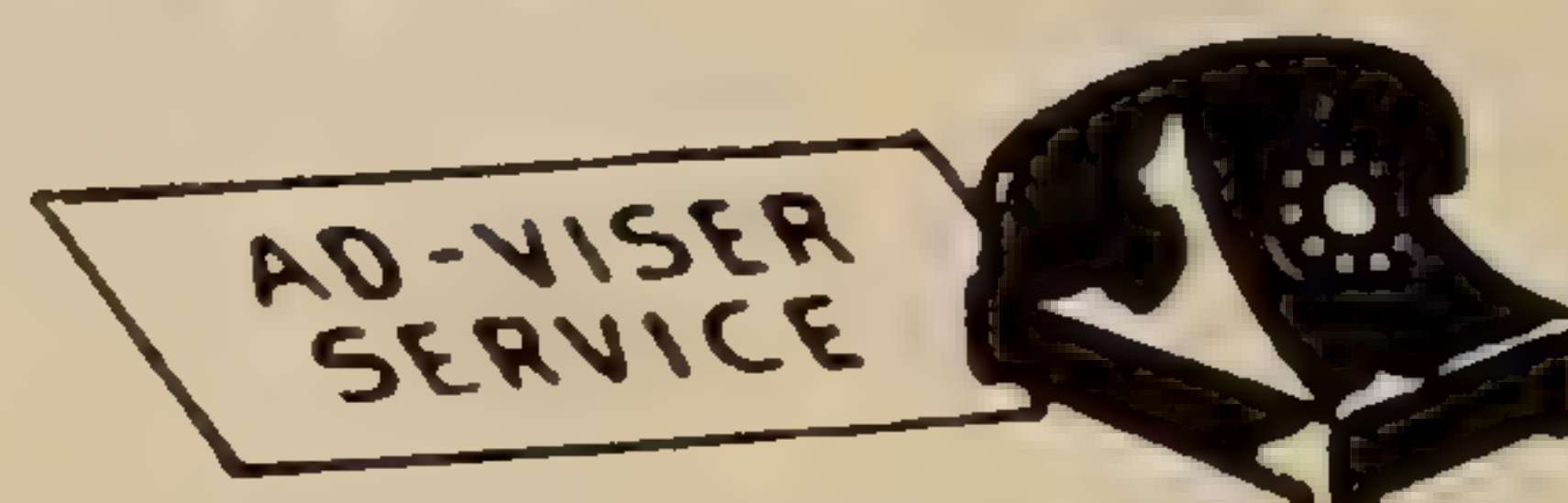
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H. W. Gossard Co. Page 23
Peters Shoe Co. Page 33
Hollywood-Maxwell Co. Page 85
Post Graduate School of Nursing Inside back cover
Vaisey-Bristol Shoe Co. Back cover

(Continued from page 89)

Then I got in the May Company department store as a package wrapper.

James Dunn had lost one of his important actors in his picture, *The Golden Gloves Story*. He had thumbed through Actors' Guide, saw my picture and was reminded of my part in *Knock*.

The money I scraped together to get in Actors' Guide was a good investment. Jimmy got to me at the May Company at 5 p.m.

At seven the next morning I was in Chicago. At eight I had a script. At nine I was before the cameras.

I hoarded the money from *Golden Gloves*. I lived for months on it and finally, after a lot of unsuccessful screen tests, Howard Hawks chose me for a big role in *The Big Sky*. When the picture was through, he signed me to an exclusive contract, with steady money every week.

Shortly after I completed *Big Sky*, I went to Sun Valley on a magazine story. I met Mardie Havelhurst, there. She was an Oregon State co-ed model.

A few months later we got married.

It didn't work. In a year we weren't happy any more. The reason? I don't know and I don't think Mardie did. But it was pointless to stay unhappy, whatever the cause. We got divorced.

After that I made six movies.

Then I got to play the young criminal in *Desperate Hours*.

Can you imagine acting with two Academy Award players? Frederic March and Humphrey Bogart!

Now I'm in *The Proud And The Profane*, with William Holden and Deborah Kerr.

Actors like Bogart and Holden and Miss Kerr are the best friends I have. And a man like director George Seaton makes you glad you decided to be an actor.

"Peggy and I"

Now all the other problems are working themselves out. We'll spend a lot of time together, Peggy and I. Peggy took care of that beautifully. She simply cancelled all her professional appearances for the next three months to be with me on location shooting in Utah.

A lot of Hollywood producers have been wanting her since she got the "most promising actress" award in the Audience Award Polls last year.

But she hasn't promised a thing to anyone except me and that was love, honor and obey.

You remember those beautiful cowboy boots I dreamed of and never got for Christmas when I was a kid? Well, I finally got them a few weeks ago. On the front of each one are my initials, D-M, in white leather. Peggy took one look at them. Now she calls me "Dewm-Dewm."

We're going to have a good life together. I'll tell you something else. I'm too happy to talk about myself any more.

You see that ship out there?

It's a freighter, you can tell by the dips in its silhouette, fore and aft. Ten-thousand tons, about. It's packed with crates, bags, cars and people. A few passengers, but mostly crew. But, traveler or sailor, every one of those people has a head full of dreams. Some little, some big. We're all that way, I guess.

I guess I'm sounding like a corny poet. But it's true. Every one of those people out there on that horizon are strangers to me, but the way I'm feeling I find myself wishing hard for them, hoping they all find what they're searching for.

Nothing's too tough for a guy with hope.

END

Dewey can currently be seen in Paramount's *The Proud And The Profane*.



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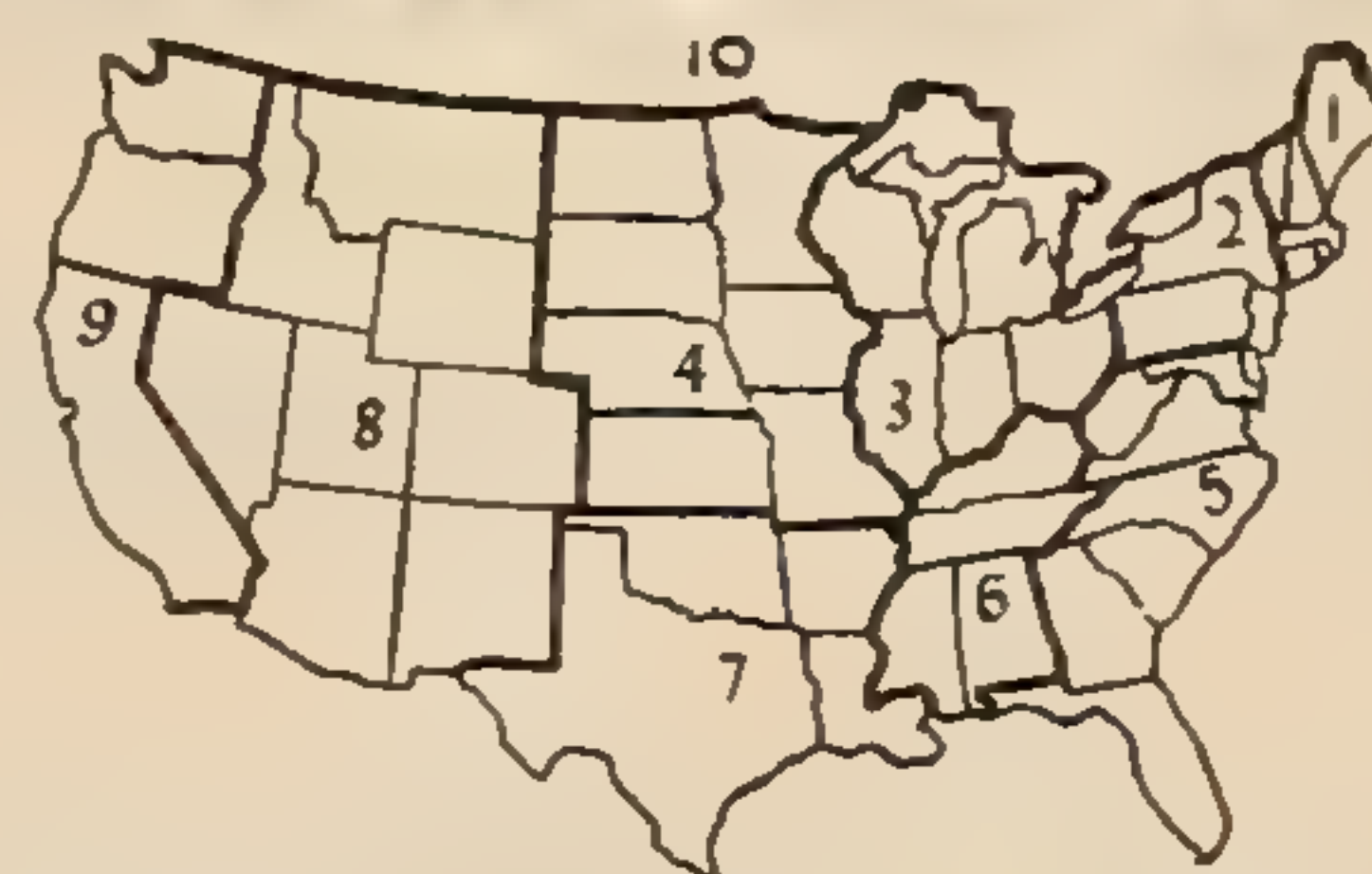
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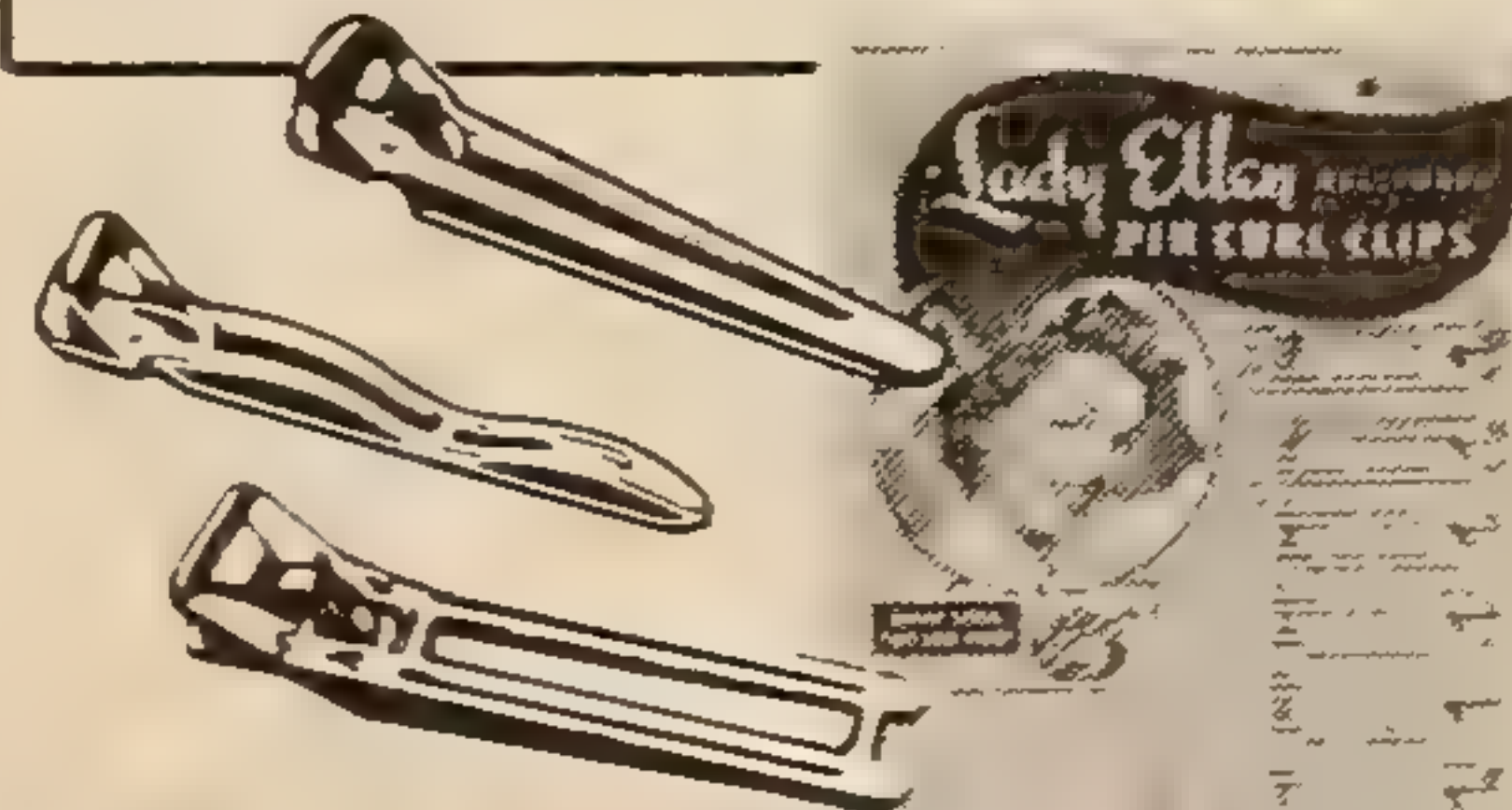
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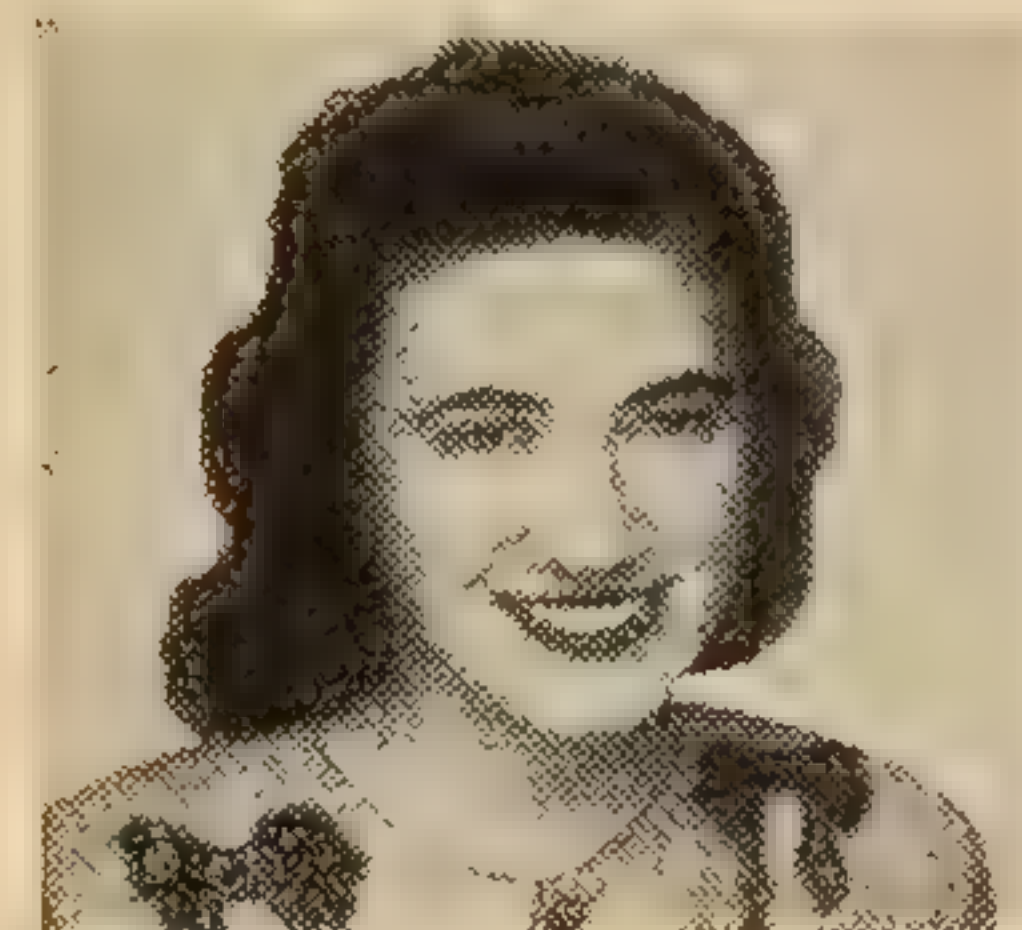
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how to get to hollywood

RITA MORENO

(Continued from page 53) Puerto Ricans living in New York, many in complete hopelessness, and we were among those who suffered badly. When my mother brought me—a four year old—from the town of Humacao in Puerto Rico to the United States, she supported us by her work as a seamstress. She made shirts then. I don't know how much she was paid but it was low enough so that she used to complain bitterly about getting so little for them.

I was far from a help; to tell the truth I had a miserable time at the start. I was sickly, I couldn't speak a word of English, and I felt like a stranger lost in a huge, friendless city.

I remember that on my first day in New York I came down with chicken pox and was taken away from my mother in an ambulance; frightened to death, convinced the devil or worse had me. (You don't go to the hospital with chicken pox ordinarily, but this apparently was Board of Health policy with cases in areas as congested as ours.)

They put me in a large ward and there I lay, jabbering away in Spanish and understood by no one, as far as I knew, until I noticed a little boy of my age across the way. I could tell he was a Latin and that he talked Spanish—and I was right. But it did me no good. He didn't like girls and he wouldn't speak to me.

I learned my first two English phrases in that ward. I learned to yell at the boy: "Hey, you!" And I learned what he meant when he yelled back: "Shut up!"

I shut up. Lying there on my little hospital cot I began dreaming my way into a better life. I mean that I sensed when they washed me and treated me, that I was getting tender care, with sometimes love behind it; and that there was a goodness involved, a large goodness, in the hospital, in the city in which it stood, and in the country around it. And I felt that one could become part of it all if one wished.

The wish was important

I wished. Hard. And, don't worry, I am not going to make this into a fairy story. Wishing didn't get it all for me. What I look like, what talent I have, what luck came my way—all this has helped. But at that time I had no looks—I was skinny, just a stick with black beans for eyes; I had not so much talent as urge, and my luck was always lousy.

So the wish was important. It's always important. The wish made me go to my mother and beg to be taught something—to be taught something even before I started school the next year when I would be five. "I want to learn," I cried.

"Learn what?" asked my mother, spreading her hands wide apart. "What could a little thing like you want to learn?"

I thought of what I liked and the answer was simple. There was something I liked more than anything else. To dance. And dancing was something my mother must have understood too, I guess. Because if I had said something else, she might have done nothing. But I wanted to dance, and she wanted me to dance. So she worked the harder and sent me to the best teacher we knew, Paco Cansino.

It is funny, but just to be learning something is in itself a thing of hope. I walked around my city as before. It was the same city. But now different to me because I was becoming something—a dancer. Did the people know, I wondered, as they

passed me? And that's what hope is: same city, different girl; same poverty, but you can't see it for the dreams you're wrapped in.

I learned to use my dreams for excitement in those days. I would go into the five-and-ten, walk and look around, and tell myself I could have anything I wanted. Sometimes I would overdo it; suddenly I would know I couldn't have anything, and I would burst into tears and run out of the store. What I am trying to say is that I didn't completely escape the misery of poverty. But I wasn't beaten by it.

When I was five years old there were two important events in my life. I danced publicly for the first time in a Greenwich Village cafe (with Paco), and my mother entered me in kindergarten at P.S. 132. The dance was a success. People laughed and applauded. The school episode didn't start off so well. I was frightened and refused to stay in class without my mother when she wanted to leave.

"All right," she said to me in Spanish. "You wait here while I go and get some gum. Then I'll be right back."

I waited, and after a while knew that something was wrong, that she wasn't returning. And I was ready to cry, I guess, when something extraordinary happened. The teacher went to the piano, began playing, and we children danced.

I forgot all about my mother and the gum, and joined the dancing. So this was school in New York! I had never imagined anything so wonderful.

That night I insisted on sleeping with my clothes on so as not to be late for class. My mother scolded. My aunt and cousins also raised a fuss. But they made no impression on me. They weren't even in my world.

I mean I was still in the midst of awful drabness. But if I have told this right, you will see how I was also far, far, out of it!

"Look at that little one!" my aunt used to say. "Where is she? Not here!"

And I wasn't.

Danced for health

I don't want to say things as if they are facts when I am not sure that they are, so I will just give some opinions here. I had anemia when I was a child and I think I was cured by dancing. I think that dancing is more than just exercise, I think it restores health and brings beauty. I think that if a girl is going to be shapely she'll be more shapely if she dances a lot. And if a girl has a tendency not to be shapely I think she might still get a nice form by dancing herself into one.

For all those years I've never stopped dancing.

That time when I danced in Greenwich Village at the age of five was just a lark to please my teacher, Paco. My debut as a "professional" came at the age of nine. The daughter of Jewish neighbors whom I knew was going to sing at a Bar Mizvah, celebrating the thirteenth birthday of her younger brother.

"You come too and dance for them," said the girl. "They would love it."

My mother made me a fruit salad of a hat and I did an impression of Carmen Miranda. They did love it. And they made me join them in a Hebrew dance they did, the Hora, with everyone joining hands and revolving in a circle. And afterwards they paid me five dollars—and I was no longer an amateur! All the way home I floated. And there I sat and looked around at our meager quarters and thought to myself, "I'm on the way."

I didn't so much mean that I was on my way some place as that I was on my way out of there. At any time in my youth I could have accepted what I was, where I was, and let myself sink there. But I didn't. Life put its finger on me many times and

pushed me under but I slipped aside and bobbed up again. Getting on the stage or into the movies were constant thoughts in my mind, but never possessed me as much as the simple desire to improve myself so I could live as I knew people should—humanly and decently. It meant work—and I worked.

The big chance

After the Bar Mizvah I began dancing in a little theatre in Macy's department store, doing routines after school and on weekends. After three years Paco and I figured out that I had performed 770 times. But I did more work than that. My Macy's dancing got me into early television—experimental tv for Dumont Network and others. I never got paid either; they used to tell me that it was my big chance because only producers could afford television sets those days and I was sure to be seen by someone important.

Maybe they fooled me but I don't think I worried about it much then. The big thing was that I was getting noticed. An agent came to see me and to handle my engagements. Places where I had danced sent for me to come back. I was cast in a Broadway play *Skydrift* (which ran a week). One day my agent took me to see Elizabeth Taylor in *National Velvet* and afterwards made a recording of my translation into Spanish of four of Elizabeth's lines from the picture. The next thing I know I had been taken to see Carlos Montelban (brother of Ricardo) who was in charge of dubbing American pictures into Spanish for MGM productions. "How would you like to be Elizabeth Taylor's voice whenever her pictures play in Spanish-speaking countries?" he asked. You know what my reply was. And from then on Elizabeth Taylor, or maybe Margaret O'Brien or Peggy Ann

Garner would be the actresses Spanish fans would see, but it was my voice they would hear speaking for these stars. And finally I began making records of radio commercials in Spanish.

I can remember thinking to myself then: "I am thirteen years old and I am a somebody." I don't think that people should go around being proud, but it isn't wrong to be proud enough—to be proud to the point of being able to feel, "I am this." No one should feel that she is nothing.

Mr. Law steps in

It wasn't always success with me. When I was fifteen I began having a bad time. There didn't seem to be much work and when I did get it, I did badly. I got a week's work in a big night club in Manhattan, Leon and Eddie's, and they just didn't like my dancing. I did Classic Flamenco. They wanted modern. This made me just want to learn that much more.

One weekend I got a job in a small Bronx night club, being offered \$20 for Saturday and Sunday. I was just getting ready to go on and do my dance for the second show Saturday night when the owner of the place suddenly grabbed me, sat me at a table, and threw a fur coat around me. "Act like a patron!" he hissed. And then I saw what was wrong. A police officer had entered the place and was looking at me. In New York you cannot work in night clubs if you are a minor, and I was only sixteen. I put on my "twenty-one-year-old look" but I didn't fool Mr. Law. He sent me home.

Finally, I was so desperate that I took a step I hated—I started to go to secretarial school. I paid \$30 for a six week course, but quit in three weeks to take another dancing job when it was offered to me. I had learned to type fairly well and even had a smattering of shorthand, but I al-

ready knew that it was dancing which was going to make the big difference in my life.

"We're free"

Actually I didn't get to leave that one room where I had spent most of my life until I was eighteen years old. One afternoon at that time I came home and showed my mother some papers I had.

"What is it?" she asked in some alarm. I guess I sat down and cried. "It is our freedom! We can get out of here." I hurried to add, before she got the idea that she was being dispossessed, "A movie contract, Mom! We're going to California!"

How had it happened? Simply. Without drama. I had been in another play, *Signor Chicago*, with Guy Kibbee. It wasn't a big hit and we all knew it wasn't going to run long. But it turned out to be a big success for me. Someone saw me; someone came to talk to me for two hours about the sort of roles I might be able to fill in Hollywood, and that someone signed me. His name was Louis B. Mayer and it was at the studio he headed then, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, that I started.

Now, six years and fourteen pictures later, I am at 20th Century-Fox Studios, getting my biggest chance, with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner, in the movie version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical play, *The King And I*.

I don't know whether I will become a big star. Believe me, this is not important. I only have to remember how harsh and mean life can be, and I'm willing to settle for much less than stardom. For just ordinary happiness, for instance.

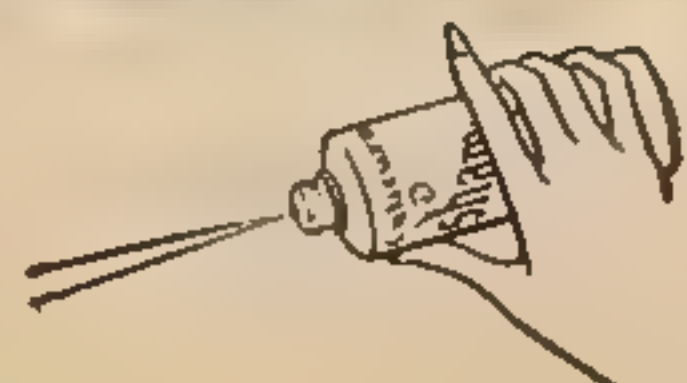
What I want most to say is that I have escaped. That's what I would have liked to tell those people who live in the same room we had. That alone is worth it all.

Rita can currently be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film *The King And I*. **END**

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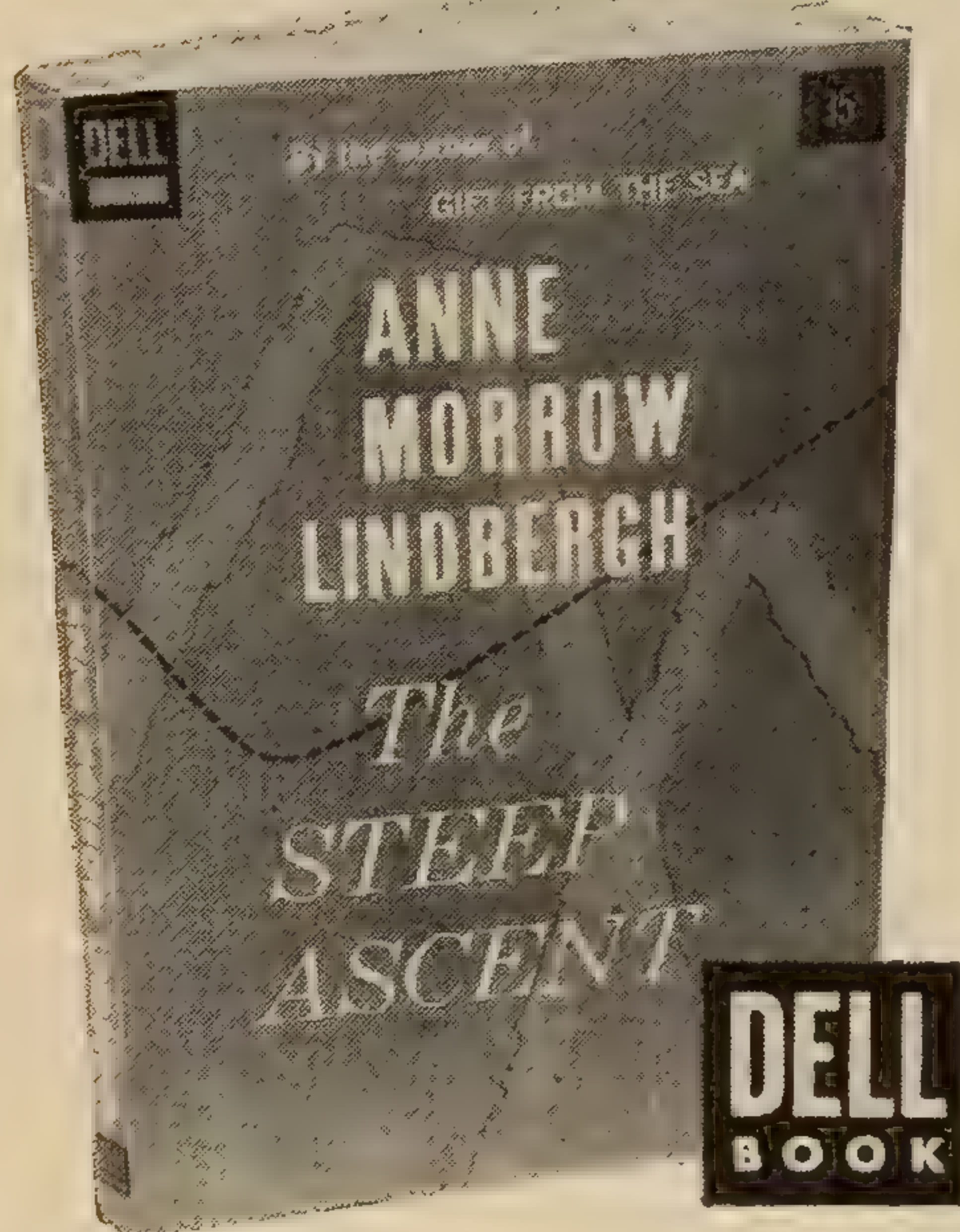


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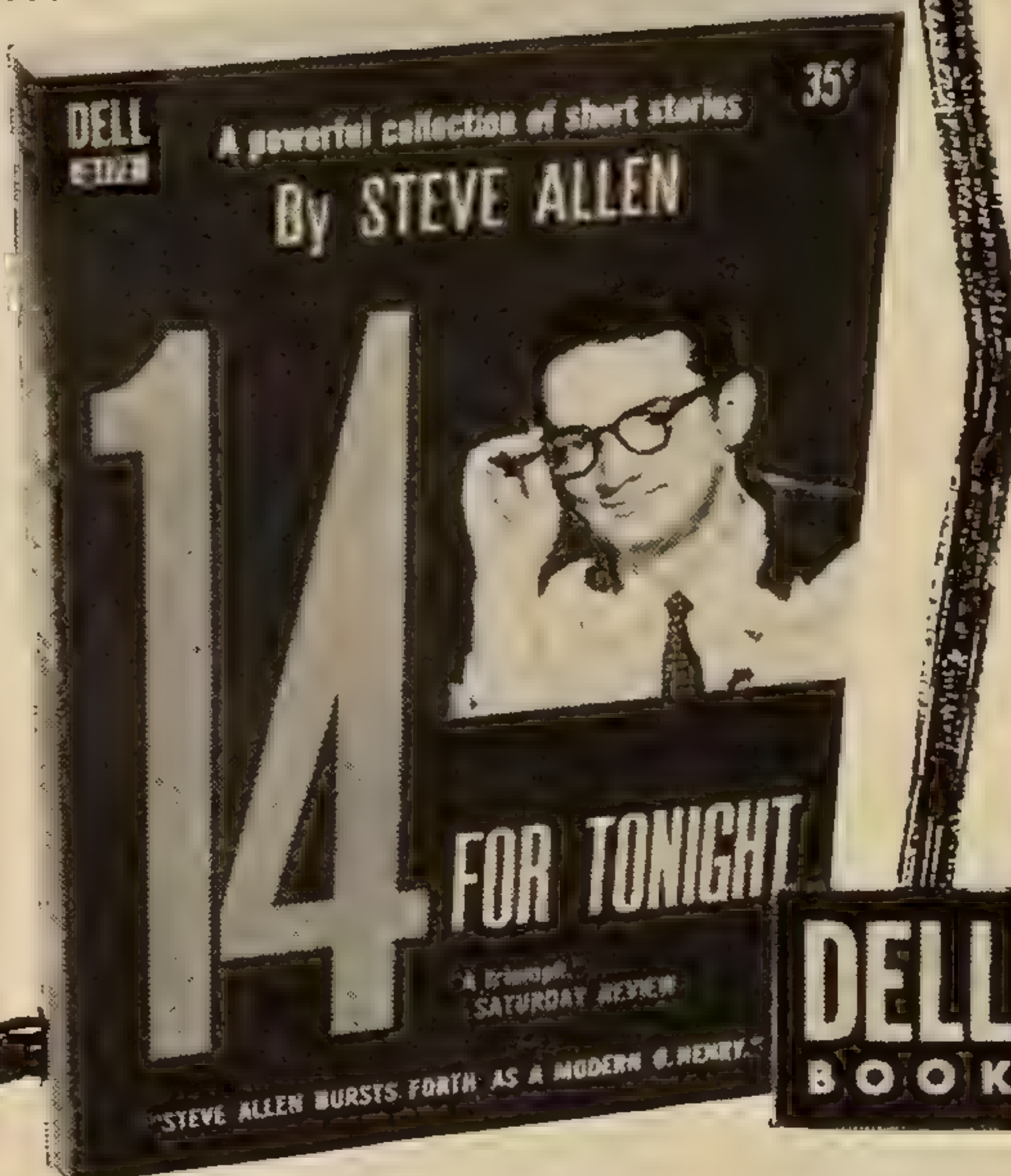
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how esther has changed

(Continued from page 47) first where Esther Williams is concerned. A top agent called her on the phone one evening several years ago and launched into a business discussion. He had the feeling that he wasn't getting the message across, a feeling that was confirmed when Esther suddenly broke off with, "I'm sorry, I've got to go. Benjie has a loose tooth," and hung up. A small boy's loose tooth was more important to her than a great deal of money. It's part of Esther's basic charm that she can cope with Hollywood's hardest-headed businessmen on the phone while standing there with a runny-nosed child under her arm.

Yet the soft, sentimental side of Esther Williams is reflected in one of her last acts while at MGM. "It's funny," Esther says, "but a few months before I had even thought of trying to get my release from the studio I suddenly had a terrible urge to re-decorate my dressing room. So I did—all white and movie-starrish. Yet I knew even while I was doing it that I'd never use it. I hope Debbie Reynolds gets it. She's a nice kid. All I was doing was what every woman does when she realizes she's going to leave. She house-cleans. She wants to leave everything neat and tidy behind her."

Fame, Esther realized suddenly in the summer of 1955 meant little or nothing any more. What counted now was that she could work for fun and, more important, that she and Ben could work together.

"I had never realized it before," she explains, "but all the time I had been in pictures I had never had to lean on Ben. I do now. We're a team and he's my husband and I lean on him but good. Fortunately, he's big enough. And in more ways than one."

What were the plans with which the confident Esther was going to launch her "new" career? And how did she intend to reconcile these plans with the bringing up of her three children?

"Easy," says Esther, who swims twenty-five laps a day, every day, and to whom the word impossible is as a light cold to a pneumonia specialist. "I'm going to spend just as much time with the children now as I ever did, if not more. And when I'm with my children, I'm with them."

Esther isn't just phrase-making. Several years ago, when Benjie and Kimmie were younger and a good deal lighter than they are now, the four Gages were having dinner at a small desert resort where they were spending a weekend. Benjie and Kimmie, being children, started to act up at the table. When the usual parental warning signals failed to register, Esther simply picked them up, one under each arm, and marched out of the dining room. She kept on marching, right up to their room, sat them down, ordered their dinners sent up and stood a pleasant but firm guard over them until they had finished.

The plans? The big one didn't really begin to materialize until the week Esther made her first television appearance as a guest star on Milton Berle's first show of the 1955-56 season. She already had enough things going for her to keep her financially solvent for the rest of her life. What she wanted now was some fun, something she could throw herself into with the same kind of fresh enthusiasm that took her so quickly to the top of the movie heap. She found it on the Berle show.

"NBC had built a swimming tank for the show," she explains. "I had seen swimming tanks before. Practically lived in them, in fact. But this one, for some

reason, made something click in my mind."

The click resulted in the Esther Williams Aqua-Spectacle of 1956, a title which suggests—and correctly—that there will be an Esther Williams Aqua-Spectacle of 1957, and no doubt 1958 and 1959. Fully financed by NBC (in return for four Esther Williams tv shows over a period of two years plus a share in the Aqua-Spectacle profits) it opened in London July 30, on NBC-tv September 29 and then took off on a cross-country tour that will last into March or April of next year.

"Oh, great," was her friends' reaction to this brain child. "And what are you going to do about the kids?"

"Why," said Esther, "we'll take them with us. What else?"

Last April, with all the tentative plans for the Aqua-Spectacle beginning to fall into place, Ben flew to London to iron out all the practical details for the July 30 opening. Why London? "Because," said Esther, whose business head is the despairing envy of every young starlet in Hollywood, "it costs a lot less to put such a show together in England than it does here. Furthermore, it will be thoroughly broken in before we bring it back for the tv show—and not a soul in the United States will have seen it."

Details. Ben rented an eight-bedroom house in St. John's Woods, the Bel Air of London. Esther arranged for a young Swiss girl to serve as a tutor for Benjie and Kimmie. Jane Boyd, the children's nurse for the past four and a half years, was promoted to Esther's maid. ("That was Ben's idea," Esther grumbles. "I don't need a maid.")

Monday, June 18—boom! Everybody back to work. Benjie and Kimmie pored excitedly over a new geography book, soaking up everything their young minds could absorb about England.

"How do you feel about going abroad?" Benjie was asked.

"We're not going abroad," he announced firmly. "We're going to London." It was a difference every Englishman appreciated hugely.

Right in the middle of everything, just two weeks before they were scheduled to leave, death struck.

Al Scarcella, Esther's and Ben's long-time business associate and close family friend, was burned to death in a tragic accident. Esther turned to her children. "Uncle Al has gone to heaven," she told them gently. "It's a long trip and he'll be gone a long, long while. So we must pray for him. You see, Uncle Al has died. So we will pray for him, and that's the way you will talk to him."

Benjie thought for a moment. "But you'll have to tell us *how* to talk to Uncle Al," he said finally.

Esther drew deep on her thirty-two years of living and explained it to him.

"Gee," said Benjie, "you said it just right, Mom. I couldn't do better than that. G'night." And he went comfortably off to sleep.

A few days later, little Susie looked up trustingly at a visitor. "Uncle Al died," she said, solemnly but matter-of-factly.

"I know, dear," said the visitor.

"I love Uncle Al," Susie went on.

"Of course you do."

"I like you, too."

Children can be so wise.

Life goes on, and Esther and Ben and their children go with it. There is nothing like work. Of that, they had plenty. The children went off to London first, by plane, Jane Boyd sheltering them like a mother duck. "Mommie being interviewed and photographed on arrival," Esther explains, "is sometimes a little wearing for the kids. Too, they can get all settled without all the business people



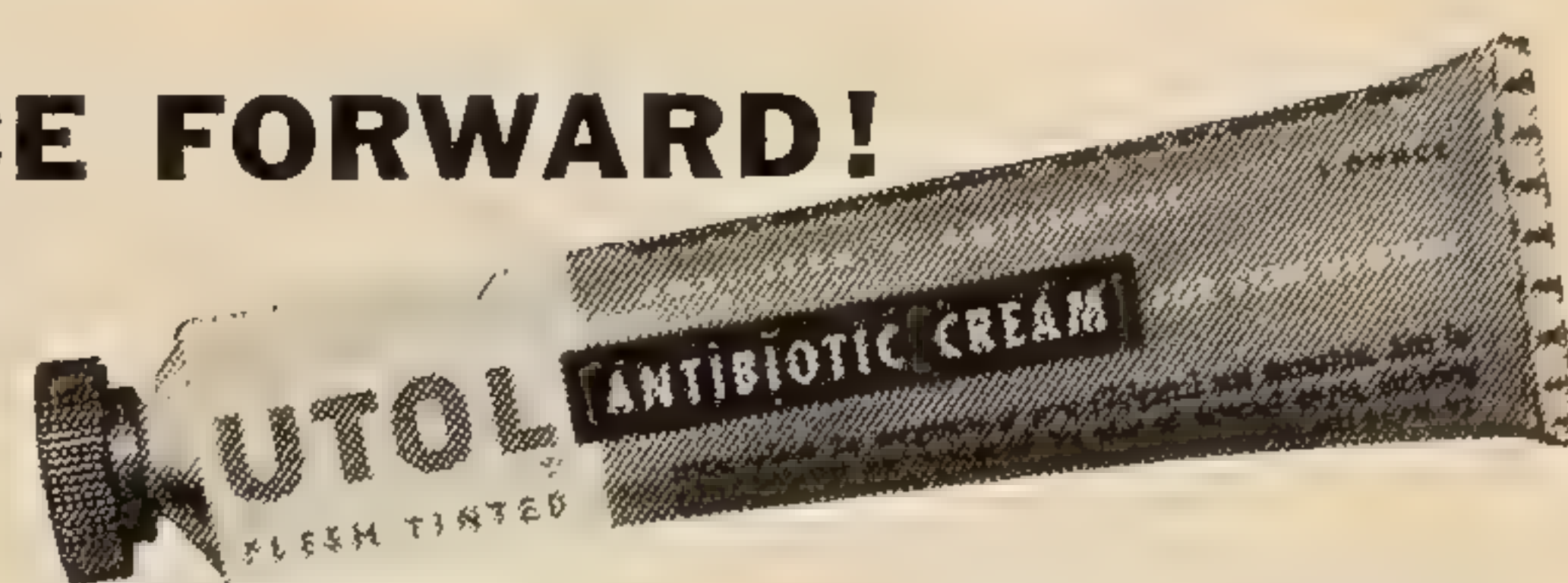
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around. They were met by a parade, and they were paraded all the way to Wembley. They love parades!"

London, Esther predicted on a warm, bright day in June, was going to be a ball. "The kids are going to summer school without even knowing it," she said happily. "And once the opening is out of the way and the show has settled down, I'll be with them more than I've ever been. We're going to do the whole tourist bit together—Tower of London, Buckingham Palace, the changing of the guard, the London Zoo—everything."

The tour will cover from twenty to twenty-five cities depending on how the schedule works out, with a maximum of six days in each city. And it also calls for two identical 180,000-gallon portable swimming tanks. "We work in one and send the other on ahead to the next city to be set up," Esther explains. "We'll play

in arenas because the tanks, when they're filled with water, are just too heavy for anything but the solid ground. If we went into a building with a basement underneath the door, we'd wind up in the basement. That's why we can't play New York City. Not even Madison Square Garden could hold that tank up."

Esther gets time off for a Christmas vacation ("That's probably when we'll take the kids home for good."), but the vacation ends abruptly in late December, when the show is scheduled to open in Chicago.

Chicago or no Chicago, it will be a typical Gage Christmas. The big farm house will be overflowing with relatives and toys and Esther may even have time to sit down for a minute and look back. Which is not something she often does. "The past is the past," she likes to say. "It's the momentum and enthusiasm of new ventures that counts."

END

marilyn monroe

(Continued from page 43) She doesn't give false rumors a shrug of her famed shoulders. Marilyn can and has taken anything and everything but public prying into things that really matter in her life.

And the only man who mattered all along was Arthur Miller!

I, for one, am not surprised that Marilyn has fallen in love with a man of Miller's type. She worships knowledge and brilliance—and even those among Miller's friends who are disturbed by this rebel with his own cause for his liberal thinking and daring playwrighting, cannot deny his brilliance.

Once, when she was laughing with me over the silly linking of her name with Joseph Schenck, beloved elder statesman of Hollywood who has befriended and advised Marilyn from the start of her career, she said: "I could love Joe for his wisdom and kindness alone. He looks on me as a child. I treasure his knowledge so much I could sit at his knee like a child." That's the way this girl, who has had practically no education, feels about men of knowledge.

How it started

It is far more puzzling to Miller's few intimates that despite her beauty and fame, and practically in the face of her sensational publicity, the introspective playwright should have fallen for Marilyn.

How did it all start? As neither Marilyn nor Miller will talk, we can go by only the out-and-out facts.

'Tis said they met several years ago, introduced by Elia Kazan, on one of Marilyn's infrequent trips to New York. No spark ignited at that time.

Miller was best known as a young intellectual, content to be recognized solely by his brooding and controversial work, *Death Of A Salesman* (which won him the Pulitzer prize) and other plays—and a man who kept his private life very much in the background.

He had married Mary Grace Slattery after both were graduated from the University of Michigan. The serious minded Miller came of a studious Jewish family and his college sweetheart was Irish.

Success came to him early after the Millers came to New York. They lived in a brownstone house in Brooklyn which looked exactly like all the others on the same block.

But as Arthur made his mark, the old brownstone was beautifully decorated and redecorated inside, boasting many art treasures including original Picassos.

Mary Miller never cared about the social life of the theatre. A charming woman, she seldom ventured into the Broadway world of her husband except to attend the first nights of his controversial plays, preferring to be just a housewife and mother of their two children.

Although he is not actively identified with the Actors Studio, the dramatic alma mater of such stars as Marlon Brando and the late James Dean, Miller is very interested in the work of the students and is a friend of Elia Kazan, a guiding factor at the drama school. After Marilyn enrolled at the Studio, it is not too hard to deduce that she met Miller during the months when she was "just a student, striving to improve myself in my work."

At this time, Arthur was readying his new play, *View From The Bridge*, starring Van Heflin and J. Carrol Naish. It was a bit of a jolt to the cast and crew when Marilyn (of all people!) started attending the first rehearsals, sitting by herself in the darkened theatre and quietly watching the performers go through their paces.

She was never actually seen in Miller's company entering or leaving the rehearsals. She was just there.

False rumors began

In fact, Marilyn came so often to rehearsals that the talk got around that she had a "crush" on Van Heflin, the film star from Hollywood returning to his first love, the stage, after many years in movies! (That's how far off the gossip was at this point.) Marilyn and Van barely knew one another to nod to.

Now, another interesting development took place. Marilyn and Arthur started appearing at the same social events in New York, but again they arrived and departed separately. This was becoming almost too much coincidence. Talk linking their names quietly started.

It broke into full volume when *View From The Bridge* opened in New Haven for its out-of-town tryout. Marilyn was very much present. For the first time, Mrs. Miller was not in the audience at her husband's "first night."

This was the first definite tip-off that the Millers had come to a real parting of the ways, a fact later borne out by Arthur's admission that he was leaving for Reno where he would seek a "friendly" divorce from his wife.

About this time, Marilyn returned to Hollywood on the terms of a fabulous new contract she had signed with 20th to make *Bus Stop* and three other pictures. The press, which by now was in a mood to bombard her with questions about Miller, was forestalled when she

was taken quite ill soon after the picture started. Her doctors ordered Marilyn into seclusion and later her "set" was closed to reporters because of her health.

In Reno, Miller was being more than a recluse. He was almost the invisible man.

But the few who were "in" on the situation knew how very closely Marilyn and Arthur kept in contact via the long distance phone. They talked two or three times a day and it is believed that it was on Arthur's advice that Marilyn moved out of the house she was occupying with the Greenes and into an apartment of her own for more privacy.

A similar howl

It is difficult at best for a romance to be carried on at such long distance and it is said that the lovebirds had a slight tiff over some photographs taken showing too much of Marilyn's legs. I got a kick out of this gossip because I remember that Joe DiMaggio is supposed to have set up a similar howl over those scenes showing Marilyn's skirts blowing up over her head for *The Seven Year Itch*.

Marilyn resented this from Joe and she probably did from Miller although she might as well start getting used to it. Miller is the type who would resent cheesecake "art" involving the woman he loves. Already there is evidence that Miller expects Marilyn to keep her career on the highest level.

It's interesting indeed to think what effect this will have on the sexy career of the blond glamour girl who has been built to stardom on her sensational physical charms.

A cultural Marilyn?

Suppose Marilyn goes along with Arthur in his more "cultural" ideas for her future—and I firmly believe she will. Long before she met him she was reaching out for something more "important" and artistic. Remember the kidding she took because she said she wanted to do Tolstoi's *Brothers Karamazov*?

"The people who laughed at me only proved their own ignorance," Marilyn once said to me indignantly. "To anyone who has read the book it is obvious that I am perfectly suited to play the girl Grushenka—not the title roles."

But already I can see and hear producers tearing their hair and howling to the high heavens if Miller decides to write her stories or even guide Marilyn into "arty" channels.

There is little doubt but that he will have a stronger influence on the Baby Doll of the world than either of her other husbands, the by now almost forgotten Jim Dougherty, now a policeman who married Marilyn while she was in her teens and he was in the Navy (and who had no influence at all); or her second husband, the beloved idol of the baseball world, Joe DiMaggio, still spinning from the surprise of both his marriage and divorce from the one and only Marilyn Monroe.

END

Marilyn can now be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film *Bus Stop* and will soon appear in her production of *The Sleeping Prince*, to be released by Warner Bros.

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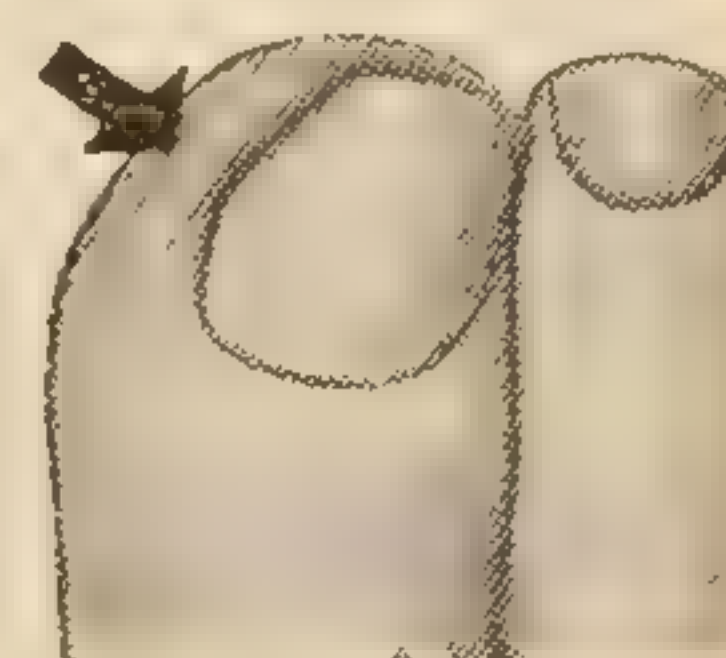
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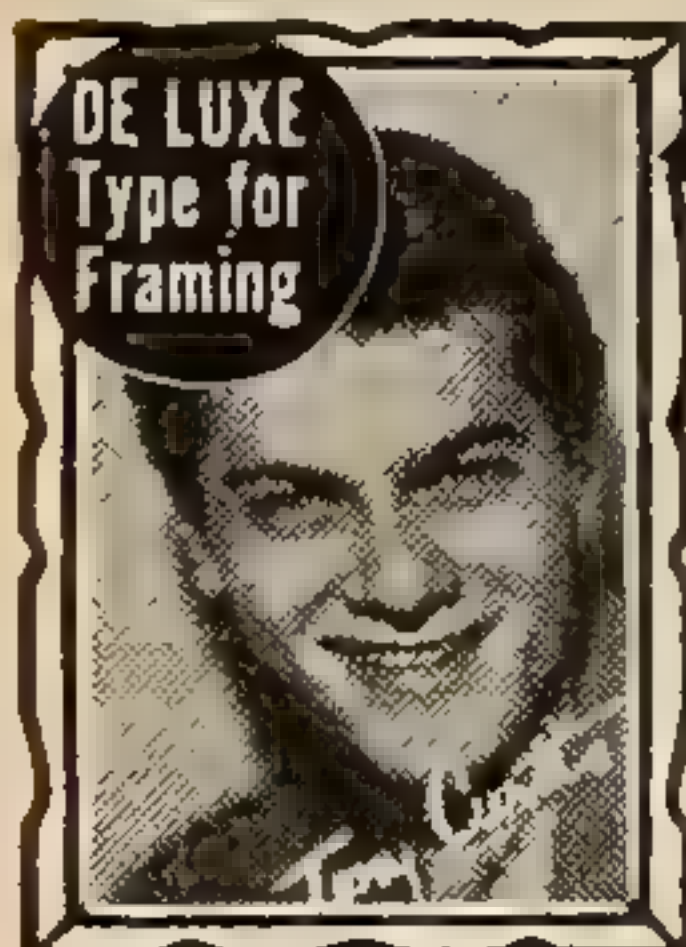
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kim's gay adventures

(Continued from page 59) trunk back into order, then returned to my room. Pow, crash, bang. It happened again. Called the steward, who in turn called the porters, who in turn made a great to-do with Operation Securing-Trunk-To-Wall. Kim remained hidden under bed-covers throughout this fascinating engineering feat. When the trunk was finally lashed down and the stateroom cleared, Kim popped her head out, muttering. "Not my day, just not my day. Not my day at all."

Corny joke from me: "Guess, Kim, this was one of those days when you should NOT have stood in bed." Kim was not amused. Threw a pillow at me. Missed. Fell asleep again.

April 18: Choppy seas. Kim as good as new. Accepted invitation to run the "horse-racing" game in the main salon. The other passengers were delighted. When she ran the "horses" everyone won. Which isn't the way it's supposed to be. Just before the bank was broken the steward intervened. Didn't "wish to tire Miss Novak with so much activity," he said! Kim decided to try her luck at the game. We are now \$30 poorer.

April 19: Ship pitching like cork. My former patient can't understand why so many of the other passengers are confined to their cabins. Ran around in slacks all day and, because we didn't feel like dressing for dinner, sneaked down for the early sitting. Kim became very excited when she heard the *Liberté* was passing us, and rushed over to the port-hole to see it. (I remained put to keep an eye on our dinner.) Kim returned horribly disappointed. "It's so small," she protested. "I'm awfully glad we're on this one." The waiters all had giggling fits. Later found out why. Kim was duped by the oldest shipboard gag of all: To pass off small passing freighters as the elegant rival sister ships. This is funny????

Europe

April 20: Huge sense of excitement is growing in us. Awoke early this morning with the knowledge that we'd be sighting land within a few hours. At 2:30 p.m. we docked at Plymouth to allow the English passengers to disembark. Kim and I were absolutely awed by the beauty of the rolling hills and lush greenery of the English country side. Only sheer will-power kept us from getting off the boat right there.

But we didn't. We couldn't break our cocktail date with the Officers of the Bridge again. (Amen.)

We decided to go to sleep early. We have to be awake at 4 a.m. to go through French immigration.

April 21: We were up at 4 a.m. Thought that would give us plenty of time in which to get ready. That's what we thought! The French immigration officers will remember Miss Kim Novak as a sleepy-eyed blonde, completely draped in a lavender blanket! Left a better impression on Customs, since we managed to be dressed to the teeth for the grand exit from the ship. Stayed elegant only until we reached Normandy, where we hastily changed to slacks. Wanted to wash off our make-up too. No soap. Reminder: Keep small bar of soap in purse at all times.

In Europe less than twenty-four hours and already we both have fallen madly in love with a dashing Latin whose sense of humor is utterly divine: Our sixty-four-year-old chauffeur, Guido. A dream walking. And our own private guide for our entire stay on the Continent.

Drove from Normandy to Rouen where Kim had a yearning to see the fabulous Cathedral. Guido wouldn't think of our

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leaving the city, however, until he took us through the tower in which Joan of Arc was imprisoned and the market place where she was burned. Fascinating.

We are now spending the night at Vichy—the city steeped in a tradition of high adventure, mineral water and the most divine beds with six-foot-high feather mattresses. Kim wonders if she could ship one back home. Reminder: Find out about shipping two feather beds home. Sampled much mineral water. But no high adventure tonight. We're confined to the Inn. It's raining.

A bike race

April 22: At the rate we're progressing, the Festival may be over before we ever reach Cannes. We're cruising along Le Route Des Alpes this a.m. and found ourselves plunk in the middle of the famous French motor-bike races. Something had to go! It was us. One hundred miles out of our way. Kim horribly excited by the beauty of the Alps and thought it most obliging of the weatherman to stage a private snowstorm just for our benefit. Headed east for a stop-over at a small French village. Special mission. Kim's French teacher at home had arranged for her to meet one of the most famous heroines of the former French underground. Even though the war has been over more than eleven years, this woman's identity must still remain a mystery and she sees very few people from the outside world. Guido parked the car on the main road and Kim walked the one-quarter mile remaining to the woman's cottage. There she remained most of the afternoon. Talking, seeing the secret passages and trap-doors through which many young men of the French Resistance escaped and the monuments erected in memory of those less fortunate. Kim said little after she returned to the car. Even Guido's bright conversation failed to penetrate her mood. She had been very impressed and extremely moved by her visit with this remarkable sixty-year-old woman. A quiet dinner at the *Pulard Bressaire Napoleon* in Castellane. Have a hunch this will be our last quiet dinner for some time.

April 23: Today has been absolutely fabulous, fascinating, unbelievable, hectic, exciting, too much, etc., etc., etc. A kaleidoscope of people, places and things.

9 a.m.: Arrived in Grasse—perfume manufacturing capital of the world. Kim wanted to pick up a bottle of lavender scent. Was recognized by the managers and bottlers of the perfumery. Big fuss. A dozen workers followed us back to the car—spraying essence of lavender all the way. Then they proceeded to spray the entire inside of the car with lavender. Too much of a good thing is too much! So overpowered by the fragrance we couldn't breathe. Kept our heads popped out of the car windows for the next half-hour. Wonder if Kim will still be fond of lavender after this!

10:30 a.m.: Our car whizzed around a bend and suddenly before our eyes was the *Cote D'Azur*, which, according to our travel folder, is the place "Where the Sky is Always Blue." Blue? Seemed foggy and gray to me. Kim so excited about finally arriving here she couldn't have cared less about the weather.

Something big going on

11:15 a.m.: We approached the entrance of our hotel—The Carlton in Cannes. Guido brought the car to an abrupt halt. From 1,000 to 1,500 people were blocking our way. "Oh, Muriel," said Kim, "something big must be going on. We can't go through the front door looking and smelling like this." (Slacks, windblown hair, too

much lavender scent.) Guido had an idea.

1 p.m.: It took us nearly two hours to drive through the crowds and traffic in order to reach the back entrance of the hotel. When we finally got to our suite, Kim asked the manager what all the excitement out front was. Flabbergasted when he told her it was the natives and tourists waiting for her arrival!

First step on my agenda was to de-lavenderize myself. Retreated to my bathroom where I noticed the shower curtains were drawn tight. Pulled them back and found seven photographers hiding in my bathtub!!! We stared speechlessly at one another for a good five minutes. Then one of the boys spoke up. He was obviously quite disappointed. "Oh, a thousand pardons, Madame," said he. "But ees theese not *la salle de bain de Mademoiselle Keeem Novak*?"

"It is not," I replied indignantly.

"Well then, Madame, would you be so kind as to show us the door of *la salle de bain de Mademoiselle Keeem Novak*?"

I showed them the door. *Period!* Seven photographers in my bathtub indeed! Is this a forecast of things to come????

8 p.m.: I just don't know how the girl does it. Despite the procession of photographers, reporters, neighbors, messengers, studio representatives, etc., etc., etc., marching in and out all day, Kim managed to get bathed and dressed on time for the evening's activities. She tried on four different dresses especially designed for her by Jean Louis of Columbia Pictures before she decided what to wear. The red chiffon, the lavender (definitely out), the black lace and the black beaded job with the halter neckline? Chose the black beaded dress. A happy choice. She left the hotel looking like—a gorgeous mermaid.

French lesson

One important item: At the hotel while getting dressed, Kim had decided that this was the perfect time in which to practice her French. Not to say one word in English, at all. Everything went well until she asked for a radio for her room.

In her best French, she asked the *concierge* to bring her a radio.

"*Quel dimension?*" (What size?) he asked politely. "*Grande ou petite?*" (Large or small?)

"*N'importe*" (It doesn't matter), said Kim, somewhat puzzled.

Kim was told to be patient.

Within ten minutes the *concierge* returned, carting a giant bucket of ice water.

Five hours later, we are still trying to figure out where *that* translation came from.

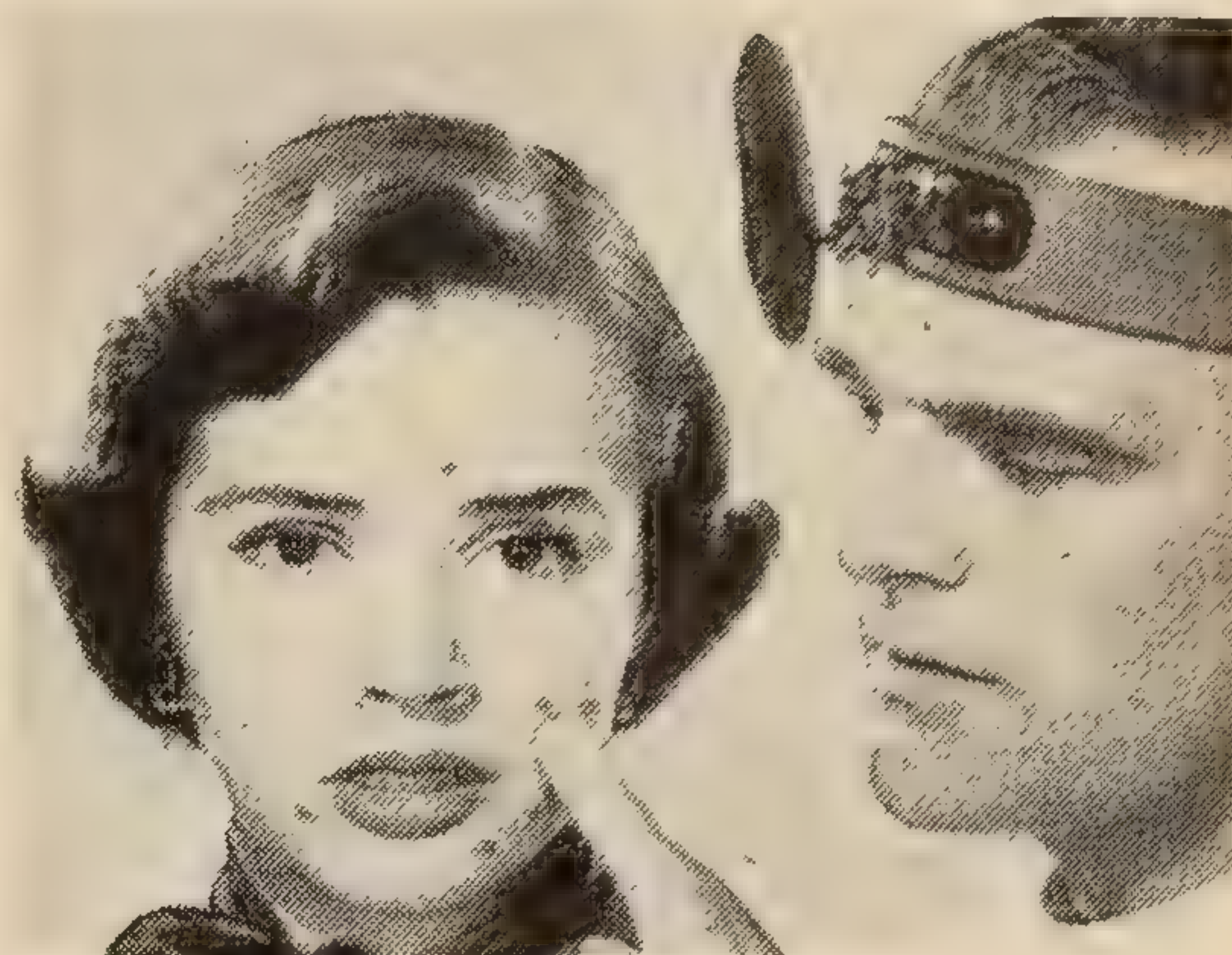
5 a.m.: We just returned to our suite. Kim is, indeed, the reigning queen here. At the Festival each of the thirty stars present were introduced to the audience. The event went off as planned until Kim came on stage. Her appearance was greeted with such wild enthusiasm that someone in the wings insisted she walk back across the stage a second time . . . and gave her a gentle push in that direction. Another wild ovation. I think this would have gone on all night if Kim, now thoroughly embarrassed, hadn't scurried back to her seat. Big party after the screening. Kim danced continuously until 4 a.m. with representatives of every country in the world. Don't ask me how she managed. Particularly with the Latin contingent cutting in every other minute. Those Latins dug her the most! "*Kim demandez*" is a chant used by vendors in Cannes to sell an ice cream of that name. It has now been adopted by nearly the entire male population here. I think they have a different dish in mind!

April 24: During her entire twenty-three years, Kim had never had a birth-

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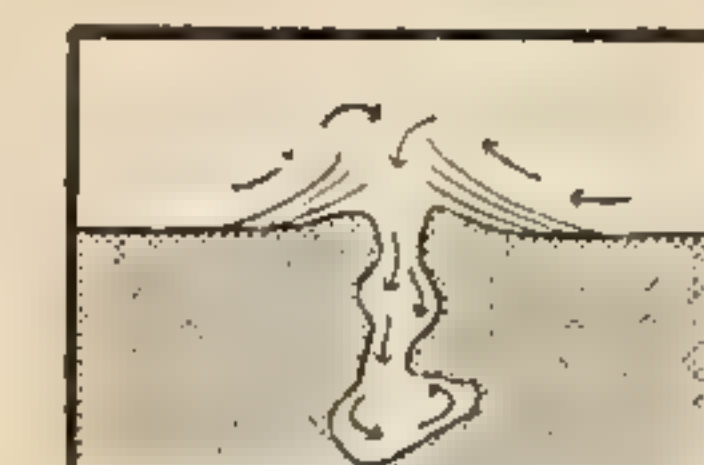
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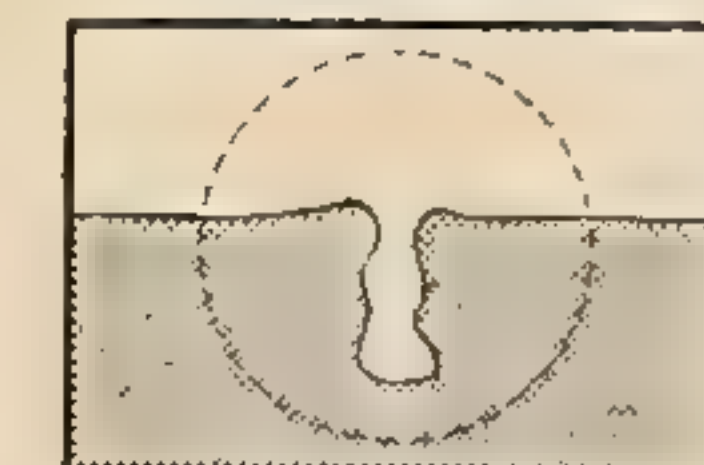


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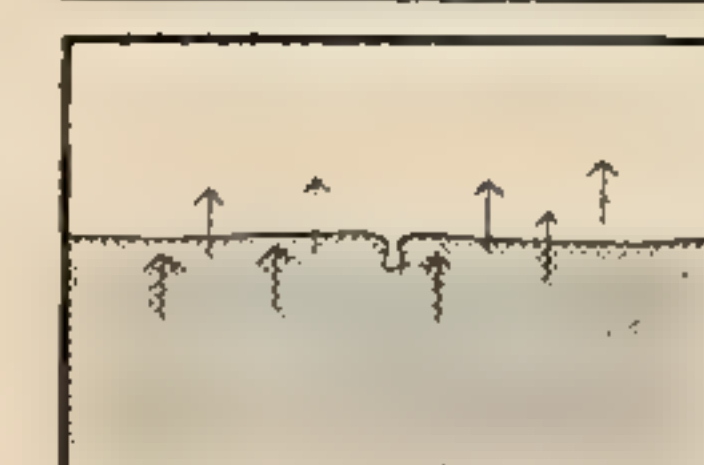
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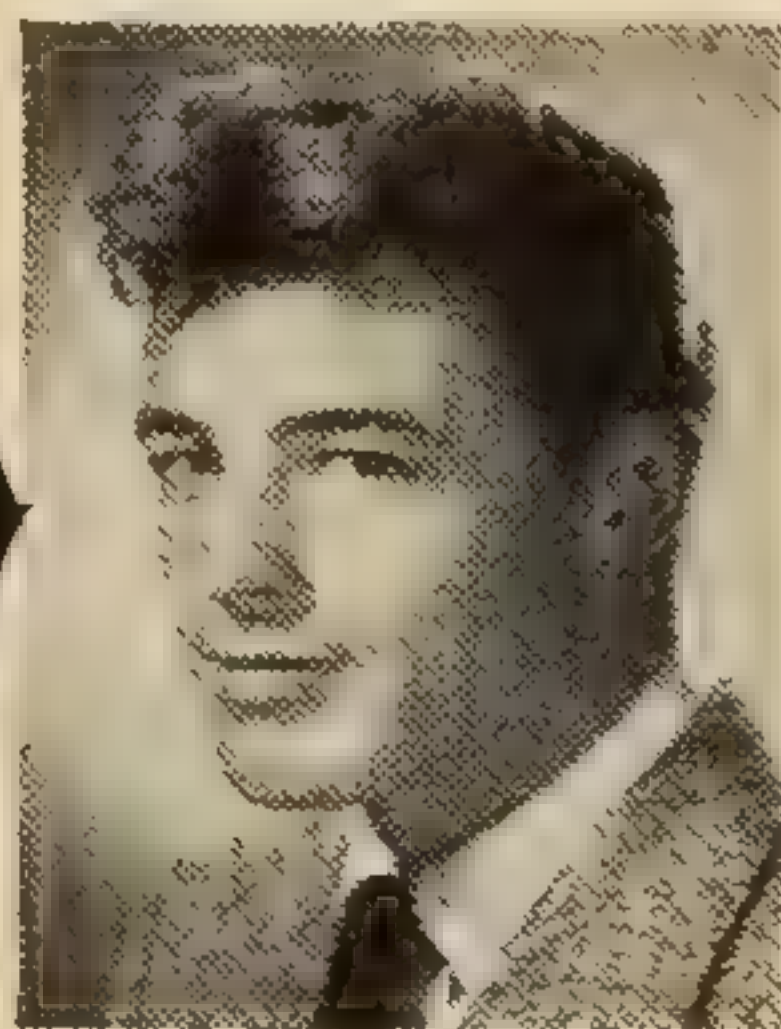
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day, dinner or any other kind of party given especially for her. Tonight the main banquet Casino of Cannes was taken over for a surprise midnight supper in Kim's honor. And as a special touch, everything had a lavender (can't escape it) motif. Lavender flowers (with a perfect spray of lilacs sent by Elsa Maxwell from her private gardens), lavender candles, lavender table decorations—well just everything. Kim's arrival at the stroke of midnight was heralded by a special orchestral arrangement of "Ain't She Sweet," with all of the forty guests joining in on the chorus. Kim just stood at the entrance, wide-eyed and bewildered, unable to believe all of this was just for her. Because her lavender formal had mysteriously (with the help of me, who knew about the decorations and thought Kim should dress in contrast to them) been misplaced, her gown this evening was the red chiffon. Lush strapless number with draped bodice, and two streamers floating down the back. Overheard one gentleman say, "Mademoiselle, you are like an American Beauty Rose in a garden of orchids." And she was. Kim was in a daze most of the evening—but that didn't stop her from dancing her head off. Returned to the hotel at 6 a.m.

April 26: I am now traveling with nobility. Kim's new title: "My Lady of the Old Mill." Explanation: The Old Mill is an old and very unique restaurant just outside of Cannes. On special occasions they "knight" either distinguished or favored patrons. Tonight the honor was Kim's.

The "knighting" took place with much pomp and circumstance. Two women in armour came over to Kim and without explanation of any kind, whisked her to a lone table in the center of the room. A few moments later the proprietor entered bearing a heavy silver medallion. Very solemnly he placed it around Kim's neck. He kissed her on each cheek, after which Kim was escorted back to her table. Of course, she was thrilled.

Earlier in the evening Kim ate dinner at the famous Chateau Madrid. Kim wasn't sure which intrigued her the most: the grape-stamping routine of a native dancer—or the tremendous black hat he wore. "Oh, if only I had a hat like that," she whispered. "I'd be contented to return home without buying another thing." The dancer evidently overheard her, for as soon as his routine was finished he came directly to her table. "Mademoiselle," he implored, "Will you do me the honor of accepting this as a souvenir of your visit to our city?" And he wouldn't take no for an answer! You should see that hat!!!! Too much!

April 27: Rested all day.

Kim and Aly Khan

April 29: Sunday: Au revoir to Cannes. We have been up all night. Aly Khan hosted a fabulous party for forty. Kim attended with Ruppert Allen. Naturally, she danced several times with the Prince. Somehow I have a strange, unexplainable, psychic premonition that we are going to be hearing a great deal about a "deathless" romance that began last night. Reminder: Prepare yourself for a barrage of questions and rumors about forementioned "great romance." Try to convince friends back home and local press that there is no truth to them. (There isn't!) Kim thought the Prince was a charming man, a gracious host and divine dancer. Period. Regret of the evening: We had to leave by 3:30 a.m. in order to get packed and ready for our jaunt to Italy tomorrow—oops—this morning. Got back to the hotel to find five photographers parked outside our door. Asked them to go away. This was no hour for pictures. They refused to go away.

Kept ringing the bell like mad. I kept telling them that this was no hour for taking pictures. Three finally gave up and went home. At 5 a.m. we sent down for coffee. Opened the door to admit the waiters and found two exhausted but determined photographers sprawled across the carpet. Kim impressed by such perseverance, invited the boys in for coffee, ran a comb through her hair, dabbed on some lipstick and posed. At 5:40 a.m. yet! They left at 6:30. We finished packing and dressing. Kim's traveling outfit for trip to Italy: Slacks, dark glasses, sweater, and her precious big black hat. She looks just like... Kim Novak. Here we go again!!!!

May 1: Arrived in Rome last night after a delightful drive through the Italian country-side. Guido is really in his element. We have been chock-filled with information about every point of interest from Ventimiglia (on the Franco-Italian border) to Rome. After we had checked into the Excelsior, Kim said, "Muriel, let's not make any appointments for tomorrow. No schedules. We'll just leave the hotel as early as possible and be real tourists." Thought this was a grand idea. This morning we were out of bed and dressed by 8 a.m., loaded with energy and ready for our forthcoming assault on the Colosseum, Caesar's Palace and the Forum. At 9 the phone rang. It was one of Rome's foremost hairdressers. Kim had completely forgotten she had arranged an appointment with him. "Oh, it will take less than an hour," she rationalized. "Just need a lavender (again!) rinse and set. We'll still have plenty of time to see the city." The coiffeur and equipment arrived at 9:30. Kim had brought a whole carton of her lavender rinse to Europe with her, but the hairdresser was horrified to learn that the rinse lasts only between washings and then has to be reapplied again. Now—he just happened to have a lavender tint that remained on for months. No amounts of washing could remove it. The lure of this time-saving concoction proved too much for Kim. She told him to proceed. I returned to my unpacking. One hour later, I heard a loud horrified shriek coming from Kim's room. Rushed in to find our fair lavender-haired girl now a charcoal brunette.

Jean Louis implored Kim not to worry. Merely an unexpected chemical reaction which would be easily rectified.

Two hours later, the unexpected chemical reaction was rectified. Kim was no longer a brunette. Her hair was now the color of wilted wheat!

Five hours and three other unique colors later, her crowning glory was finally back to the shade it was before this whole thing began. It was now time for the good old USA lavender rinse. It was also time for dinner. So ended our first day in Rome. Of course there was still some time to see the Colosseum by moonlight. Only tonight there's no moon. Better luck tomorrow—I hope.

Guido and Rome

May 2: We made it. Never has there been a Roman holiday like the one Guido took us on today. Our own private Gregory Peck, he was. We visited the Colosseum (by sunlight), the Temple of the Vestal Virgins, Caesar's Palace, the Forum and, of course, the Fountain of Trevi. Everyone must know by now that if you throw a coin into that fountain, you are absolutely, unconditionally guaranteed a return trip to Rome—or your money refunded. Carried away by the movie—we each threw in three coins. And came very close to joining our loot at the bottom of the fountain. For Kim was recognized and the crowds started pressing in. Even traffic stopped until Guido came to the rescue

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and spirited us safely back to the car. Next stop: The Spanish Steps. Guido drove us to the top, came around to pick us up at the bottom of this flower-bedecked stairs. Which saved a lot of wear and tear on the energy. No self-respecting tourist can be in Rome without stopping for a moment at Doney's sidewalk cafe. So we stopped. For one minute—took a photograph to prove it—and then had to leave because of the gathering crowds.

Lunch in the country followed. This at the Palazzi, which was once the home of the late Mussolini's girl friend. Gorgeous.

Busman's Holiday Dept.: Kim wanted to meet Anna Magnani so we drove out to the studio where this great Italian star was working and an introduction was arranged. Miss Magnani to Kim: "You are very beautiful." Kim blushed like a school-girl. Passed the Colosseum again before returning to the hotel. Still no moonlight.

May 4: We were veddy veddy swank today. Fontanna, Rome's most exclusive fashion designer, invited us to a private showing. *Very* exclusive!!! Guest list: Miss Kim Novak and Miss Muriel Roberts. Kim acted very elegant for about five whole minutes. Then she sat back and sipped bottled Cokes, while four stunning models paraded before us, displaying the *creme* of Italian high fashion for Autumn, 1956. Like a couple of kids in a candy store we wanted one of each. That's what we *wanted*—but never underestimate the will-power of two girls on a clothes budget. Kim relaxed the will-power just a bit and ordered a sheath dress with matching duster, and two coats . . . both identical in style, but different in material and function. One's for the evening, made up in black velvet with a white satin lining. The other, for sport-wear, is of beige wool, trimmed with darker beige jersey. Too much!!! Finally tore ourselves away.

Kim meets the Count

May 5: Madame Palacisini, the wife of a V.I.P. producer here, had invited Kim to a luncheon at her home today. Woke Kim at 10 a.m. "Oh, Muriel," she moaned. "I'm so tired. I want to stay in bed all day. Can't I get out of this somehow?" "You certainly *cannot*," said I. "Start dressing, girl." When Kim returned to the hotel later in the afternoon, she said, "Muriel, I had the most wonderful time. And I met the most thoroughly delightful person. His name is Count Mario Bandini. He's just divine. I do hope I'll run into him again." She didn't have to hope for long. At 5 p.m. the Count called, asking if she would be free to have dinner with him that night.

Kim was glowing all over when she got home from her dinner date. Not only did she have the most enjoyable time with the Count, but she also had acquired another priceless souvenir. She admired a head of Bacchus (god of wine) displayed in the restaurant and asked about its history. The owner told her the story of Bacchus—and to make sure she wouldn't forget it insisted she accept the statue as a gift.

From Kim's torrents of words about her evening, I've managed to sift the following pertinent information:

The Count's appearance at the luncheon was no happy accident. He had heard she was going to be there, and pulled some strings to get himself invited too.

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He is a genuine Count—but unlike most counts he is also an astute business man. With his father, he runs a huge and flourishing cannery. With his income from this business, he has also dabbled in motion picture production.

And from my own meeting with the Count this evening, I have come to the following conclusions:

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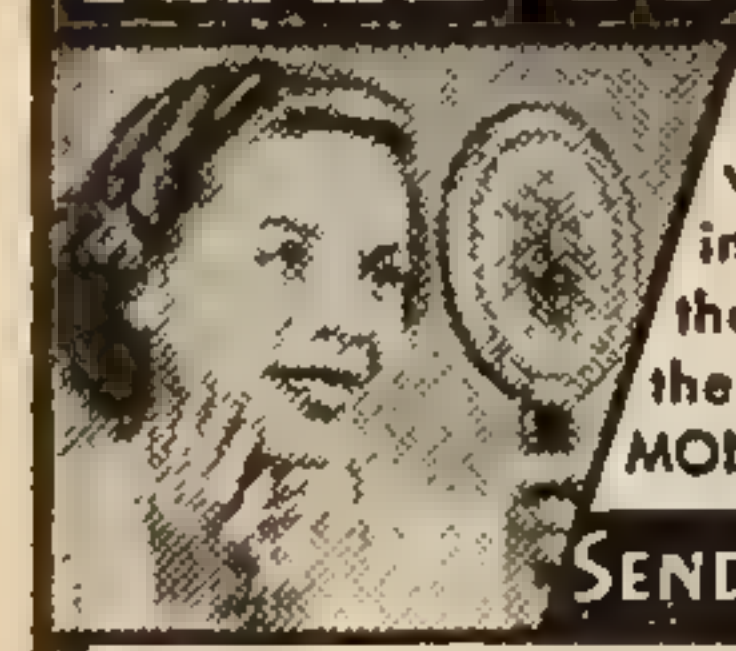
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May 6: Count Mario rang up at noon. He wanted to take us on a special tour of his Rome. First stop: the Catacombs. Kim was terribly disillusioned by their mildness. "They're not at all the way I expected them to be," she said. "What happened to all the bones of the martyrs?" The Padre, who escorted us, explained that this was as far down as the tourists were usually permitted to go. The Count and the Padre then exchanged a few private words and our tour continued, and Kim really saw the Catacombs.

The secret

Next stop: The Stone of Truth. Legend: If you place your hand in the gargoyle's mouth, it will be chopped off if you tell a lie. Mario placed Kim's hand in its mouth and asked her a question. She laughed—but replied. She refuses to tell me either the question or her answer. All I know is both her hands are still in very good condition!

May 7: Our last day in Rome. This afternoon we visited the Italian Museum, the Vatican and St. Peter's. Kim, absolutely overwhelmed by Michaelangelo's Dome, couldn't leave St. Peter's for hours. But our greatest disappointment here is that we have to go before it is possible to have an audience with the Pope. Tonight, Count Mario took us out to dinner at the Hostaria del Orso. The most fabulous restaurant either of us has seen anywhere. There's a floor for cocktails, one for dancing, one for dining. Kim was delighted that we were placed at table number three (her lucky number) at dinner. Methinks Mario had something to do with that. Aside from being attractive and dashing, he is also one of the most thoughtful and gracious men we've encountered in Europe. We didn't get home until 6 a.m. This gave us just enough time to pack in order to be ready for our journey to Venice. Sleep??? What is sleep??

May 8: Venice: Arrived 10:45 at night. Our room faces the Grand Canal and from our window we can see the entire city shimmering with lights. But we are not tempted to go exploring now. Kim dead on her feet. Staggered in. And so to bed.

May 9: Something told me I shouldn't have bought those pastries enroute here yesterday. Have been one step away from death all day. Mario arrived from Rome early this afternoon, and upon hearing about Kim's dying companion hurried over to the hotel, bringing the contents of every apothecary in Venice with him. After I assured them that they were not really needed to witness my suffering and that I was convinced Mario's pills would help me live through the night, Kim and Mario left for dinner and a gondola sail on the Grand Canal.

May 10: From now on, it's Doctor Mario Bandini. I'm feeling great. So Kim and I took a launch to Torchello, a tiny island 20 minutes from Venice, for lunch. The owner asked if we'd care to see the upstairs rooms. I have a sneaking suspicion that he knew we'd be unable to resist them. And we couldn't. They are something out of a fairy-tale and are furnished with those wonderful huge beds we fell in love with in Vichy. So we have decided to stay here for the next two days.

Mud and mire

May 12: Mario arrived at one and proclaimed it a wonderful day for a picnic. The hotel packed us a fantastic basket lunch, (huge ham sandwiches on thick Italian bread, sausage, pickled peppers, everything!) We hired a gondola for the day and sailed to San Francisco of the Desert; a heavenly isle, inhabited solely

by Monks. Kim spent most of the afternoon sketching everything in sight. On our way back from picnic in the gondola, we were startled to see what at first glance looked like a boy walking on water. Mario explained the lad was on a sand-bar picking Scampia. "Why don't you stand out there, Kim?" I suggested. "It would make a wonderful snapshot." Kim was all for it. She removed her shoes and stepped out of the gondola into a pile of thick muck and mire. A mess. Kim made the rest of the trip back—half in, half out of the gondola—with her legs dangling over the side of the boat and into the water. And muttering: "Every day I come here. Every day I pick Scampia. I like the muck and the mire. Suuuuu-rrr-e I do! Everyday I come here..." And so on. It's a miracle we didn't turn the boat over laughing.

May 13: Goodbye to wonderful Venice.

May 14: Geneva: Kim is in bed nursing an egg-sized lump on her head—the result of an incredibly freakish accident. After leaving Venice yesterday, we drove to Milan and then to Como where we stopped off to do a bit of shopping. Loaded with packages, Kim stepped into the car, and inadvertently konked herself over the head with an umbrella she had bought for dear Guido. Shocked by that initial blow, she jumped up, and consequently banged her head again—this time on the inside roof of the car. The thud sounded like an earthquake. Kim was completely stunned. Guido burst into tears—and couldn't stop crying until the doctor assured us there was no concussion or serious injury, and that the red lump would go down by the time we reached Paris. The ride from Como to Geneva through the Alps was lovely—but our hearts just weren't in it.

Paris

May 16: Paris at last. Kim's bump is almost gone, but her scalp's still a little tender. First mission on our agenda was perfume shopping... on the Rue de Rivoli. Suddenly, in the middle of the afternoon, our reservoir of energy ran dry. We returned to the hotel early. The magic of Paris couldn't tempt us tonight. We had dinner sent up to our suite and spent the rest of the evening listening to the Neapolitan records Kim had bought in Italy. Mario phoned—and sent flowers.

May 18: Our weather: Sunny and beautiful. Our condition: Still exhausted. Our activities: Remained in the hotel all day and answered mail. Mario phoned to say he'll be in Paris tomorrow.

May 19: A big day. Went shopping on the Left Bank this morning and bought all kinds of quaint little things. Kim fell madly in love with a painting she saw on exhibit in an outdoor "art gallery," but resisted. Visited the Flea market, Napoleon's tomb and the Louvre. Kim duly impressed with the original Mona Lisa, Venus de Milo and Wingless Victory. But she lost her heart completely to a bronze statue of Joan of Arc which she saw on the street. She couldn't tear herself away from it even though there was so much more to see, and so little time in which to see it. Thank heavens that statue wasn't for sale. Mario arrived early and escorted us to dinner. Here we are in the mecca of French culinary art, yet we agreed upon sampling the wonders of a Russian restaurant. But White Russian!

May 20, Sunday. Morning: Mario picked Kim up early and took her for a long drive through les Jardins des Tuileries. (The Park.)

Afternoon: Off to the races! Kim's first visit to the track and her first experience of any kind with the Sport of Kings. Of kings, maybe. Not of movie actresses. Losses for the day—\$20.

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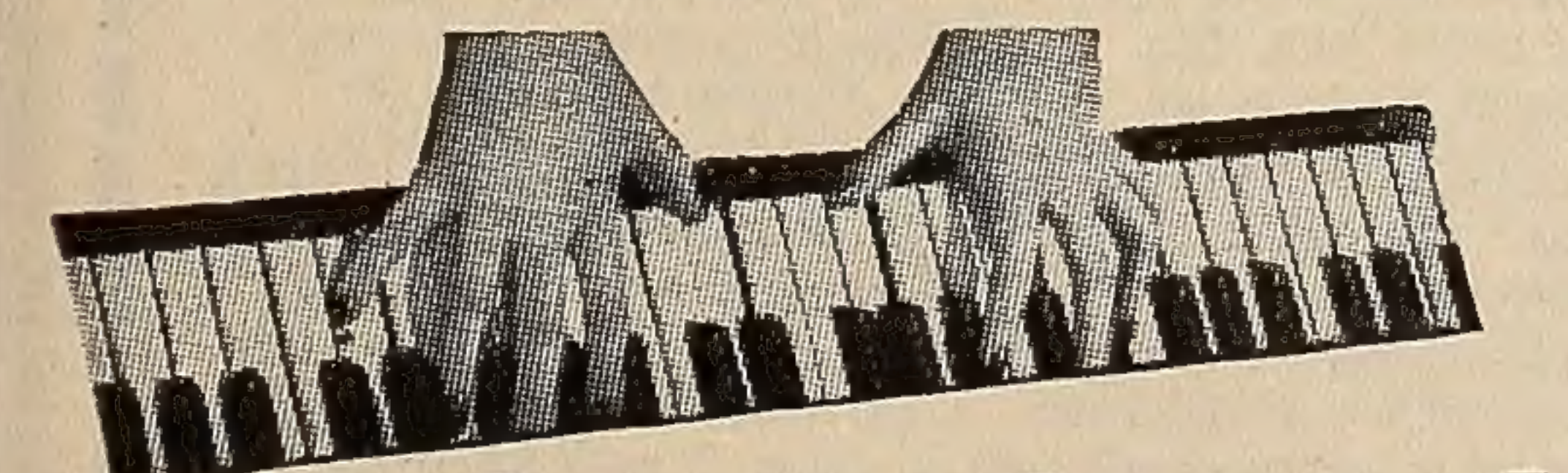
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Evening: Mario took Kim to a wonderful restaurant which features a private violinist for each couple there. For about ten minutes nary a musician showed up at her table. Then, as a special surprise just for her, all thirty came over en masse to serenade her.

May 23: Our last day in Paris! Another picnic. Only this time it was a huge affair arranged by the studio. While dining at Maxim's tonight, Kim was thrilled to see the Duke and Duchess of Windsor at an adjoining table. Upon leaving the restaurant, Kim and Mario were ambushed by an eager reporter who insisted upon knowing what went with the two. Said Kim, mischievously: "Oh, you can say we're engaged!"

They were both coy and didn't answer. There were two enigmatic smiles instead.

Kim rushed back to the hotel to keep a 3 a.m. appointment with her hairdresser. Her spirit was willing but the rest of her rebelled. When she went into the bedroom to change into something more appropriate than a black dress, she collapsed on the bed and fell asleep. The coiffeur was very gallant about the whole thing.

London

May 31: Aboard the U.S.S. United States, Le Havre: In a few minutes two exhausted but happy wanderers will be going home. The past week in England was as hectic as the entire tour combined. Not a minute let-up. No sleep. The phone never stopped ringing. Everyone wanted to know about the "engagement." Kim was kept busy every minute doing publicity on behalf of *The Eddie Duchin Story*. We didn't think we'd ever get to see any of the sights, but the BBC arranged an efficient whirl-wind tour of the city for us, and in that way we managed to be whisked through Burlington Arcade, the Tower of London, Grosvenor Square, and Buckingham Palace, where we saw the Changing of the Guard. It was fun—but too frantic and too fast. Other highlights of our London visit: cocktails with Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier; a visit with Diana Dors, England's top glamour girl; a drive past Windsor Castle while the Queen was in residency there. (Didn't see the Queen.)

Tired, tired, tired

On May 29, we drove to Blackpool, where the World Premiere of *The Eddy Duchin Story* was being held. Kim's reception was as sensational as the one she received at the Festival. A wonderful evening. After the post-premiere party, we hurriedly changed our clothes for the drive to Southampton. We were anxious to get on the boat early in order to have time to relax before sailing. So what happens? We got lost. The drive—which usually takes six hours, took us eleven. We arrived on the pier, within a few seconds of the All Aboard signal. Tired, tired, tired.

June 5: New York: Miss Kim Novak and Miss Muriel Roberts now consider themselves the world champions of Monopoly. For that's about all we did all the way home. We played Monopoly in our cabins. And took long quiet walks along the deck at midnight when everyone else had retired. And slept. And slept. And slept. Mario called nightly via ship-to-shore-radio. He plans to come to Hollywood for a visit in October. This Saturday we leave for home. And peace. And quiet. Wouldn't it be lovely? . . .

Oh no! A telegram just arrived. It contains our schedule for a one-month long cross-country tour of the United States to plug *The Eddie Duchin Story*. Here we go again!

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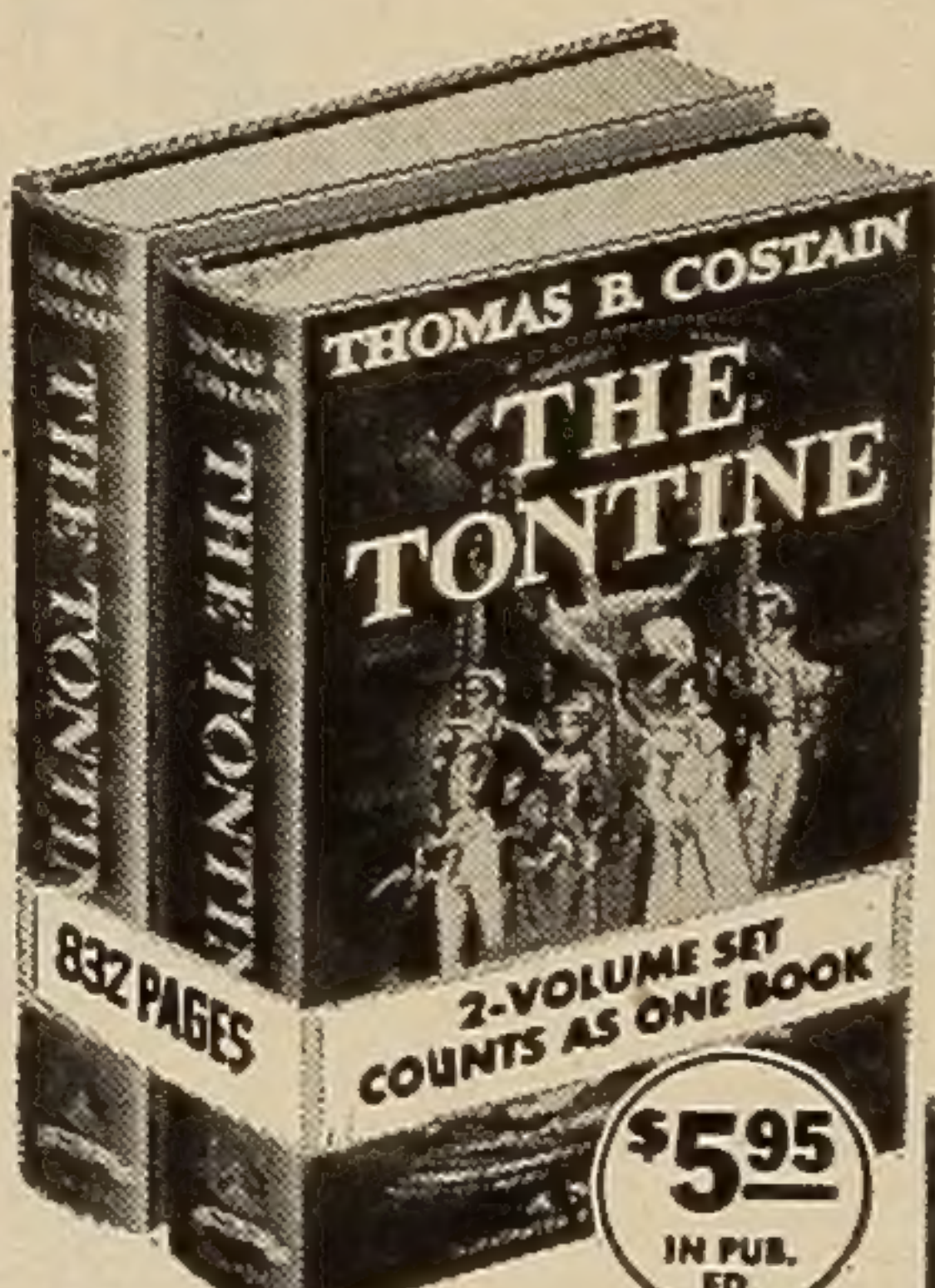


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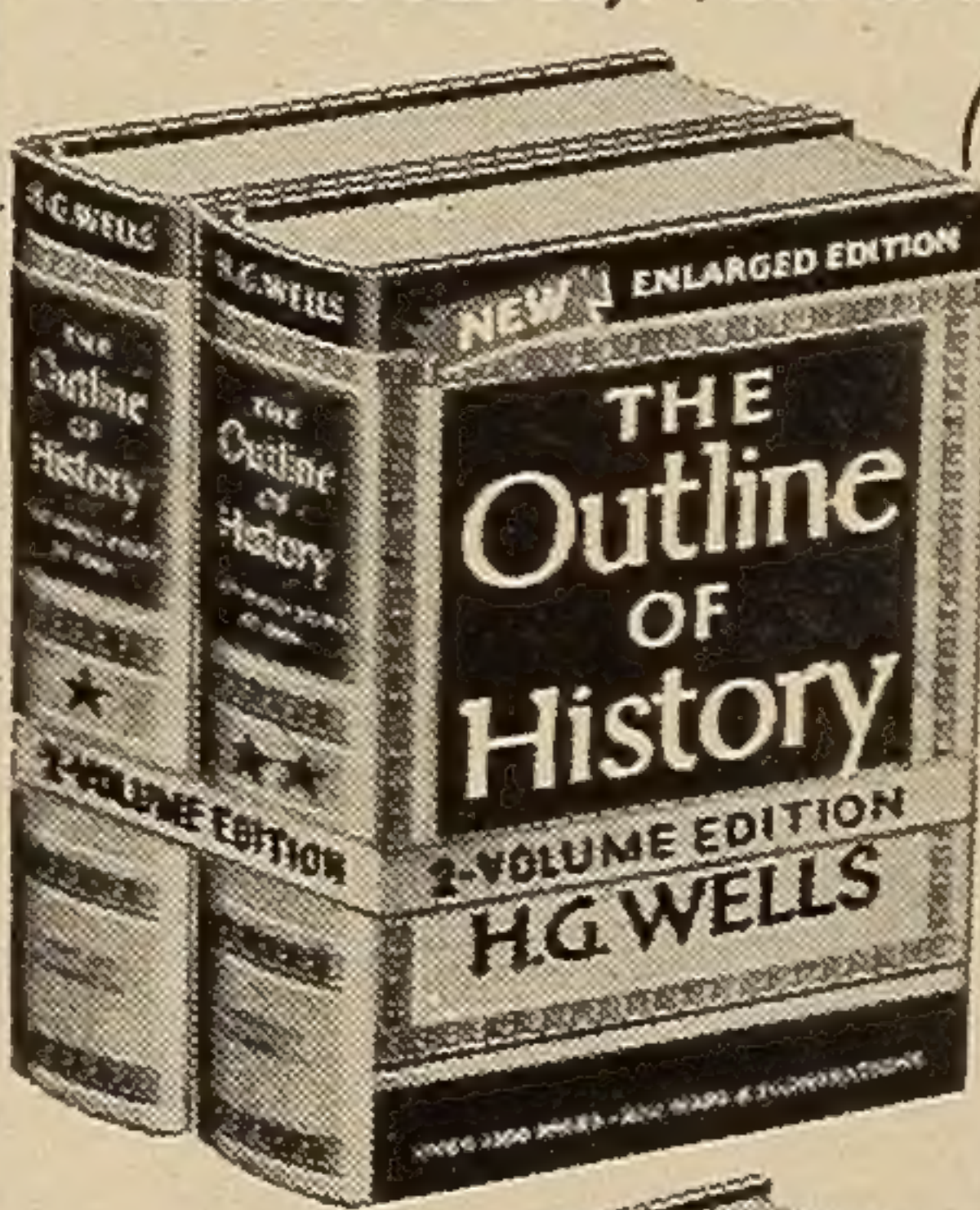
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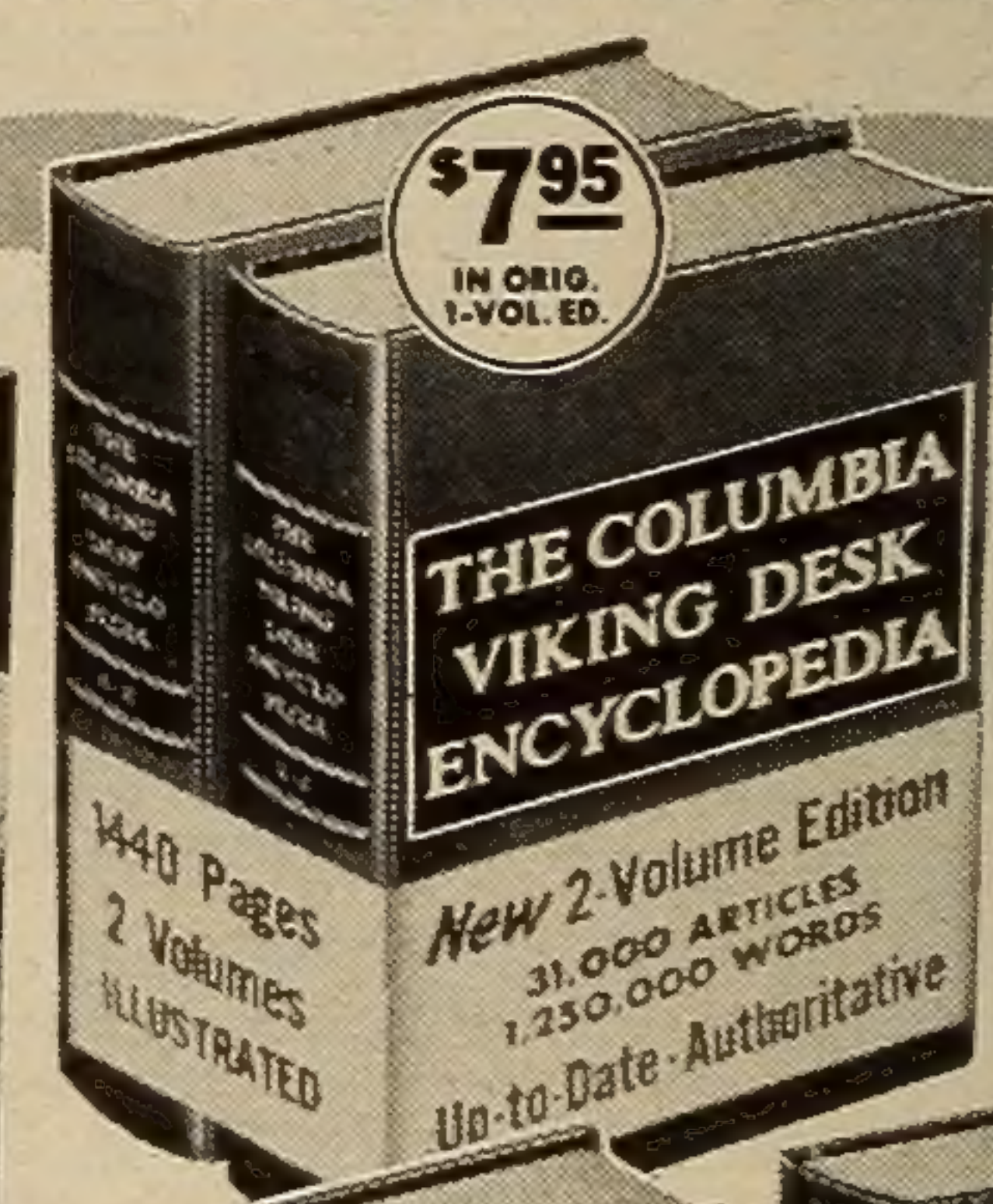
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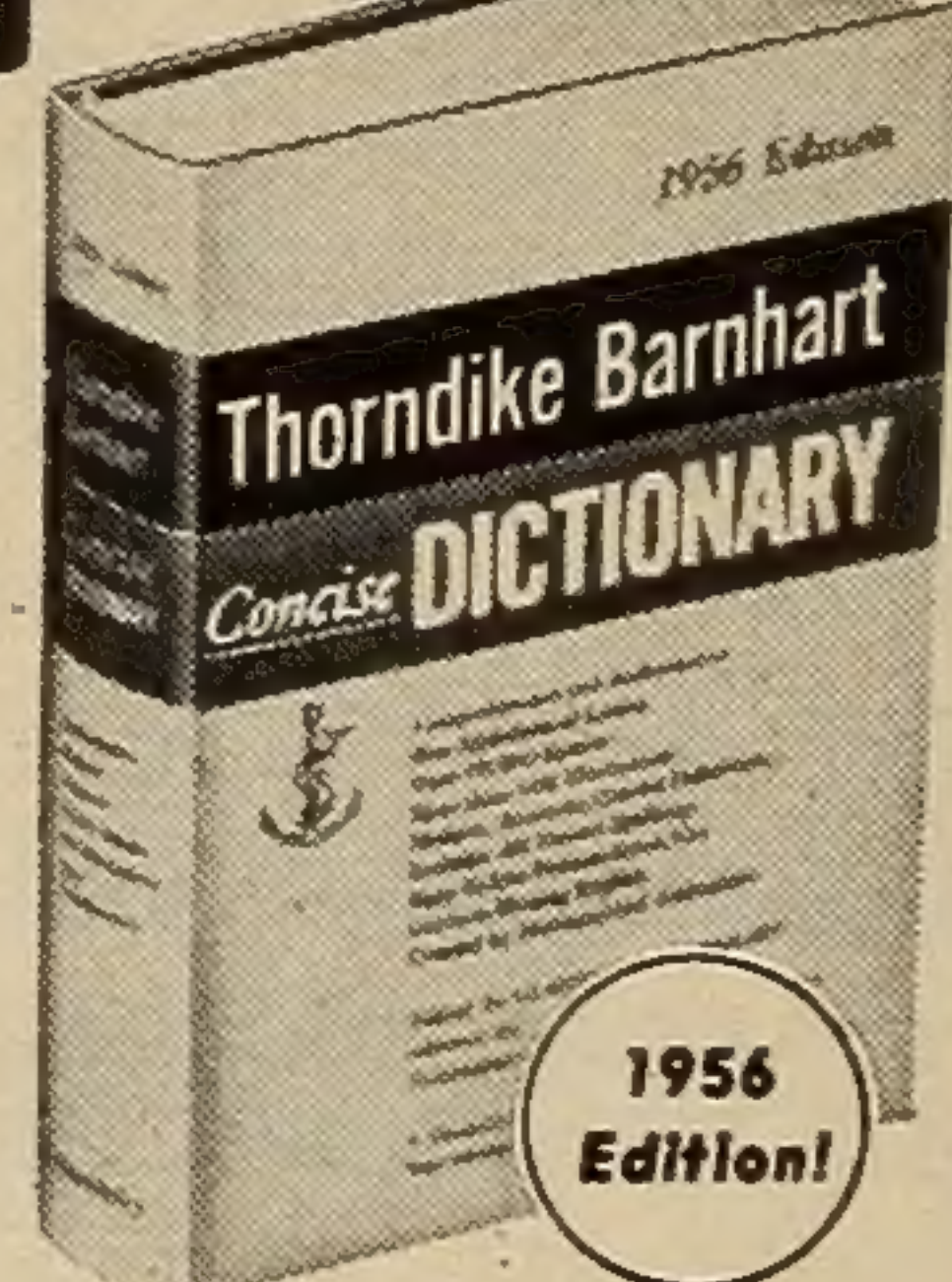


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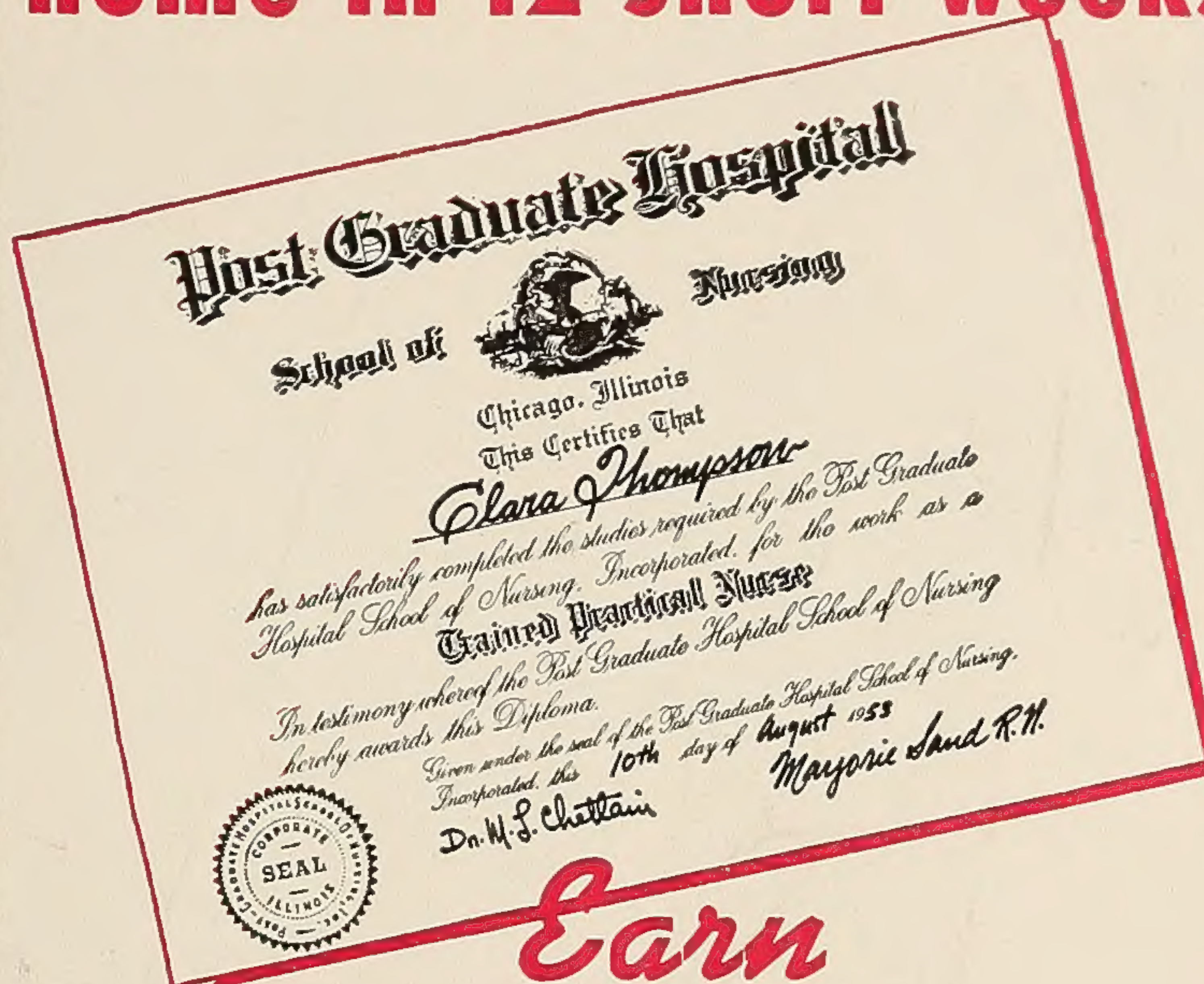
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